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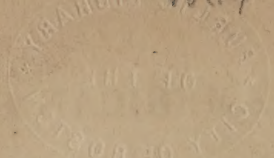

Von E. Emrich
aug. 7, 1850
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NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

N°. X.

NOVEMBER, 1816.

A letter from one in Boston, to his friend in the country, in answer to a letter directed to John Burril, Esq. Speaker to the House of Representatives, for the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New-England, printed in the year 1714.

The distressed state of the town of Boston once more considered, and methods for redress humbly proposed, with remarks on the pretended countryman's answer to the book entitled "The distressed state of the town of Boston," &c. With a scheme for a Bank, and methods for bringing in silver money proposed. By John C——. Boston, printed for B. Gray, at his shop in King-street, 1720.

The first of these productions is signed F—l B—t.; in the other, the name is partly torn off in the copy made use of. Both these writers, argue in favour of a private Bank, and against its being the property, and under the directions of the state; they shew that a bank on the latter plan, can never be maintained in credit. That the only chance of getting a silver currency again, is to lessen their importations from England, and suffer silver to be exported as freely as it is import-

ed, because it cannot be kept in circulation so long as the ballance of trade is against them, and there is a quantity of depreciated paper in the market; that silver will not be brought if it cannot be used like any other merchandize. It is humiliating to find, that in this early period of the country, this subject was as well understood as it is at this moment; and that after all the experience of multiplied operations of banks and financial credit; so many parts of the United States should still keep floundering about amid the banks and obstructions of a gulph of depreciation. The latter writer proposes a scheme of a bank to be founded on land, every person to be concerned who choses to mortgage his land to the bank, and receive two thirds its value, either in bills or in a credit like that of the bank of Amsterdam, that he should pay six per cent. interest for this, and all the profits arising from the interest after the necessary charges were defrayed, should be expended in the purchase of silver money, till a sufficient quantity was obtained to redeem all the bills.

A Chronological history of New-England in the form of Annals; being a summary and exact account of the most material transactions and occurrences relating to this country, in the order of time wherein they happened, from the discovery, by Captain Gosnold, in 1602, *to the arrival of Governor Belcher, in* 1730. *With an introduction, containing a brief epitome of the most remarkable transactions and events abroad from the creation; including the connected line of time, the succession of Patriarchs and Sovereigns of the most famous kingdoms and empires, the gradual discoveries of America, and the progress of the Reformation, to the discovery of New-England. By Thomas Prince, M. A. vol.* 1. *Deut.* 32, 7. *Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations. Job.* 8. 8. *For inquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their Fathers. Boston, N. E. printed by Kneeland and Green, for S. Gerrish,* 1736, 12*mo. pp.* 370.

This volume is marked in the title page as the first, though it is the only one; the author continued the work in a few

separate numbers, which having now become very scarce, will probably be hereafter republished by the Historical Society. The annals in this volume are brought down to the year 1630. Mr. Prince appears to have been very laborious and minute in ascertaining dates with exactness, and constantly refers to his authorities, which he compared one with another with great diligence. One third of the volume is taken up with an introduction, containing a Chronology of the world, from the creation to the discovery of America. When he enters on the annals of New England he is very minute, and some of his items possess no interest now. He dwells much on the first troubles experienced by the Puritans in England; and his discussion on this point has a disproportionate length for a work of this kind. It is still a valuable book for every library of American history, and will be convenient to those who are investigating it. The following passage is a curious instance of the utility of a circulating medium, whatever the material may be of which it consists. The Dutch at that period, 1628, eager and enterprising in trade beyond all other nations, had come from their settlement on the Hudson, to trade with the people of Plymouth. This trade was useful to them, "but that which in time turns most to our advantage is, their now acquainting and entering us in the trade of *Wampum;* telling us how vendible it is at their *fort Orania*, and persuaded us we shall find it so at Kennebeck. Upon this we buy about *L*50 worth. At first it sticks, and 'tis two years before we can put it off; till the *Inland Indians* come to know it, and then we can scarce procure enough for many years together. By which, and other provisions, we quite cut off the trade both from the fishermen and straggling planters. And strange it is to see the *great alteration* it in a *few years* makes among the savages; for the Massachusetts, and others in these parts, had scarce any; it being only made and kept among the *Pequots* and *Narragansetts* who grew rich and potent by it; whereas the rest who use it not, are poor and beggarly." In the year 1629, he mentions some of the charges of freight and ensurance from England, by which, particularly when the different value of money is considered, it will be seen how much is gained by the improvements in ships and navigation. The freight of goods was *L*4 per ton, and assurance, which was principally or wholly against sea risk, *L*5 per ct. Salem Ipswich, Water-

town, Dorchester and Charlestown, were settled before Boston. After it was determined to occupy this point in 1630, the author thus proceeds. "Thus this remarkable *Peninsula*, about two miles in length and one in breadth, in those times appearing at high water in the form of two islands, whose Indian name was *Shawmut;* but I suppose, on account of the three contiguous hills appearing in a range to those at *Charlestown*, by the English called at first *Tri-mountain*, and now receives the name of Boston; which Deputy Governour *Dudley* says, they had before intended to call the place they first resolved on; and Mr. *Hubbard*, that they gave this name on the account of Mr. Cotton, the then famous Puritan Minister of *Boston* in *England;* for whom they had the highest reverence, and of whose coming over they were doubtless in some hopeful prospect. And from the late Judge *Sewall*, in comparison with the *Charlestown* records. I learn, that this town was settled under the conduct of Mr. Johnson,* whom Mr. *Hubbard* calls *a worthy gentleman of note for piety and wisdom*, and the Rev. Mr. *Danforth* of *Roxbury*, styles him *a right Nathaniel, eminent for piety and virtue;* and in another place, *a gentleman of singular piety and sincerity.*" This Mr. Johnson married Lady Arabella Clinton, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, she died at Salem the year preceding. Of these hills which gave the first name to the town, one is the hill between Tremont and Somerset streets, covered with the gardens of different gentlemen, and which it may be hoped will always be preserved, another, Beacon-hill, has been entirely taken away, and the third, where Mount Vernon is situated, lowered one half. The tide formerly in flowing made the town two Islands, the northern part of it is now constantly an island, the land on the neck of the peninsula has been raised above the reach of the tide. A fourth part perhaps, of the buildings in the town, now stand where the tide once covered either the flats or marshes.

* Mr. Johnson's house, the first erected in Boston, was on Tremont-street; he was buried by his own directions in the spot now forming the Chapel burying ground; being much beloved by the people, they wished to be buried near him, and this was the origin of that burying place. It is perhaps not known precisely where his house stood; in the same street, next to the mansion of Lieut. Governour Phillips, is a house which was built by the celebrated Sir Henry Vane, and is the oldest house in Boston.

The present state of New-England, with respect to the Indian war; wherein is an account of the true reason thereof, (as far as can be judged by men) together with most of the remarkable passages that have happened from the 20th of June, till the 10th of November, 1675. Faithfully composed by a merchant of Boston, and communicated to his friend in London. Licensed December 13, 1675. Roger L'Estrange. London, printed for Dorman Newman, at the King's arms in the Poultry, 1675.

A continuation of the state of New England, being a farther account of the Indian warr, and of the engagememt betwixt the joynt forces of the United English Colonies and the Indians on the 19th of December, 1675; with the true number of the slain and wounded, and the transactions of the English army since the said fight. With all other passages that have there happened from the 10th of November, 1665, to the 8th of February, 1675, 6. Together with an account of the intended rebellion of the negroes in the Barbadoes. Licensed March 27, 1676. Henry Oldenburg. London, printed for Dorman Newman, &c. 1676. Folio.

These are two letters giving an account of the origin of Philip's war, on which we remarked in the account of *Hubbard's Indian wars.* There are some interesting facts in these letters, and enough to show that humanity was often forgotten in the treatment of the Indians, which indeed is not unnatural, when the horrible barbarities they committed against the defenceless is considered. As to the justice of these wars, it is now a mere question of speculation, the Indians are long since extinct, the whites fortunately cultivate the wilds they traversed; the wild species disappeared before the civilized one. The following anecdote of a girl is interesting, from the courage and presence of mind discovered by her.

"On the Lord's day, the —— of July, an Indian came to Dorchester, (within half a mile of mother *George's* house,) to the house of *Mr. Minor*, in sermon time, and there were then at home, the maid servant and two young children, she keeping the door shut for safety; the Indian when he saw he could not come in at the door, went about to come in at

the window, she perceiving his resolution, took two brass kettles, under which she put the two children, she ran up stairs and charged a musket and fired at the Indian, (he having fired at her once or twice and missed her, but struck the top of one kettle under which a child was) and shot him into his shoulder; then he let his gun fall and was just coming in at the window, she made haste and got a fire shovel full of live coals and applied them to his face, which forced him to flie and he escaped; but one was found dead within five miles of that place afterwards, and was judged to be this by his scalded face."

The battle fought with Philip on the 19th of November, 1675, in which the number of Indians was estimated at 4,500, was one of the most considerable engagements that has taken place with the savages. About 700 Indians were supposed to have been destroyed, and 207 fell on the side of the whites, among these were almost all the officers, six captains of companies, which was the highest command excepting one general who commanded the whole, fell in the action, and almost all the officers were wounded. This was a serious loss at a time when the number of the colonists was extremely limited.

The spirit of punning, which is so annoying to men of straitforward minds in our own times, early infected this country, a proof of which without recurring to the innumerable quibbles of Mather, may be found in the following expressions in this work: "They that wear the name of *Praying* Indians, but rather as Mr. Hezekiah Usher termed *preying Indians*," &c. A part of this work, the official proclamations, are printed in black letter.

New-England's Prospect. A true, lively, and experimentall description of that part of America, commonly called New-England: discovering the state of that country, both as it stands to our new-come English *Planters; and to the old Native Inhabitants. Laying down that which may both enrich the knowledge of the mind-travelling Reader, or benefit the future Voyager. By William VVood. London, printed by Iohn Dawson, and are to be sold by Iohn Bellamy at his shop, at the three Golden Lyons in Cornehill, neere the Royall Exchange,* 1639.

This work is one of the earliest accounts of first settlements on the Bay of Massachusetts. The work is now ex-

tremely scarce, and we shall therefore make rather copious extracts from it. A map accompanies it, which proves how little they knew of the interior country. The work is divided into two parts, the first treats of the soil, climate, natural productions of the country and the settlements of the whites, and the last of the Indians. It has, as was the custom of that age, a dedication (*to the right worshipfull my much honored friend Sir William Armyne, Knight and Baronet*) a preface, and some complimentary verses to the author. We copy the preface, by which it appears the practice of defaming this country, by *false and scandalous reports from the sulphurious breath of every base ballad-monger*, is a practice that hath the warrant of antiquity in its favour.

"TO THE READER.

"Courteous Reader,

"Though I will promise thee no such voluptuous discourse, as many have made upon a scanter subject, (though they have travailed no further than the smoke of their owne native chimnies) yet dare I presume to present thee with the very true, and faithfull relation of some few yeares travels and experience, wherein I would bee loath to broach any thing which may puzzle thy beleefe, and so justly draw upon my selfe, that unjust aspersion commonly laid on travellers; of whom many say, they may lye by authority, because none can controule them, which Proverbe had surely his original from the sleepy beleefe of many a home-bred Dormouse, who comprehends not either the raritie or possibility of those things he sees not: to whom the most classick relations seem riddles and paradoxes: of whom it may bee sayd as once of *Diogenes*, that because hee circled himselfe in the circumference of a tubbe, hee therefore contemned the Port and Pallace of *Alexander*, which hee knew not. So there are many a tub-brain'd Cynicke, who because any thing stranger than ordinary, is too large for the straite hoopes of his apprehension, he peremptorilye concludes it is a lye: But I decline this sort of thicke witted readers, and dedicate the mite of my endeavours to my more credulous, ingenious, and lesse censorious Countrymen, for whose sakes I undertooke this worke: and I did it the

rather, because there have some relations heretofore past the Presse, which have beene very imperfect, as also because there have been many scandalous and false reports past upon the Country, even from the sulphurious breath of every base ballad monger: wherefore to perfect the one, and take off the other, I have layd downe the nature of the Country, without any partiall respect unto it, as being my dwelling place where I have lived these foure years, and intend God willing to returne shortly againe; But my conscience is to me a thousand witnesses, that what I speak is the very truth, and this will informe thee almost as fully concerning it, as if thou wentest over to see it. Now whereas I have written the latter part of this relation concerning the *Indians* in a more light and facetious stile, than the former: because their carriage and behaviour hath afforded more matter of mirth and laughter, than gravity and wisdome: and therefore I have inserted many passages of mirth concerning them, to spice the rest of my more serious discourse, and to make it more pleasant. Thus thou mayest in two or three houres travaile over a few leaves, see and know that, which cost him that writ it, yeares and travaile over sea and land, before he knew it; and therefore I hope thou wilt accept it: which shall be my full reward, as it was my whole ambition, and so I rest,

Thine bound in what I may,

W. W."

The author's account of the first settlement is interesting. The relative importance of different places is since greatly altered; and the infant state of places that have since obtained some celebrity, will gratify the curiosity of those who are fond of researches of this nature.

"CHAP. X.

"*Of the seuerall plantations in particular.*

"Having described the situation of the countrey in generall, with all his commodities arising from Land and Sea, it may adde to your content and satisfaction to be informed of the situation of every severall plantation, with his conveniences commodities, and discommodities, &c. where first I will begin with the outmost Plantation in the Patent to the Southward, which is called *Wichaguscusset* an *Indian* name: this

as it is but a small village, yet it is very pleasant, and healthfull, very good ground, and is well timbered, and hath good store of Hey ground: it hath a very spacious harbour for shipping before the towne, the salt water being navigable for Boates and Pinnaces two leagues. Here the inhabitants have good store of fish of all sorts, and Swine, having Acornes and Clamms at the time of yeare; here is likewise an Alewife river, Three miles to the North of this is mount *Wolleston*, a very fertile soyle, and a place very convenient for Farmers houses, there being great store of plaine ground without trees, Neere this place is *Massachusetts* fields where the greatest *Sagamore* in the country lived, before the Plague, who caused it to be cleared for himselfe. The greatest inconvenience is, that there is not very many Springs, as in other places of the countrey, yet water may be had for digging: A second inconvenience is, that Boates cannot come in at low water, nor shippes ride neere the shore. Sixe mile further to the North, lieth *Dorchester;* which is the greatest towne in *New England*, (but I am informed that others equall it since I came away) well wooded and watered; very good arable grounds, and Hay-ground, faire Corne-fields, and pleasant Gardens, with Kitchin-gardens: In this plantation is a great many Cattle, as Kine, Goates, and Swine. This plantation hath a reasonable Harbour for ships: Here is no Alewife-river, which is a great inconvenience. The inhabitants of this towne, were the first that set upon the trade of fishing in the Bay, who received so much fruite of their labours, that they in couraged others to the same undertakings. A mile from this Towne lieth *Roxberry*, which is a fair and handsome Country-towne; the Inhabitants of it being all very rich. This Towne lieth upon the Maine, so that it is well wooded and watered; having a cleare and fresh Brooke running through the Towne: Vp which although there come no Alewives, yet there is great store of Smelts, and therefore it is called Smelt-brooke.

"A quarter of a mile to the North-side of the Towne, is another River called *Stony River;* upon which is built a water-mill. Here is good ground for Corne, and Medow for Cattle; Vp Westward from the Towne it is something rocky, whence it hath the name of *Roxberry;* the Inhabitants have fair houses, store of Cattle, impaled corne-fields, and fruitfull

Gardens. Here is no harbour for ships, because the Towne is seated in the Bottome of a shallow Bay, which is made by the necke of land on which *Boston* is built; so that they can transport all their goods from the Ships in Boates from *Boston*, which is the nearest Harbour.

"*Boston* is two miles North-east from *Roxberry:* His situation is very pleasant, being a *Peninsula*, hemd on the South-side with the Bay of *Roxberry*, on the North-side with *Charles River*, the Marshes on the back-side, being not halfe a quarter of a Mile over; so that a little fencing will secure their Cattle from the Woolves. Their greatest wants, be wood, and Medow ground, which never were in that place; being constrained to fetch their building timber, and fire-wood from the Ilands in boates; and their Hay in Loyters: It being a neck, and bare of wood, they are not troubled with three great annoyances, of Woolves, Rattlesnakes, and Musketoes. These that live here upon their cattle, must be constrained to take Farmes in the Countrey, or else they cannot subsist, the place being too small to containe many, and fittest for such as can Trade into *England*, for such commodities as the Country wants, being the chiefe place for shipping and Merchandize.

"This *Necke of Land* is not above fovre miles in compasse, in form almost square, having on the South-side at one corner, a great broad hill, whereon is planted a Fort, which can command any ship as shee sayles into any Harbour within the hill Bay. On the North-side is another Hill, equall in bignesse, whereon stands a Winde-mill. To the Northwest is an high Mountaine with three little rising hills on the top of it, wherefore it is called the *Tramount*. From the top of this Mountaine a man may over-looke all the islands which lie before the Bay, and discry such ships as are upon the Sea-coast. This Towne although it be neither the greatest nor the richest, yet it is the most noted and frequented, being the Center of the Plantations where the monethly Courts were kept. This towne is greater and richer since I came away, and the Courts are now kept at *New towne*. Here likewise dwells the Governour: This place hath very good land, affording rich Cornefields, and fruitfull Gardens; having likewise sweet and pleasant Springs. The Inhabitants of this place for their enlargement, have taken to themselves Farme-houses, in a place called *Muddy-river*, two mile from their Towne; where is good

ground, large timber, and store of Marsh-land, and Medow. In this place they keepe their swine, and other Cattle in the Summer, whilst the corne is on the ground at *Boston*, and bring them to towne in Winter.

"On the North-side of *Charles River* is *Charles Towne*, which is another necke of land, on whose North-side runs *Mistick-River*. This towne for all things may be well parallel'd with her neighbour *Boston*, being in the same fashion with her bare necke, and constrained to borrow conveniences from the main, and to provide for themselves Farmes in the Country for their better subsistence. At this Towne there is kept a Ferry-boate, to conveigh passengers over *Charles River*, which between the two Townes is a quarter of a mile over, being a very deep Channell. Here may ride forty ships at a time. Vp higher it is a broad Bay, being above two miles betweene the shores, into which runs *Stouny-river*, and *muddy-river*. Toward the Southwest in the midst of this Bay, is a great Oyster-bank: Towards the Northwest of this bay is a great Creeke, upon whose shore is situated the village of *Medford*, a very fertile and pleasant place, and fit for more inhabitants than are yet in it. This Towne is a mile and a halfe from *Charles towne*, and at the bottom of this Bay the River begins to be narrower, being but halfe a quarter of a mile broad. By the side of this river is built *New-town*, which is three miles by land from *Charles towne*, and a league and a half by water, this place was first intended for a City, but upon more serious considerations it was not thought so fit, being too far from the Sea: being the greatest inconvenience it hath: This is one of the netest and best compacted towns in *New England*, having many faire structures with many handsome contrived streets. The inhabitants most of them are very rich, and well stored with Cattell of all sorts; having many hundred Acres of ground paled in with one generall fence, which is about a mile and a halfe long, Which secures all their weaker Cattle from the wild beasts. On the other side of the River lieth all their Medow and Marsh ground for Hay.

"Halfe a mile Westward of this Plantation is *Watertowne*, a place nothing inferior for land, wood, medow, and water, to *New town*, Within halfe a mile of this Town is a great Pond, which is divided between those 2 townes, which di-

vides their bounds North ward. A mile and a halfe from this Towne, is a fall of fresh waters, which conveigh themselves into the Ocean through *Charles River*. A little below this fall of waters, the inhabitants of *Water-town* have built a Ware to catch fish, wherein they take great store of *Shads* and *Alewives*. In two tides they have gotton an hundred thousand of those Fishes: This is no small benefit to the plantation: Ships of small burthen may come up to these Towns, but the Oyster-banks doe barre out the bigger Ships.

"The next town is *Misticke*, which is three miles from *Charles Towne* by land, and a league and a halfe by water: It is seated by the waters side very pleasantly; there be not many houses as yet. At the head of this River are great and spacious Ponds, whither the *Alewives* presse to spawne. This being a noted place for that kind of Fish, the *English* resort thither to take them. On the West side of this River the Governour hath a Farme, where he keepes most of his cattle. On the East side is Master *Cradockes* Plantation, where he hath impaled a Parke, where he keepes his cattle, till hee can store it with Deere: Here likewise he is at charges of building ships. The last yeare one was upon the Stocks of a hundred Tunne; that being finished, they are to build one twice her burden. Ships without either Ballast or loading, may floate down this River; otherwise the Oyster-bank would hinder them which crossed the Channell.

"The last Towne in the still Bay, is *Winnisimet* a very sweet place for situation, and stands very commodiously, being fit to entertaine more Planters than are yet seated: It is within a mile of *Charles Towne*, the River only parting them. The chief Ilands which keepe out the winde and the sea from disturbing the Harbours, are first *Dear Iland*, which lies within a flight-shot of *Pullin-point*. This Iland is so called, because of the Deare which often swimme thither from the Maine, when they are chased by the woolves: Some have killed sixteene Deere in a day upon this Iland. The opposite shore is called *Pullin-point*, because that is the usuall Channell. Boates use to passe thorow into the Bay; and the tyde being very strong, they are constrained to goe ashore, and hale their Boates by the seasing, or roades, whereupon it was called *Pullin-point*.

"The next Iland of note is *Long Iland*, so called from his longitude. Diveres other Ilands be with in these: *viz. Nodles Ile*, *Round Ile*, the Governours Garden, where is planted an Orchard and a Vineyard, with many other conveniences; and *Slate Iland*, *Glasse-Iland*, *Bird-Iland*, *&c.* Those Iles abound with woods, and water, and Medow-ground: and whatsoever the spacious fertile Maine affords. The inhabitants use to put their cattle in these for safety, *viz.* their Ramms, Goates, and Swine, when their corne is on the ground. These Townes that lie without the Bay, are a great deale nearer the Maine, and reape a greater benefit from the Sea, in regard of the plenty both of fish and Fowle, which they receive from thence: so that they live more comfortably, and at lesse charges, than those that are more remote from the Sea in the Iland Plantations.

"The next Plantation is *Saugus*, sixe miles North-east from *Winnesimit:* This Towne is pleasant for situation, seated at the bottome of a Bay, which is made on the one side with the surrounding shore, and on the other side with a long sandy Beach, which is two Miles long at the end, whereon is a necke of land called *Nahant:* it is sixe miles in circumference; well wooded with Oakes, Pines and Cedars: It is beside well watered, having beside the fresh springs, a great Pond in the middle, before which is a spacious Marsh. In this necke is store of good ground, fit for the Plow; but for the present it is only used for to put young cattle in, and weather-goates, and Swine, to secure them from the Woolves: a few posts and rayles from the lower water-markes to the shore, keepes out the Woolves, and keepes in the cattle. One *Blacke William*, an *Indian* Duke, out of his generosity gave this place in generall to this Plantation of *Saugus*, so that no other can appropriate it to himselfe.

"Vpon the South-side of the sandy Beach the Sea beateth, which is a true prognostication, to presage stormes and foule weather, and the breaking up of the Frost: For when a storme hath beene, or is likely to be, it will roar like thunder, being heard sixe miles; and after stormes casts up great store of great Clammes, which the *Indians* taking out of their shels, carry out in baskets. On the North-side of this Bay is two great Marshes, which are made two by a pleasant River which runns betweene them. Northward up this River, goes great

store of Alewives, of which they make good red Herrings; in so much that they have beene at charges to make them a wayre, and a Herringhouse, to dry these Herrings in; the last yeare were dried some foure or five Last for an experiment, which proved very good to appearance, if they prove as well in a forraine market: this is like to prove a great inrichment to the land, (being a staple commoditie in other Countries) for there be such innumerable companies in every river, that I have seene ten thousand taken in two houres by two men, without any weire at all, saving a few stones to stoppe their passage up the river. There likewise come store of Basse, which the *Indians* and *English* catch with hooke and line, some fiftie or threescore at a tide. At the mouth of this river runnes up a great creeke into that great Marsh, which is called *Rumny* Marsh, which is foure miles long and two miles broad; halfe of it being Marsh ground, and halfe upland grasse, without tree or bush: this Marsh is crossed with divers creekes, wherein lie great store of Geese, and Duckes. There be convenient ponds for the planting of Duckcoyes. Here is likewise belonging to this place divers fresh Meadowes, which afford good grasse, and four spacious ponds like little lakes, wherein is store of fresh fish: within a mile of the town, out of which runnes a curious fresh brooke that is seldome frozen by reason of the warmnesse of the water: upon this streame is built a water Mill, and up this river comes Smelts and frost fish much bigger than a Gudgion. For wood there is no want, there being store of good Oakes, Wallnut, Cedar, Ashe, Elme; The ground is very good, in many places without trees, fit for the plough. In this plantation is more *English* tillage, than in all *New England*, and *Virginia* besides; which proved as well as could be expected, the corne being very good, especially the Barly, Rye, and Oates.

"The land affordeth the inhabitants as many rarities as any place else, and the sea more: the Basse continuing from the middle of Aprill to Michaelmas, which stayes not above halfe that time in the Bay: besides here is a great deale of Rocke-cod and Macrill, insomuch that shoales of Basse have driven up shoales of Macrill from one end of the sandie Beach to another; which the inhabitants have gathered up in wheelebarrowes. The bay that lyeth before the towne at a low spring tide, will be all flattes for two Miles together, upon which

is great store of Musclebankes and Clamme bankes, and Lobsters amongst the rockes and grassie holes. These flattes make it navigable for shippes, yet at high water great Boates, Loyters, and pinnaces of twenty and thirty tun, may saile up to the plantation, but they need have a skillfull Pilote, because of many dangerous rocks and foaming breakers that lie at the mouth of that Bay. The very aspect of the place is fortification enough to keep off an unknown enemy, yet it may be fortified at a little charge being but a few landing places there about, and those obscure. Foure miles Northeast from *Saugus* lieth *Salem*, which stands on the middle of a necke of land very pleasantly, having a South river on the one-side, and a North river on the other side upon this necke where the most of the houses stand is very bad and sandie ground, yet for seaven yeares together it hath brought forth exceeding good corne, by being fished every third yeare; in some places is very good ground, and good timber, and divers springs hard by the sea side. Here likewise is a store of fish, as Basses, Eeles, Lobsters, Clammes, &c. Although their land be none of the best, yet beyond these rivers is a very good soyle, where they have taken Farmes, and get their Hay, and plant their corne; there they crosse these rivers with small Cannowes, which are made of whole pine trees, being about two foote and a halfe over, and twenty foote long: in these likewise they goe a fowling, sometimes two leagues to sea; there be more Cannowes in this towne, than in all the whole Patent; every household having a water-horse or two. This Towne wants an Alewife river, which is a great inconvenience: it hath two good harbours, the one being called Winter, and the other Summer harbours, which lieth within *Derbins* Fort, which place if it were well fortified, might keepe shippes from landing of forces in any of these two places, *Marvill Head* is a place which lieth foure miles full South from *Salem*, and is a very convenient Place for plantation, especially for such as will set upon the trade of fishing. There was made here a ships loading of fish the last yeare, where still stands the stages, and drying scaffolds; here be good harbour for boats, and safe riding for ships. *Agowomme* is nine miles to the North from *Salem*, which is one of the most spacious places for a plantation, being neare the sea; it aboundeth with fish, and flesh of fowles and beasts, great Meades and Marshes, and plain plow-

ing grounds, many good rivers and harbours, and no rattle-snakes. In a word, it is the best place but one, in my judgment, which is *Merrimake*, lying eight miles beyond it, where is a river twenty leagues navigable, all along the river side is fresh Marshes, in some places three Miles broad. In this river is Sturgeon, Sammon, and Basse, and divers other kinds of fish. To conclude, the Country scarce affordeth that which this place cannot yield. So that these two places may containe twice as many people as are yet in new *England:* there being as yet scarce any inhabitants in these two spacious places. Three miles beyond the river of *Merrimake* is the outside of our Patent for the *Massachusetts* Bay. These be all the Townes that were begun, when I came for *England*, which was the fifteenth of August 1633."

He describes some of the principal Indian nations separately, and then devotes some chapters to a description of their general customs and manners. At the end of the book is a pretty extensive nomenclature of the Indian language, which is now as useless as the Indian translation of the bible by the pious, humane, and learned Elliot. The nations themselves are utterly extinct, and their language forgotten. His fourth chapter contains a description of the *Aberginians*, or the Northern Indians. The various tribes were of different character. These Northern Indians, till they became involved in the general confederacy excited by Philip, were commonly friendly to the whites; the *Pequods* were warlike; the Narragansetts were industrious, trading and accumulated wealth, but they have all disappeared.

"CHAP. IV.

"*Of the* Aberginians *or* Indians *Northward.*

"First of their Stature, most of them being betweene five or sixe foote high, straight bodied, strongly composed, smooth skinned, merry countenanced, of complexion something more swarthy than *Spaniards*, blacke haired, high fore-headed, blacke ey'd, out-nosed, broad shouldered, brawny arm'd, long and slender handed, out-brested, small

wasted, lank bellied, well thighed, flat kneed, handsome growne legs, and small feete: In a word, take them when the blood briskes in their veines, when the flesh is on their backes, and marrow in their bones, when they frolicke in their antique deportments and *Indian* postures, and they are more amiable to behold (though only in *Adams* livery) than many a compounded phantasticke in the newest fashion. It may puzzle beliefe, to conceive how such lusty bodies should have their rise and daily supportment from so slender a fostering; their houses being meane, their lodging as homely, commons scant, their drinke water, and Nature their best cloathing; in them the old proverbe may well be verified; *(Natura paucis contenta)* for though this be their daily portion, they still are healthful and lusty. I have bin in many places, yet did I never see one that was borne either in redundance or defect a monster, or any that sickness had deformed, or casualty made decrepit, saving one that had a bleared eye, and another that had a wenne on his cheeke. The reason is rendered why they grow so proportionable, and continue so long in their vigour (most of them being 50 before a wrinkled brow or a gray haire bewray their age) is, because they are not brought down with suppressing labour, vexed with annoying cares, or drowned in the excessive abuse of overflowing plenty, which oftentimes kils them more than want, as may appeare in them. For when they change their bare *Indian* commons for the plenty of *Englands* fuller diet, it is so contrary to their stomachs, that death or a desperate sickness immediately accrews, which makes so few of them desirous to see *England*. Their swarthiness is the Suns livery, for they are borne faire. Their smooth skins proceed from the often annoynting of their bodies with the oyle of fishes, and the fat of Eagles, with the grease of Rackoones, which they hold in summer, the best antidote to keepe their skin from blistering with the scorching Sun; and it is their best armour against the Musketoes, the surest expeller of the hairy excrement, and stops the pores of their bodies against the nipping winters cold. Their black haire is naturall, yet it is brought to a more jetty colour by oyling, dying and daily dressing. Sometimes they weare it very long, hanging downe in a loose dishevel'd womanish manner: other while

tied up hard and short like a horse taile, bound close with a fillet which they say makes it grow the faster, they are not a little phantastical or custom-sicke in this particular: their boys being not permitted to wear their haire long till sixteen yeeres of age, and then they must come to it by degrees: some being cut with a long foretop, a long locke on the crowne, one of each side of his head, the rest of his haire being cut even with the scalpe: the young men and souldiers were their hair long on the one side, the other side being cut short like a screw; other cuts they have as their fancy befooles them, which would torture the wits of a curious Barber to imitate. But though they be thus wedded to the haire of their head, you cannot woe them to weare it on their chins, where it no sooner growes, but it is stubbed up by the rootes, for they count it as an unusefull, cumbersome, and opprobrious excrement, insomuch as the call him an *English* mans bastard that hath but the appearance of a beard, which some have growing in a staring fashion, like the beard of a Cat, which makes them the more out of love with them, chusing rather to have no beards than such as would make them ridiculous."

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Explanation of the Musical Scale.

Sir,

A friend of mine, for the instruction of his daughter, composed the enclosed account of the origin of the Musical Scale, and of the grounds on which it is constructed. The subject is an abstruse one, but I think it so clearly explained here, that any person desirous of instruction, may comprehend it with a little attention. As a general fondness for musick prevails in this country, and no house is without musical instruments of some kind, it may perhaps be a satisfaction to some young persons, to obtain a knowledge of the theory of harmony. For this purpose, I procured leave to make the copy I enclose, which I place at your disposal. B.

To the Editor,

March 20th, 1816.

My dear Daughter,

You doubtless remember, that during your last vacation, while amusing a circle of friends at the piano-forte, the questions were asked, by whom was the Scale of Musick now in use formed, and why was it divided in the manner we find it? These queries excited an interest in all present; but, although much was said on the subject, nothing was in fact explained. My own ideas were much confused on those points, but what was then said determined me to look into the subject; which I have done, sufficiently to satisfy at least my own curiosity. It is a subject, in some parts rather abstruse, and a reference to many books is necessary to a tolerable understanding of it; or at least it has been so with me.* As you exhibited, on the occasion alluded to, a very laudable inquisitiveness, and as this branch of musical knowledge is seldom expounded by practical teachers, I shall endeavour to unfold it to you, as promised; and in a manner more simple than I have been fortunate enough to meet with it myself; and which a little reflection will enable you to comprehend. If in doing this, I seem rather to mingle history with theory, it is because the matter appears to me better illustrated in that form.

Before entering on the subject, however, it may be best to explain the meaning of some terms, which must of necessity be used. *Harmony* is defined to be the coexistence of two or more sounds, when pleasing to the ear, or the pleasing effects of them when sounding together; in which sense it is nearly synonymous with concord; others, however, define it to mean a pleasing *succession* of such concords: I shall use the word, however, in the former sense. *Melody* is a pleasing success-

* The theory of harmony, which explains the last of these points, is the only branch of musical knowledge, perhaps, that can be said to partake of science; the practical part, or that of performance, is merely an act, and may be skilfully executed without any acquaintance with the theory. This, indeed, is a matter of mere speculative inquiry, but at the same time is highly curious. Most treatises on musick blend so much its theory with its practice, and contain so many refinements of science that cannot be comprehended, and of harmony that cannot be felt by a new inquirer, that he is repulsed by difficulties at the very threshold, and gets hardly a glimpse of the beautiful structure of the interiour.

ion of single sounds; harmony is produced when you play both bass and tenor on your piano; and melody when you play the air only, without accompaniment. The pleasing effect of melody itself, however, is best explained, as Dr. Franklin remarks in a letter to Lord Kaimes,* on the principle of harmony; for although each sound be single, yet to be pleasing it must harmonize with those preceding, the impression of which is retained in the mind; musick being the effect of such risings or fallings in sound, as are agreeable to the ear, these are called by musicians *intervals;* because a sort of space is left, or skipped over, in which many others might be placed. Between the notes C and D, for instance, on your piano, many other sounds might be placed, all higher than C and not so high as D, of which a good ear would distinguish at least twenty. As the rising or falling may be more or less, there are of course a great variety of these intervals; thus from the note C to that of D, or in other words, the difference between them, is an interval, called a tone; and from E to F is a semitone. Among larger intervals there are what musicians call a 4th, which is equal to two tones and a semitone; and the 5th, equal to three tones and a semitone; and the octave, which is equal to five tones and two semitones, and so on.† You will thus, I hope, get a pretty good idea of what is meant by an interval in musick. It is proper perhaps, ro remark, that these sort of terms, the 4th, 5th, octave, &c. are used not only to denote intervals, but also as the names of notes or sounds situated at those distances apart; thus F is called the 4th to C, G its 5th, and the next C above or below, is called its octave.‡ Musicians, in modern times, have agreed to designate the seven

* In the Brit. Ency. this letter is quoted as being addressed to Dr. Price.

† An octave was called by the Greeks a diapason; a 5th, diapente; and a 4th, diatesseron.

‡ You probably know already, that sound, according to theory, and as far as we can judge by experience, is nothing more than a species of undulation in the air, caused by vibrations in sounding bodies; which undulations our organs of hearing are fitted by nature to receive and appreciate; when those vibrations are regular, technically termed, isochronous, the sound they create is musical; but when irregular it is only a confused noise. Euler asserts, we cannot appreciate a sound of less than thirty, or more than seven thousand vibrations in a second; this, however, is a sufficient compass, being nearly eight octaves.

sounds, composing the octave, by the seven first letters of the alphabet, as A to G; and it is the practice, the reason of which I have not seen explained, to begin the octave with C.

Whoever considers, that the number of different sounds is almost infinite, which might be placed between two notes, one an octave above the other, must naturally feel a strong desire to know why the precise number now in use was adopted; or, in other words, why the octave was divided into seven notes, and why five of these are tones and two semitones; or, as a question still antecedent to this in its nature, why the whole range of sounds, of which our voices or instruments are capable, should be first of all divided into octaves. The division of sounds, if no regard were had to harmony, would be purely arbitrary; we might divide the whole compass of one voice, or any given part of it, in many ways different from that in use; that is, we might admit many more, or much fewer notes within a certain compass than we now do; or with the same number we might vary at pleasure their distances apart; but as the chief end of musick is to please, if there are any sounds situated at a certain distance apart, through the whole range or compass, which harmonize remarkably with each other, we should agree upon such sounds as best calculated to produce the desired effect, that is, to please. Now this appears precisely the reason why sounds were first divided into octaves, and then further subdivided as they now are. The harmony or concord between two notes, an octave apart, is so peculiar that it forces itself, as it were, upon our notice; and we almost take them to be the same note. What proves it to be naturally so, is, that if we wish to accompany any one in a song, and our voice is too low or too high, we imperceptibly and without thought, fall into the octave above or below the person we accompany; and even then often are not aware we are not in the same pitch. Females usually sing an octave above men, and yet when singing together, how few are sensible this is the case. Indeed two sounds, just an octave apart, when they strike the ear approach so near to identity, that the division of sounds into octaves existed for ages, while the mode of dividing the octave itself was various. The cause of this peculiar harmony, as well as of those less striking, we shall see in the sequel.

The division of the octave, as we now have it, or in other words, the scale now in use, called the diatonick, was composed by the Grecian musicians, or perhaps taken by them partly from the Egyptians, after trying for ages various other divisions; it was formed gradually, by many successive approximations, and at last was universally assented to, as containing the most pleasing gradation of sounds of any that ever had been proposed; and we find it such at the present day.*

In determining the exact sound, which each of the seven notes ought to have, the Greek musicians were guided entirely by the ear; but in calculating the intervals left between them, they were governed by the length of the strings, which by experience they found necessary to produce them.

In regard to the vibrations of strings, upon which the theory of harmony is now explained, they appear to have known merely that long strings vibrated slower than short ones;† it did not, to be sure, escape the sagacity of some of the Greek musicians, to conjecture that the vibrations of strings were in the inverse proportion to their lengths; but this was at that time so far from being proved, that it does not seem to have been even generally believed, that there existed any such exact connexion or proportion.

For the discovery and demonstration of this very important fact in musical science, we are indebted to the illustrious Galileo. He discovered and shewed the analogy between the vibrations of strings, and the motions of pendulums; and

* By Grecian musicians, I mean such of their philosophick and theoretick men, as turned their attention to this subject, and made it a matter of calculation. Among them may be mentioned Aristoxenes, Pythagoras, Didymus, Ptolemy, Euclid and many others; of these Pythagoras perhaps did more than any one, and as he resided many years in Egypt, there is reason to believe he acquired there some valuable ideas relating to musick. Indeed, in most scientifick matters, the Grecians were more indebted to the Egyptians, and other eastern nations than is generally supposed, or than their admirers are always willing to admit.

† The rapidity of vibrations in the very slowest string, emitting an audible sound is much too great to be counted, and the state of mathematical science, at that time, was inadequate to a solution of the problem. In the hands of moderns, however, the powers of this sublime science have been so much extended, as to be capable of accomplishing this and numberless other objects, unattainable by the ancients.

with the aid of mathematicks, he demonstrated, that the rapidity of vibration was precisely in the inverse proportion of the length; that is, that strings vibrated faster exactly in proportion as they were shorter; the thickness and tension being supposed the same.

He demonstrated also, that any string which sounds an octave above another, vibrates just twice as fast; so that two vibrations of the higher, is made in the same time exactly, as one of the lower.

This remarkable coincidence being proved and abundantly confirmed since, the greatest that can possibly take place between two strings giving different sounds, it explained in a beautiful manner the charming concord of the octave, and led to the adoption of the theory, that all harmony depends on coincidence of vibrations.

I have before remarked, that universal experience has for ages approved of the diatonick scale now in use; which divides the octave into seven notes or sounds, or in other words, which interposes six sounds between two others, just an octave apart.

It should be noticed here, that in dividing or fixing the sounds of an octave, we are obliged to use both extremes of it; that is, in taking C as one sound and placing six others above, or between that and its octave C; we are obliged to use this higher C, for otherwise we should not know if the highest sound of the six was placed at the proper distance from it; therefore, although the octave consists only of seven notes, yet we are obliged to use eight in dividing it; and it is from this circumstance it takes the name of octave. But this higher C, although used in this way, serves also as the commencement of another octave above, to which it in fact belongs. The universal approbation of the scale thus divided, and the theory of coincidence above stated, reciprocally justify and confirm each other; for we shall find that the six sounds, thus interposed between two others an octave apart, coincide with each other and with the two extremes, in their vibrations to a remarkable degree, perhaps even in the greatest degree possible. This, perhaps, will be rendered more apparent, if instead of merely stating what these coincidences are, we should proceed as if we were forming a scale founded on this theory. Let

us then search for the most frequent coincidences of vibrations that we can imagine, and place the sounds accordingly; and then notice as we proceed, how they agree with those of the natural diatonick scale now in use, that is without flats or sharps. We will denote the first sound or key note C, as usual, and suppose it to make two hundred and forty vibrations per second, which is about what the lowest C but one on the piano really has; the next C above, which may be distinguished in future by a small c, will of course make according to the theory four hundred and eighty vibrations; every two vibrations of the latter, are therefore made in the same time, or coincide as to the time employed with every one of the former. The object now is, to place six sounds between these two. It is evident, there cannot be any whose vibrations would coincide (any given number of them) with each one of C, for if we took sounds vibrating as three or four to one of C, they would be far above our limits. We are forced, therefore, in seeking for the next most frequent coincidence, to take sounds that make a certain number or series of vibrations in the time that C makes two; there is but one sound that will even do this, and that vibrates three to every two of C; for if we took one making four to two of C, that would be the same as two to one, and would be its octave c; and if we took five or more to every two of C, they would of course be too high: a sound, therefore, vibrating as three to two of C, is absolutely the only one within our limits, whose vibrations can agree with every two of C; such a one vibrates one half faster than C, or three hundred and sixty times per second; this is precisely the note now in use, designated by G, and forms with C the next most perfect concord to the octave; as compared with C it is called a 5th, and leaves between them an interval of the same name. The ratio of its vibrations compared with C, is stated arithmetically 3-2.

This being the only sound within our limits, having a series of vibrations agreeing with every two of C, we are now constrained to seek for such, as will make a certain number while C makes three: of these there are but two, one vibrating four and the other five times while C vibrates three; for if we take six to three, it will be its octave, and if seven or more to three it will be above; so that we may be sure there are but these two within our limits that would agree with

every three of C; of these you will perceive, that the one vibrating as four to every three of C, must move one-third faster, and therefore not so fast as the note G already fixed: this one is exactly the note designated F, and makes three hundred and twenty vibrations per second, C being always supposed to make two hundred and forty. It forms with C the concord called a 4th, and an interval between them of that name: its ratio with C is of course 4-3. The other sound, vibrating five times to every three of C, you perceive must move two-thirds faster, and is therefore higher than G; it is precisely the note A now in use, and vibrates four hundred times per second; it forms with C the concord called a 6th major, and leaves with it an interval of that name; its ratio is 5-3. We have thus found three sounds between C and its octave c, making each of them a certain number or series of vibrations, while C makes either two or three; and these being, to a certainty, the only ones of that description, we are now obliged, in searching for the next most frequent coincidence, to take such whose vibrations will agree with every four of C: the nearest of these we can possibly have, is one that makes five vibrations while C makes four; such a one moves of course but one quarter faster than C, and therefore not so fast as F; it is, in fact, the note E now in use; it vibrates three hundred times per second, forms with C the charming concord of the 3d major, and the interval between them bears that name.

These four sounds, E, F, G, A, interposed between C, &c. seem to divide the octave in the most harmonious way we can imagine; and thus far it appears we should have placed them upon our theory, exactly where we find them; but perhaps the two remaining sounds D and B we should have placed differently; indeed we certainly should, if we proceeded as hitherto, in searching for the next most frequent coincidence of vibrations;* we might take coincidences that would give us in D and B, the minor 3d and minor 7th with C; but the Grecians do not appear to have recognized these concords at all; whether, however, in placing D and B so as to produce these concords, instead of discords as they

* By this is meant, that possibly musicians of the present day, if they had to compose a scale, would have placed D nearer to E, and B nearer to A than they now are, so as to give with C the minor 3d and minor 7th.

are now generally esteemed, we should not have met with inconveniences enough to counterbalance it, may be doubted; one very considerable inconvenience is easily perceived, which is this, that instead of three kinds of intervals, which now are found between the eight notes, we should have had at least six: besides, we now command those concords by the intervention of flats and sharps, which is a contrivance of later years.

But let us proceed with the scale: on measuring the five intervals thus left, after placing these four sounds, the Grecians found that the intervals between C and E, and between A and *c*, were much greater than either of the others, though all as they now stood were different, the question then became how to divide these two largest; in doing this, they were not perhaps so much governed by the ear as by calculation. Almost the only concords, recognized at that time, or were then attainable by their imperfect instruments, being those of the 4th and 5th, which are formed by F and G sounding with C, and it having been found by the length of strings, the difference between these two sounds F and G was 1-8th, they seem to have taken this as a guide in fixing the sounds we now call D and B; and to have measured off from C and from A, a similar interval; that is to say, they placed a sound just as far above C, and another just as far above A as G is above F, and these sounds are the notes D and B now in use.* This manner of placing D and B had at least this happy and remarkable effect, it reduced the five intervals before existing, and all different, to three kinds; at the same time that it increased the number of them to seven, which you will see presently. The octave being thus completed, let us place in one view the ratio in vibrations which each bears to C, the last figures indicating those of C:

D	E	F	G	A	B	c
9-8	5-4	4-3	3-2	5-3	15-8	2-1

and by this we perceive at once, that the coincidence is by no means so great in D and B as in the others. It should have been before remarked, that D forms with C a discordant interval called a 2d, whose ratio with C is 9-8; and B another discordant interval with C, called a 7th, whose ratio

* See Burney's History of Musick, p. 444.

with C is 15-8th. Having stated the intervals which each makes with C, or in other words the distance of each from C, let us now state the intervals between each as they rise. This I shall do, however, by placing over each note the proportionate rising in tone, or the increase in vibrations of each, beyond the note below or preceding it; and by placing underneath the exact number of vibrations made by each in a second, it being supposed that C makes two hundred and forty;

	1-8	1-9	1-15	1-8	1-9	1-8	1-15
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	c
240	270	300	320	360	400	450	480

by this you see that D rises one-eighth, or makes one-eighth more vibrations than C; E makes one-ninth more than D, and so on; and the correctness of this calculation is easily verified, for the result gives to c just twice the number of vibrations of C, which is precisely what it ought to have according to theory.

On comparing these ratios of increase one above another, you will find three kinds; the smallest is that of 1-15th, as from E to F and B to C, and it being but little more than half either of the other ratios, these intervals from E to F and B to C, are called semitones major, or simply semitones; the next ratio of increase is 1-9th, as from D to E and G to A, and these intervals are called minor tones; the greatest ratio of increase is that of 1-8th, as from C to D, F to G, and A to B, and these intervals are called major tones. There are, therefore, these three sorts of intervals formed between one note and the next, in the natural diatonic scale, without flats or sharps; and of these, as we have seen, there are three major tones, two minor tones, and two major semitones. These seven notes or sounds, which form the octave, are such as are produced by the white finger-keys on the piano-forte, beginning with one C, by which all the others are tuned, and ending with the next above; and the whole range of white keys on such instruments are but a succession of octaves thus composed.

I have thus far spoken only of the pleasing concords, which are formed in this scale by sounding each with C, the original or key note; but the beauties of musick would be extremely limited, if we could not rise harmoniously from either of the notes as well as from C, or if we could not

descend harmoniously as well as ascend. It is really, however, worthy of admiration, that in this scale we have nearly the same advantage in rising from most of the other notes as from C; and as to descending, it is sufficient to remark, that any interval which is harmonious in rising is so also in falling. Indeed, in starting from the other notes, we can often get the pleasing concords of the 3d minor, 6th minor, and 7th minor, which we cannot get from C without flats or sharps, the use of which will be explained by and by. The ratios of vibrations of two strings or sounds, forming these minor concords, are as six to five, eight to five, and nine to five; and the ratios of the other concords are before stated. Let us now take a view of the various concords, which form harmony when sounding together, or melody when in succession, that we can command rising from each note in the scale, when rigidly tuned; bearing in mind that the 5th, 4th, 6th major, and 3d major have, next to the octave, the most frequent coincidences that can *possibly* be, as we have shown; and that they present to the ear also the most perfect concords. In rising from each note we have the following concords, the notes in the octave above being marked in small letters:

C forms with E a 3d major, a 4th with F, 5th with G, and a 6th with A;

D forms a 4th with G, and a 6th major with B;

E forms a third minor with G, a 4th with A, a 5th with B, 6th minor with c, and a 7th minor with d;

F forms a 3d major with A, and a 5th with c;

G forms a 3d major with B, a 4th with c, a 5th with d, and a 6th major with e;

A forms a 3d minor with c, a 5th with e, a 6th minor with f, and 7th minor with g;

B forms a 3d minor with d, a 4th with e, and a 6th minor with g;

all these concords we can form from each of these notes; keeping within the scope of an octave from the note we begin at, and withour using flats or sharps; but with their use all others also would be at our command.* Besides the

* It appears by this, we could get but two concords within the compass of an octave, in rising from D or from F, without using flats or sharps; which shows, that without the aid of these, harmony would

two semitones in the natural scale, which are more properly called major semitones, others are formed by an artificial contrivance of later years; that is, by dividing the five major and minor tones: this is done by interposing five other sounds, called flats and sharps, which are distinguished on the piano, and such like instruments, by the black finger keys. The five tones being thus divided into ten semitones, these together with the two before existing in the natural scale, compose the twelve successive half notes, of which every octave in the piano and such instruments now consists. These flats and sharps take their names from the contiguous note; those above C, D, F and G are called sharps, and another half way below B is called B flat; this is the way they are named; but in reality sharps and flats are convertible terms, for a sharp to one note is also a flat to the next above; by this contrivance we get every one of the concords, before enumerated, starting from each note, or from either of the flats or sharps themselves, which however we sometimes could not do without their aid; from C, for instance, we get the 3d minor with D sharp, the 6th minor with G sharp, and 7th minor with B flat.

The semitones, however, which are obtained by dividing the five tones are not, strictly speaking, so great as the two semitones major in the natural scale; nor, indeed, could the whole tones be exactly divided; nor would they give the concords precisely that we seek for if they were; for if we placed, for instance, a sharp to D just half ways between D and E, it would not be a perfect minor 3d with C; and so with the 6th and 7th minor to C. This could be demonstrated by a calculation of the ratios of vibrations necessary to produce the various concords, and it is an imperfection inherent in this and probably every other scale that could be formed. It is this imperfection that renders necessary what is called temperament, by which we lessen a very little the semitones of the natural scale, and enlarge those formed by dividing the tones; by which means all are brought nearer to an equality; and the advantages of this are very important, for by thus altering

be considerably limited. It ought in fairness to be remarked, that the minor 7th, which I have considered a concord, is not generally allowed to be such; but I am not enough in the practice of musick to know, whether its harmony is easily perceived or not; it certainly ought to be, according to theory.

these and some of the other notes in the natural scale, scarcely so as to be perceived, we are enabled to command any concord from any note we please to start; and without which, although some might be more rigidly exact, yet others would be much less so. Of precisely the best mode of tempering instruments, musicians are not agreed; it is generally admitted, however, that the 5ths and most other concords will bear a little alteration, but the octaves none at all. The necessity of temperament may perhaps be better conceived, however, from the following circumstance; if we tune four 5ths upwards from C, and then from the highest point we arrive at, tune downwards two octaves, it will fall upon E; but if this tuning be rigidly exact, this E will not be an exact major 3d from C as it ought, but will be perceptibly too high; and this also the theory shows, for by calculation it would be about a tenth part of a tone major too high, which is a difference easily perceived by a good ear. Now as the octaves must be exact, either the major 3ds must be increased a little, and the 5ths decreased a little, or else the 5ths must be lessened all this difference; but as it can be divided among the four fifths, making only a quarter part to each, this may be done without any perceptible want of harmony in each step, and this is the usual way. This alteration is temperament.*

I have thus endeavoured to exhibit, in as plain a way as I could, the pretty exact conformity of the diatonic scale to the theory of coincidence; but if, after all, I have not done it intelligibly, I know not where you could be better referred, than to Euler's letters to a German princess; where the subject may by some be better comprehended, under a different form.

I am aware, that some musicians think all harmony can be explained, on the doctrine of Fundamental Bass, as adopted and theorised by Rameau, an eminent French musician of the

* It is a singular fact in musical science, that no harmonious interval, unless it consists of an even number of octaves, can be divided into two or more harmonious intervals equal to each other; we cannot, for instance, divide an octave or any smaller concord into halves, thirds, or quarters. Yet, however, it is worthy of remark, that they may be divided in various ways harmoniously, but unequally; thus, an octave is composed of, and may therefore be divided into a 4th and 5th; or into a 4th, 3d, and 3d minor; or 6th and 3d minor; or 3d and 6th minor: a 6th may be divided into a 4th and 3d; a 5th into a 3d and 3d minor, and so on.

last century. This doctrine is founded on a curious circumstance, first noticed by the same Gallileo; which is this, that every musical cord, besides the principal sound, gives out as that dies away, two other, higher sounds; which experienced ears acknowledge to be a 12th above, (or an octave to its 5th,) and a 17th, (or a double octave to its 3d major,) the former being first heard and afterwards the latter. These auxiliary sounds, which are called its natural harmonies, are however so faint and so high, as not to be distinctly perceived, except when the principal sound is a low one. Now the 12th above any sound vibrates, compared with that, exactly as three to one, and the 17th as five to one; and these coincidences are the greatest possible, next to the octave two to one, and the double octave four to one; and greater than can occur, between any two sounds within the compass of an octave. The fact, therefore, of a principal sound being attended by others, having in their vibrations such striking coincidences with it, seems to me rather a confirmation of our theory; and, indeed, a sort of natural exemplification of it. At any rate, however, these two doctrines, if they may be so called, do not militate; for D'Alembert, who has unfolded Rameau's system in a peculiarly lucid manner, resorts continually to ratios of vibrations; and thus, in some degree, blends the two doctrines together. This may be seen by reference to the article Musick, in the Ency. Brit.

You will observe, however, that all this theory is designed to establish, is, that a certain agreement in the vibrations of sounds, is necessary to render them either harmonious or melodious; to search further, and inquire why this agreement should produce this effect, would be a fruitless task; and we might as well ask, as an elegant writer remarks, why the perfume of a rose delights us, or the odour of a poppy disgusts; these are secrets nature will never disclose.

The perception of harmony, is with every person in a greater or less degree innate, but like the rest of our faculties, is susceptible of vast expansion by exercise. Almost every ear perceives the harmony of the octave, but a cultivated one can also appreciate every other concord designated by musicians; and not only feels a different degree, but perhaps also a different sort of pleasure excited by each. Attempts, indeed, have not been wanting, to characterise and define their various

pleasing impressions. The concord of the 5th is considered peculiarly sweet, that of the 3d is gay and exhilirating, the 3d minor plaintive, and so on with the others, each of which is said to inspire a peculiar feeling. But it seems more probable, that a cultivated ear may receive various impressions from the different concords, than that the same concord should produce a similar effect on many different individuals. Yet, however, the effect of some sorts of musick is pretty general; few persons, perhaps, are insensible to the soothing melancholy of the slow Scotch musick, or the enlivening gaiety of their dances; but again, how much of this is fairly attributable to a peculiar strain of melody, or how much to the various sorts of time and measure, is not easy to determine; on this point every practised ear must be its own judge, but one quite uncultivated can hardly judge at all.

Character of Mr. Sheridan.

[The following character of Sheridan, is copied from the *Salem Gazette*, into which paper it was extracted from the *London Statesman*, and we have not observed it in any other of our papers. It is so well written, and with so much impartiality and discrimination, that it may be safely predicted, that no better account of this extraordinary man will ever be given in the same compass.]

"It is with deep regret we announce to our readers, the death of the right honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, after a severe and protracted illness, expired yesterday at noon, in the 65th year of his age.

"The various sensations under which we, with the rest of the world, contemplated the course of this extraordinary man while living, have been so far recalled to us by the recent event of his decease, that we cannot dismiss the account of it like a common-place article of the obituary. We do not strive to check the pangs of grief and pity, which mingle with our admiration for a lost son of genius. It is always interesting, whether gratifying or painful, to meditate the history of a distinguished man; and more especially of a man, from the materials of whose character even more of

warning than example may be collected. From the mixture and counteraction of high endowments with vulgar infirmities, and unfortunate habits, ordinary men derive lessons of candour and contentment. We cease to murmur at any seeming partiality in the distribution of intellectual gifts among mankind, when we see the most useful qualities withheld from, or disdained by those upon whom the most splendid ones have been munificently lavished. It extends our charity, and abates our pride, to reflect with calmness on the fate of one, who was equally the delight of society, and the grace of literature; whom it has been for many years the fashion to quote, as a bold reprover of the selfish spirit of party; and throughout a period fruitful of able men, and trying circumstances, as the most popular specimen in the British senate of political consistency, intrepidity and honour.

"Panegyrick becomes worthless when it is no longer true; and we do not mean to eulogise Mr. Sheridan in unqualified terms. Neither fact nor principle will bear out the silly adoration with which, for some days past, he has been worshipped by the most furious of his old detractors; by men who seem inclined to pay their debts to his character with usurious interest, as if they were discharging a *post-obit* bond.

"It is needless to say much on those intellectual powers, whose living memorials are formed to command the admiration of every future age. The astonishing talent for observation, and knowledge of character, displayed by Mr. Sheridan in his dramatick writings, will surprise us more when we recollect that he composed the *Rivals*, while yet a boy, and that his *School for Scandal* was written at four and twenty. Those who are best acquainted with the history of the stage, for an hundred years preceding their appearance, can best appreciate the obligations of the publick to an author, whose dialogue has the spirit of reality without its coarseness; who neither wearies nor offends his audience; but whose sentiment is animated, and his wit refined. His opera is another specimen of various power, which has eclipsed all but one of those which went before it; and all, without exception, of those which have followed. The *Duenna* has but a single rival on the stage; and if the broad licentiousness of the *Beggar's Opera*, has given its au-

thor the means of indulging a nervous and pregnant vein of satire, to be found in no other English work, Sheridan has combined in the plot and language of his *Duenna*, the charms of delicacy, elegance and ingenuity; and in his songs has discovered a taste and pathos of high poetical beauty.

"If we pursue Mr. Sheridan into political life, we shall have equal cause to admire the vigour and versatility of his genius. The field on every side of him, was occupied by the ablest men who had appeared in parliament for more than half a century. Burke, whose mature mind was richly furnished from the intellectual stores of all ages and of all nations; Pitt and Fox, not left like Sheridan to chance, but trained and moulded into orators and statesmen; these were formidable checks to the rise of an adventurer, recommended neither by character nor connexion; never educated for publick life; beset by a thousand mischievous habits; crusted over with indolence, and depressed by fortune. Some wondrous internal power buoyed him up, and a temper invulnerable to common attacks, left him at all times in possession of his unshaken faculties. In cooperation, therefore, or rivalry, or hostility, with the first men of his day, he distinguished himself amongst them, by wielding with success the various weapons for which they were respectively celebrated. In flow of diction he yielded not even to Mr. Pitt; in force and acuteness he must justly be compared with the great opposition leader; while in splendour of imagination he equalled Burke, and in its use and management far excelled him. His sarcasms were finer, but less severe, than those by which Mr. Pitt indulged his anger; and the wit displayed by Sheridan in parliament was, perhaps, from the suavity of his temper, much less sharp than brilliant.

"But the quality, which predominated over all its companions, in the mind of Mr. Sheridan, was his exquisite and highly finished *taste*. In this rare talent he had no competitor; and this it was which gave such inimitable grace to his expressions, and which in arguing or declaiming, in eulogy or invective, disposed his thoughts with an effect so full and admirable. We cannot expatiate farther on his rhetorical qualifications than by observing, that he joined to the higher attributes above spoken of, the natural advantages of a clear and melodious voice, a distinct, emphatick, and unaffected utterance; and a manly and becoming action. As

Mr. Sheridan has produced a comedy which may be described as nearly the best in our language, so did he by a curious felicity of genius put forth, in his speech on the trial of Hastings, the finest specimen of English senatorial eloquence of which modern times can boast. Of this divine oration, although none but those who heard it can adequately judge, enough remains to justify our praises in the fragments handed down to us by the publications of that period, and in the recorded sentiments of the leaders of all parties, who hung in rapture and amazement on his words. Mr. Sheridan then reached the pinnacle of his fame. No length of days could add to the celebrity at that moment poured around him, as an orator and statesman of comprehensive and transcendant powers; no human fortune could have surpassed the expectations then formed of his future eminence. Why they have not since been realized, is a question which posterity will not fail to ask.

"We pass by the details of his parliamentary progress, from the discussions on the Regency in 1789, to those on the same subject in 1811. Many important questions, many a dangerous crisis, which arose in the long interval between these periods, gave Mr. Sheridan the means to establish for himself an occasional interest with the people of England, distinct from any that could have been derived from mere proofs of talent, or influence of party. On the mutiny at the Nore, he enjoyed the credit of essentially contributing to save the state. Whenever the liberty of the press was attacked, that bulwark of the constitution found in him its most zealous and consistent defender; and when the early burst of Spanish patriotism had raised a strong sympathy throughout this country, it was Mr. Sheridan who first gave form and expression to the feeling which swelled every English heart; and who traced in parliament the natural relation between the support of Spain, and the deliverance of Europe. Without instituting a too severe or invidious scrutiny into the justice of those high encomiums which have been passed on Mr. Sheridan's patriotick spirit, we shall merely observe, that one object of our admiration is, the exquisite judgment, the dexterity of tact, with which he at all times seized the full tide of publick sentiment, and turned it into the proper channel. But it must be acknowledged, that the longer he remained in the House of Commons, and before the publick, the more his personal consequence declined. Mr. Sheridan

had never, in his happiest days, effected any thing by steady application. He was capable of intense, but not of regular, study. When publick duty urged him, he endured the burden as if asleep under its pressure. At length, when the pain could no longer be borne, he roused himself with one mighty effort, and burst like a lion through the toils. There are reasons for believing, that his constitutional indolence began its operation upon his habits at an early age. His very first dramatick scenes were written by snatches, with considerable intervals between them. Convivial pleasures had lively charms for one, whose wit was the soul of the table; and the sparkling glass, the medium of social intercourse, had no small share of his affection. These were joys to be indulged without effort; as such they were too well calculated to absorb the time of Mr. Sheridan, and sooner or later to make large encroachments on his character. His attendance in Parliament became every year more languid; the *vis inertiæ* more incurable; the plunges by which his genius had now and then extricated him in former times, less frequent and more feeble. We never witnessed a contrast much more melancholy, than between the brilliant and commanding talent displayed by Mr. Sheridan throughout the first regency discussions, and the low scale of nerve, activity, and capacity, to which he seemed reduced, when that subject was more recently agitated in parliament. But indolence and intemperance banish reflection, if not corrected by it; since no man could support the torture of perpetual self-reproach.

"Aggravated, we fear, by some such causes, the natural careless temper of Mr. Sheridan became ruinous to all his better hopes and prospects. Without a direct appetite for spending money, he thought not of checking its expenditure. The economy of time was as much disregarded, as that of money. All the arrangements, punctualities, and minor obligations of life were forgotten, and the household of Mr. Sheridan was always in a state of nature. His domestick feelings were originally kind, and his manners gentle; but some bad habits seduced him from the House of Commons, and from home; and equally injured him as an agent of the publick good, and as a dispenser of private happiness. It is painful, it is mortifying, but it is our sacred duty, to pursue this history to the end. Pecuniary embarrassments often

lead men to shifts and expedients: these exhausted, to others of a less doubtful colour. Blunted sensibility; renewed excesses; loss of *cast* in society; follow each other in melancholy succession, until solitude and darkness close the scene.

"It has been made a reproach by some persons, in lamenting Mr. Sheridan's cruel destiny, that "his friends" had not done more for him. We freely and conscientiously declare it as our opinion, that had Mr. Sheridan enjoyed ten receiverships of Cornwall instead of one, he would not have died in affluence. He never would have attained to comfort or independence in his fortune. A vain man may become rich, because his vanity may thirst for only a single mode of gratification. An ambitious man, a *bon vivant*, a sportsman, may severally control their expenses; but a man who is inveterately thoughtless of consequences, and callous to reproof; who knows not when he squanders money, because he feels not those obligations which constitute or direct its uses; such a man it is impossible to rescue from destruction. We go further, we profess not to conjecture to what individuals, the above reproach of forgotten friendship has been applied. If against persons of illustrious rank, there never was a more unfounded accusation. Mr. Sheridan throughout his whole life, stood as he ought to have done in the quarters alluded to. He then received the most substantial proofs of kind and anxious attachment from these personages; and it is to his credit that he was not insensible to their regard. If the mistaken advocates of Mr. Sheridan were so much his enemies, as to wish that he had been raised to some elevated office, are they not aware that even one month's active attendance out of twelve, he was at all times utterly incapable of giving? But what friends are blamed for neglecting Mr. Sheridan? What *friendship* did he ever form? We more than doubt whether he could fairly claim the rights of friendship with any leader of the Whig Administration. We know that he has publickly asserted Mr. Fox to be his friend, and that he has dwelt with much eloquence on the sweets and enjoyments of that connexion: but it has never been our fortune to find out, that Mr. Fox had on any publick or private occasion, bound himself by reciprocal pledges. Evidence against the admission of such ties on his part, may be drawn from the well known anecdotes of what occur-

red within a few days of that statesman's death. The fact is, that a life of conviviality and intemperance seldom favours the cultivation of those better tastes and affections, which are necessary to the existence of intimate friendship. That Mr. Sheridan had as many admirers as acquaintances there is no room to doubt; but they admired only his astonishing powers; there never was a second opinion or feeling, as to the unfortunate use which he made of them.

"We have now performed an honest duty, and in many particulars an humbling and most distressing one we have found it. Never were such gifts as those which Providence showered upon Mr. Sheridan so abused—never were talents so miserably perverted. The term "greatness" has been most ridiculously, and, in a moral sense, most perniciously applied to the character of one, who, to speak charitably of him, was the weakest of men. Had he employed his matchless endowments with but ordinary judgment, nothing in England, hardly any thing in Europe, could have eclipsed his name, or obstructed his progress. It is the peculiar praise and glory of our political constitution, that great abilities may emerge from the meanest station and seize the first honors of the community. It is the nobler praise, and purer happiness of our moral system, that great vices throw obstacles before the march of ambition, which no force nor superiority of intellect can remove."

From the London New Monthly Magazine for August.

THE following *jeu d'esprit* was written by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, to illustrate a remark which he had made—"That Dr. JOHNSON considered GARRICK as his property, and would never suffer any one to praise or abuse him but himself." In the first of these supposed dialogues, Sir Joshua himself, by high encomiums upon Garrick, is represented as drawing upon him Johnson's censure; in the second, M. Gibbon, by taking the opposite side, calls forth his praise.

DR. JOHNSON AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Reynolds. Let me alone, I'll bring him out (*aside.*) I have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, this morning on a matter that has puzzled me very much; it is a subject that I dare say has often passed in your thoughts, and though I cannot, I dare say *you* have made up your mind upon it.

Johnson. Tilly fally, what is all this preparation—what is all this mighty matter?

R. Why it is a very weighty matter. The subject I have been thinking upon is—Predestination and Free-will, two things I cannot reconcile together for the life of me; in my opinion, Dr. Johnson, Free-will and Fore-knowledge cannot be reconciled.

J. It is not of very great importance what your opinion is upon such a question.

R. But I meant only, Dr. J. to know your opinion.—

J. No, Sir; you meant no such thing: you meant only to show these gentlemen that you are not the man they took you to be, but that you think of high matters sometimes, and that you may have the credit of having it said, that you held an argument with Sam Johnson on Predestination and Free-will;—a subject of that magnitude as to have engaged the attention of the world—to have perplexed the wisdom of man for these two thousand years;—a subject on which the fallen angels, who *had yet not lost all their original brightness*, find themselves *in wandering mazes lost.* That such a subject could be discussed in the levity of a convivial meeting, is a degree of absurdity beyond what is easily conceivable.

R. It is so as you say to be sure; I talked once to our friend Garrick upon this subject, but I remember we could make nothing of it.

J. O noble pair!

R. Garrick was a clever fellow, Dr. J.; Garrick take him altogether was certainly a very great man.

J. Garrick, Sir, may be a great man in your opinion, as far as I know, but he was not so in mine; little things are great to little men.

R. I have heard you say, Dr. Johnson——

J. Sir, you never heard me say that David Garrick was a great man; you may have heard me say that Garrick was

a good repeater—of other men's words;—words put into his mouth by other men; this makes but a faint approach towards being a great man.

R. But take Garrick upon the whole, now, in regard to conversation——

J. Well, Sir, in regard to conversation, I never discovered in the conversation of David Garrick any intellectual energy, any wide grasp of thought, any extensive comprehension of mind, or that he possessed any of those powers to which *great* could, with any degree of propriety, be applied———

R. But still———

J. Hold, Sir, I have not done—there are to be sure in the laxity of colloquial, speech, various kinds of greatness; a man may be a great tobacconist, a man may be a great painter, he may be likewise a great mimick; now you may be the one, and Garrick the other, and yet neither of you be great men.—

R. But, Dr. Johnson——

J. Hold, Sir; I have often lamented how dangerous it is to investigate and to discriminate character, to men who have no discriminative powers.

R. But Garrick as a companion, I heard you say—no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table—

J. You teaze me, Sir. Whatever you may have heard me say no longer ago than last Wednesday at Mr. Thrale's table, I tell you I do not say so now; besides, as I said before, you may not have understood me—you misapprehended me—you may not have heard me.

R. I am very sure I heard you.

J. Besides, besides, Sir, besides—do you not know—are you so ignorant as not to know, that it is the highest degree of rudeness to quote a man against himself?

R. But if you differ from yourself, and give one opinion to day———

J. Have done, Sir, the company you see are tired, as well as myself.

T' other side.

DR. JOHNSON AND MR. GIBBON

Johnson. No, Sir; Garrick's fame was prodigious, not only in England, but all over Europe; even in Russia, I have been told, he was a proverb, when any one had repeated well, he was called a second Garrick.

Gibbon. I think he had full as much reputation as he deserved.

J. I do not pretend to know, Sir, what your meaning may be, by saying he had as much reputation as he deserved. He deserved much, and he had much.

G. Why surely, Dr. Johnson, his merit was in small things only. He had none of those qualities that make a real great man.

J. Sir, I as little understand what your meaning may be, when you speak of the qualities that make a great man. It is a vague term. Garrick was no common man. A man above the common size may surely, without any great impropriety, be called a great man. In my opinion he has very reasonably fulfilled the prophecy which he once reminded me of having made to his mother; when she asked me how little David went on at school, that I should say to her, that he would come to be hanged, or come to be a great man. No, Sir; it is undoubtedly true, that the same qualities united with virtue or vice, make a hero or a rogue; a great general or a highwayman. Now Garrick, we are sure, was never hanged, and in regard to his being a great man, you must take the whole man together.—It must be considered in how many things Garrick excelled, in which every man desires to excel. Setting aside his excellence as an actor, in which he is acknowledged to be unrivalled, as a man, as a poet, as a convivial companion, you will find but few his equals, and none his superiour. As a man he was kind, friendly, benevolent, and generous.

G. Of Garrick's generosity I never heard. I understood his character to be totally the reverse, and that he was reckoned to have loved money.

J. That he loved money nobody will dispute;—who does not? but if you mean by loving money, that he was parsimo-

nious to a fault, Sir, you have been misinformed. To Foote, and such scoundrels, who circulated those reports—to such profligate spendthrifts prudence is meanness, and economy is avarice. That Garrick in early youth was brought up in strict habits of economy, I believe, and that they were necessary, I have heard from himself. To suppose that Garrick might inadvertently act from this habit, and be saving in small things, can be no wonder; but let it be remembered at the same time, that, if he was frugal by habit, he was liberal from principle: that when he acted from reflection, he did what his fortune enabled him to do, and what was expected from such a fortune. I remember no instance of David's parsimony but once: when he stopped Mrs. Woffington from replenishing the teapot, it was already, he said, as red as blood; and this instance is doubtful and happened many years ago. In the latter part of his life I observed no blameable parsimony in David. His table was elegant and even splendid; his house, both in town and country, his equipage; and, I think, all his habits of life, were such as might be expected from a man who had acquired great riches. In regard to his generosity, which you seem to question, I shall only say, there is no man to whom I would apply, with more confidence of success, for the loan of two hundred pounds to assist a common friend than to David; and this too with very little, if any, probability of its being repaid.

G. You were going to say something of him as a writer. You don't rate him very high as a poet.

J. Sir, a man may be a respectable poet, without being a Homer; as a man may be a good player without being a Garrick. In the lighter kinds of poetry, in the appendages of the drama, he was, *if not the first, in the very first class.* He had a readiness and facility, a dexterity of mind that appeared extraordinary even to men of experience, and who are not apt to wonder from ignorance. Writing prologues, epilogues, and epigrams, he said he considered as his trade; and he was what a man should be always, at all times, ready at his trade. He required two hours for a prologue or epilogue, and five minutes for an epigram. Once at Burke's table the company proposed a subject, and Garrick finished his epigram within the time. The same experiment was repeated in the garden, and with the same success.

G. Garrick had some flippancy of parts, to be sure, and was brisk and lively in company; and by help of mimickry and story-telling, made himself a pleasant companion: but here the whole world gave the superiority to Foote, and Garrick himself appears to have felt as if his genius was rebuked by the superiour powers of Foote. It has been often observed, that Garrick never dared to enter into competition with him, but was content to act an underpart to bring Foote out.

J. That this conduct of Garrick might be interpreted by the gross minds of Foote, and his friends, as if he was afraid to encounter him, I can easily imagine. Of the natural superiority of Garrick over Foote, this conduct is an instance: he disdained entering into competition with such a fellow, and made him the buffoon of the company; or, as you say, brought him out. And what was at last brought out, but coarse jests and vulgar merriment; indecency and impiety; a relation of events which, upon the face of them, could never have happened; characters grossly conceived and as coarsely represented! Foote was even no mimick. He went out of himself, it is true, but without going into another man. He is excelled by Garrick even in this, which is considered as Foote's greatest excellence. Garrick, besides his exact imitation of the voice and gesture of his original to a degree of refinement of which Foote had no conception, exhibited the mind and mode of thinking of the person imitated. Besides, Garrick confined his powers within the limits of decency—he had a character to preserve; Foote had none. By Foote's buffoonery and broadfaced merriment, private friendship, publick decency, and every thing estimable amongst men were trod under foot. We all know the difference of their reception in the world. No man, however high in rank, or literature, but was proud to know Garrick, and was glad to have him at his table; no man ever considered or treated Garrick as a player: he may be said to have stepped out of his own rank, into an higher, and by raising himself, he raised the rank of his profession. At a convivial table his exhilarating powers were unrivalled. He was lively, entertaining, quick in discerning the ridicule of life, and as ready in representing it; and on graver subjects there were few topicks in which he could not bear his part.

It is injurious to the character of Garrick to be named in the same breath with Foote. That Foote was admitted sometimes into good company (to do the man what credit I can) I will allow; but then it was merely to play tricks. Foote's merriment was that of a buffoon, and Garrick's that of a gentleman.

G. I have been told, on the contrary, that Garrick in company had not the easy manners of a gentleman.

J. Sir, I don't know what you may have been told, or what your ideas may be of the manners of gentlemen. Garrick had no vulgarity in his manners. It is true, Garrick had not the airiness of a fop; nor did he assume an affected indifference to what was passing. He did not lounge from the table to the window, and from thence to the fire; or whilst you were addressing your discourse to him, turn from you and talk to his next neighbour; or give any indication that he was tired of his company. If such manners form your ideas of a fine gentleman, Garrick had them not.

G. I mean that Garrick was more overawed by the presence of the great, and more obsequious to rank, than Foote, who considered himself as their equal, and treated them with the same familiarity as they treated each other.

J. He did so, and what did the fellow get by it? The grossness of his mind prevented him from seeing that this familiarity was merely suffered, as they would play with a dog. He got no ground by affecting to call peers by their surnames. The foolish fellow fancied that lowering them was raising himself to their level. This affectation of familiarity with the great, this childish ambition of momentary exaltation, obtained by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another, only shewed his folly and meanness. He did not see, that by encroaching on other's dignity he put himself in their power; either to be repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension. Garrick, by paying due respect to rank, respected himself. What he gave was returned, and what was returned was kept for ever. His advancement was on firm ground—he was recognized in publick, as well as respected in private; and as no man was ever more courted, and better received by the publick, so no man was ever less spoiled by its flattery. Garrick continued advancing to the last—till he had acquired every advantage that high birth or title could bestow

except the precedence of going into a room ; but when he was there, he was treated with as much attention as the first man at the table. It is to the credit of Garrick that he never laid any claim to this distinction. It was as voluntarily allowed as if it has been his birth-right. In this, I confess, I looked upon David with some degree of envy ; not so much for the respect he received, as for the manner of its being acquired. What fell into his lap unsought, I have been forced to claim :—I began the world by fighting my way. There was something about me that invited insult, or at least, a disposition to neglect ; and I was equally disposed to repel insult and to claim attention ; and I fear continue too much in this disposition now that it is no longer necessary. I receive at present as much favour as I have a right to expect. I am not one of the complainers of the neglect of merit.

G. *Your* pretensions, Dr. Johnson, nobody will dispute. I cannot place Garrick on the same footing. Your reputation will continue increasing after your death, when Garrick will be totally forgotten. You will be forever considered as a classick.

J. Enough Sir, enough. The company would be better pleased to see us quarrel than bandying compliments.

G. But you must allow, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick was too much a slave to fame, or rather to the mean ambition of living with the great—terribly afraid of making himself cheap even with them ; by which he debarred himself of much pleasant society. Employing so much attention, and so much management upon little things, implies, I think, a little mind. It was observed by his friend Colman, that he never went into company but with a plot how to get out of it. He was every minute called out, and went off or returned, as there was or was not a probability of his shining.

J. In regard to his mean ambition, as you call it, of living with the great, what was the boast of Pope, and is every man's wish, can be no reproach to Garrick. He who says he despises it, knows he lies. That Garrick husbanded his fame, the fame which he had justly acquired both at the theatre and at the table, is not denied : but where is the blame either in the one case or the other, of leaving as little as he could to chance? Besides, Sir, consider what you have said. You

first deny Garrick's pretensions to fame, and then accuse him of too great an attention to preserve what he never possessed.

G. I don't understand——

J. I can't help that.

G. Well, but Dr. Johnson, you will not vindicate him in his over and above attention to his fame; his inordinate desire to exhibit himself to new men; like a coquette ever seeking after conquests, to the total neglect of old friends and admirers.

"He threw off his friends like a huntsman his pack,"—always looking out for new game.

J. When you quoted the line from Goldsmith, you ought in fairness to have given what followed. "He knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back." Which implies at least that he possessed a power over other men's minds approaching to fascination; but, consider Sir, what is to be done. Here is a man whom every other man desires to know. Garrick could not receive and cultivate all, according to each man's conception of his own value. We are all apt enough to consider ourselves as possessing a right to be excepted from the common crowd. Besides, Sir, I do not see why that should be imputed to him as a crime, which we all so irresistibly feel and practice. We all make a greater exertion in the presence of new men than of old acquaintances. It is undoubtedly true, that Garrick divided his attention among so many that but little was left to the share of any individual; like the extension and dissipation of water into dew, there was not quantity united sufficient to quench any man's thirst; but this is the inevitable state of things. Garrick, no more than another man, could unite what in their natures are incompatible.

G. But Garrick was not only excluded by this means from real friendship, but accused of treating those whom he called his friends with insincerity and double dealing.

J. Sir, it is not true. His character in that respect is misunderstood. Garrick was to be sure, very ready in promising; but he intended at that time to fulfill his promise. He intended no deceit. His politeness, or his good nature, call it which you will, made him unwilling to deny. He wanted the courage to say *no* even to unreasonable demands. This was the great errour of his life. By raising expectations which he

did not, perhaps could not, gratify, he made many enemies; at the same time it must be remembered, that this errour proceeded from the same cause which produced many of his virtues. Friendships from warmth of temper, too suddenly taken up, and too violent to continue, ended, as they were like to do, in disappointment. His friends became his enemies; and those having been fostered in his bosom, well knew his sensibility to reproach, and they took care that he should be amply supplied with such bitter portions as they were capable of administering. Their impotent efforts he ought to have despised; but he felt them; nor did he affect insensibility.

G. And that sensibility probably shortened his life.

J. No Sir, he died of a disorder of which you or any other man may die, without being killed by too much sensibility.

G. But you will allow, however, that this sensibility, those fine feelings, made him the great actor he was.

J. This is all cant; fit only for kitchen wenches and chamber maids. Garrick's trade was to represent passion; not to feel it. Ask Reynolds whether he felt the distress of Count Hugolino when he drew it.

G. But surely he feels the passion at the moment he is representing it.

J. About as much as Punch feels.—That Garrick himself gave into this foppery of feelings, I can easily believe; but he knew at the same time that he lied. He might think it right; as far as I know, to have, what fools imagined he ought to have; but it is amazing that any should be so ignorant as to think that an actor will risk his reputation by depending on the feelings that shall be excited in the presence of two hundred people, on the repetition of words that he has repeated two hundred times before in what actors call their study. No, Sir, Garrick left nothing to chance. Every gesture, every expression of countenance, and variety of voice, was settled in his closet before he set his foot upon the stage.

[We think every reader will admit that the preceding lively article is an original production of Sir J. Reynolds. There is such an intimate knowledge of the characters of Johnson and Garrick; so much good taste in imitating the manner of the former, without caricature, that it carries intrinsick marks of its being genuine.]

Mr. Adams's Letter to the Abbe de Mably, &c.

[In our last number we mentioned being in possession of the following interesting article. After the publication of the anecdote from Grimm's Memoirs in the Daily Advertiser, Mr. Adams was written to by the gentleman to whom his reply is addressed, for information on the subject of this pretended application to the Abbe de Mably. Grimm himself, in a subsequent volume, contradicts the story he had previously inserted. Those who are interested in American history, or are pleased with literary anecdote, will be gratified with an authentick account of this transaction, and which places it in a clear point of view. The letter to the Abbe de Mably, which is published, except in one edition, of the "Defence of the American Constitutions," in French, is a very valuable guide to all those who may wish to investigate or write upon the subject of American history, and on this account alone it is an important document. Two original notes follow; one from the Abbe de Mably, and the other from Marmontel, who in his quality of Historiographer of France, to which he had been recently named, had requested to see the letter. The note of de Mably is almost ludicrous, from the sort of panick with which he declines the task, when told what preparations would be necessary to achieve it, after he had so boldly in conversation, asserted his intention of writing "*the whole.*"—It may be excusable to add, that we are particularly gratified in publishing this statement.]

Quincy, Sept. 14th, 1816.

DEAR SIR,

Some of those publications, which in France, as you very well know, are called foreign Gazettes and Journals, announced to the world, in 1782, that the Congress of the United States of America, had directed Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams to request the Abbe de Mably, to furnish them with a plan of a code of laws for their future government. By whom so ridiculous a fiction was imagined, and how it found its way into those publick prints, I never knew, and always thought it idle to inquire. But if you recollect the ambition of the French Philosophers, and their ardent

desire to be distinguished by foreign States and Princes; the examples of J. J. Rousseau, Abbe Condillac, D'Alembert, Diderot, La Harpe, &c.; you will not be surprised that the report of such glory to De Mably, as to be the Legislator of the New World and of hundreds of millions of future people, became a "scandal to philosophy," and spread jealousy and envy through the whole Coterie, of which Grimm was a principal member, both at the baron D'Holbach's and at Mr. Necker's.

The Abbe de Mably himself, in his observations on our Constitutions, has said that "Mr. Adams desired his sentiments." This is true. But the meaning and the circumstances of that "desire," ought to be known, that those who think it of any consequence, may understand in what sense it is true.

Upon Mr. Adams' arrival in Paris from the Hague, upon the business of the Peace, in 1782, the Abbe de Mably's work, "on the manner of Writing History" was put into his hand. At the conclusion of that publication, the learned and ingenious Abbe declared "his intention of writing on the American Revolution."

Meeting the Abbe de Mably soon afterwards at dinner, at the country seat of Monsieur de Chalut, the Farmer-General, the Abbes De Chalut and Arnou, who were of the party, and to whom Mr. Adams had been somewhat familiarly known in 1778, 1779, and 1780,: informed him, that their friend the Abbe de Mably, was about writing "THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION!" and would be obliged to Mr. Adams, for any facts or memorials, that might be in his possession or within his power.

Mr. Adams asked "what part of the Revolution, was intended to be written? The answer was "THE WHOLE!" Adams asked, "Where had the Abbe obtained the materials?" the answer was, "It is supposed they might be obtained from the publick papers and inquiry of individuals." In reply to this, many difficulties were started by Mr. Adams, and the conversation was long and lively. Neither of the three Abbes' understood the American language. Adams' French was miserably bad. At last the gentlemen requested Adams' sentiments in writing, said they would get them translated into French, and consider them more maturely. Accordingly, in a few days, Adams wrote to the Abbe de Mably, the following

letter; by which you will see that the invitation to the Abbe to write was a mere compliment, and rather a civil admonition not to expose his reputation by attempting a history for which he was wholly unqualified, than any formal or serious request that he would write at all.

"We ought to be obliged to any gentlemen of letters in Europe, who will favour us with his candid thoughts and advice: but in general the theory of Government is as well understood in America, as it is in Europe; and by great numbers of individuals, is every thing relative to A FREE GOVERNMENT, infinitely better comprehended, than by the Abbe de Mably, or Mr. Turgot, amiable, learned and ingenious as they were."

Mr. Adams' letter, to the Abbe de Mably, was as follows.

To the Abbe de Mably.

It is with pleasure that I have learned your design, to write upon the American Revolution; because your other writings, which are much admired by the Americans, contain principles of legislation, policy and negociation, which are perfectly analogous to their own. So that you cannot write upon this subject, without producing a work, instructive to the publick, and especially to my fellow citizens.

But I hope, Sir, you will not accuse me of presumption, of affectation, or of singularity, if I venture to express my opinion, that it is yet too soon to undertake a complete history of that great event; and that there is no man, either in America or in Europe, at this day, capable of performing it, or is in possession of the materials requisite and necessary for that purpose.

To engage in such a work, a writer ought to divide the history of America into several periods.

1. From the first establishment of the Colonies in 1600, to the commencement of their disputes with Great Britain in 1761.

2. From the commencement of those disputes in 1761, occasioned by an order of the Board of Trade and Plantations in Great Britain, sent to the officers of the Customs in

America, to carry into execution, in the strictest manner, the acts of Trade, and to apply to the Courts of Judicature for writs of assistance, for that purpose ; to the commencement of hostilities, on the 19th of April, 1775. During this period of fourteen years, there was little more than a war of the quill.

3. From the battle of Lexington, to the signature of the treaty with France, on the 6th of February, 1778. During this period of three years, the war was exclusively between Great Britain and the United States.

4. From the treaty with France, to the commencement of hostilities, between Great Britain and France, in the first place, afterwards with Spain, then to the gradual progress of the armed neutrality, and the war of England against Holland. Finally, all these scenes have their catastrophe in the negociations of the peace.

Without a distinct knowledge of the history of the Colonies in the first period, a writer will find himself embarrassed from the beginning to the end of his work, to account for events and characters which will present themselves in every step of his path, as he advances to the second, third, and fourth periods. To acquire a sufficient knowledge of the first period, it will be necessary to read all the charters granted to the Colonies, and the commissions and instructions given to Governours ; all the codes of laws of the different Colonies, (and thirteen volumes in folio of dry and disgusting Statutes cannot be read with pleasure, nor in a short time,) all the records of the Legislatures of the several Colonies, which cannot be found, but in manuscript, and by travelling in person from New-Hampshire to Georgia ; the records of the Board of Trade and Plantations in Great Britain, from its institution to its dissolution ; as also the files in the offices of some of the Secretaries of State.

There is another branch of reading which cannot be neglected if the former might be omitted. I mean those writings which have appeared in America, from time to time. I pretend not however, in the place where I am, at a distance from all books and writings, to make an exact enumeration. The writings of the ancient governours Winthrop and Winslow, Dr. Mather, Mr. Prince, Neal's History of New-England, Douglas's Summary, the Progressive Amelioration of the Lands and the present state of the British Colonies, Hutchinson's

History of the Massachusetts Bay, Smith's History of New-York, Smith's History of New-Jersey, the Works of William Penn, Dummer's Defence of the New-England Charters, the History of Virginia, and many other publick writings. All these were anterior to the present quarrel, which began in 1761.

During the second period, the writings are more numerous, and more difficult to be procured. There were then given to the publick, works of great importance. In the controversies between those who were actors in this scene, as writers, there are some who ought to be distinguished. Among them, are the governours, under the king, Pownal, Bernard and Hutchinson, lieutenant governour Oliver, Mr. Sewall, the judge of Admiralty for Halifax, Jonathan Mayhew, D. D. James Otis, Oxenbridge Thatcher, Samuel Adams, Josiah Quincy, Joseph Warren; and perhaps the following have not been less important than the foregoing, viz. the writings of Mr. Dickenson, of Mr. Wilson and Dr. Mush, of Philadelphia, of Mr. Livingston and M'Dougal, of New-York, of Col. Bland and Arthur Lee, of Virginia, and of many others. The records of the town of Boston, and ESPECIALLY OF THE COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE; the RECORDS OF THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF THE CUSTOMS in Boston, the journals of the house of representatives, and of the council of Massachusetts Bay; moreover, the gazettes of the town of Boston, not forgetting those of New-York and Philadelphia, ought to be collected and examined, from the year 1760. All this is necessary, in order to write with precision, and in detail, the history of the discussions before hostilities commenced; during the period, from the year 1761, to the 19th of April, 1765.

During the third and the fourth period, the records, pamphlets, and gazettes of the thirteen states, ought to be collected, as well as the journals of Congress, (of which nevertheless, a great part is still secret,) and the collection of the new constitutions of the several states. The Remembrancer, and the Annual Register, periodical papers published in England; the affairs of England and America, and the Mercury of France, published in Paris, and the Dutch Politician, printed at Amsterdam; the whole course of the

correspondence of General Washington with Congress, from the month of July, 1775, to this day, which has not yet been published, and which will not be published till Congress shall order or permit it. Allow me to say, that until this vast source of information shall be opened, it will be scarcely possible for any man to undertake the history of the American war. There are still, other writings of importance, in the office of the secret committee of Congress, in the committee of foreign affairs, in the committee on the treasury, in the marine or naval committee, in the board of war, as long as it existed, and of the departments of war, of the navy, the finances, and of foreign affairs, from their institution. There are also letters of American ministers in France, Spain, Holland and other parts of Europe.

The greatest part of the documents and materials being still secret, it is premature to undertake a general history of the American revolution. But too much labour and care cannot be employed in making collections of these materials. There exist, however, in fact, already two or three general histories of the American war, and the American revolution, published in London, and two or three others published in Paris. Those in the English language, are only materials indigested and confused, without discernment; and all these histories, both in French and English, are only monuments of the complete ignorance of the writers of their subject.

The whole of a long life, to begin at the age of twenty years, would be necessary, to assemble from all nations and from all parts of the world, in which they are deposited, the documents proper to form a complete history of the American revolution; because it is indeed the history of mankind during that epoch. The histories of France, Spain, Holland, England, and the neutral powers, must be united with that of America. The materials ought to be assembled from all these nations; and the documents the most important of all, as well as the characters of actors and the secret springs of action, are still concealed in cabinets and enveloped in cyphers.

Whether, you, sir, undertake to give a general history, or only observations and remarks, like those you have published concerning the Greeks and Romans, you will produce a work, very interesting and instructive, in morality, policy, and legis-

lation; and I shall esteem it an honour and a pleasure to furnish you with any little assistance in my power to facilitate your researches.

It is impossible for me to say, whether the government of France would wish to see any work profoundly written and by an author of great celebrity, in the French language. Principles of government must be laid open, so different from those which we find in Europe, especially in France, that such an essay perhaps, would not be seen with indifference. But of this I am not a competent judge.

Permit me, sir, before I finish this letter, to point at a key to all this history. There is a general analogy in the governments and characters of all the thirteen states. But it was not, till the debates and the war began in Massachusetts Bay, the principal province of New-England, that their primitive institutions produced their first effect. Four of these institutions ought to be amply investigated and maturely considered, by any person who wishes to write with correct information upon this subject, for they have produced a decisive effect, not only in the first determinations of the controversies in writing, and the first debates in councils, and the first resolutions to resist in arms; but also, by the influence they had on the minds of the other colonies, by giving them an example to adopt more or less the same institutions and similar measures. The four institutions intended, are

1. The towns or districts.
2. The congregations.
3. The schools.
4. The militia.

The towns are certain extents of country, or districts of territory, into which Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, New-Hampshire and Rhode Island are divided. These towns contain upon an average, say, six miles or two leagues square. The inhabitants who live within these limits are formed by law into corporations, or bodies politick, and are invested with certain powers and privileges; as, for example, to repair the great roads or highways, to support the poor, to choose their municipal officers, called selectmen, their constables, their collectors of taxes, and other officers; and above all, their representa-

tives in the legislature; as also, the right to assemble, whenever they are summoned by their selectmen, in their town halls, there to deliberate upon the publick affairs of the town, or to give instruction to their representatives in the legislature. The consequences of these institutions have been, that the inhabitants, having acquired from their infancy the habit of discussing, of deliberating, and of judging of publick affairs; it was in these assemblies of towns or districts, that the sentiments of the people were formed in the first place, and their resolutions were taken, from the beginning to the end of the disputes and the war with Great Britain.

The congregations are religious societies, which comprehend the whole people. Every district contains a parish or religious congregation. In general they have but one, though some of them have several. Each parish has a temple for publick worship, and a minister maintained at the publick expense. The constitutions of these congregations are extremely popular, and the clergy have little influence or authority, beyond that which their own piety, virtues, and talents naturally give them. They are chosen by the people of their parishes, and receive their ordinations from the neighbouring clergy. They are all married, have families, and live with their parishioners in an intimate and perfect friendship. They visit the sick; they are charitable to the poor; they solemnize marriages and funerals, and preach twice every Sunday; the smallest imputation on their moral character, would destroy their influence and ruin them forever. They are therefore wise, virtuous, and pious men. Their sentiments are in general conformable to those of their people, and they are jealous friends of liberty.

3. There are schools in every town, established by an express law of the colony. Every town, containing sixty families, is obliged, under a penalty, to maintain constantly, a school and a school master, who shall teach his scholars, reading, writing, arithmetick, and the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages. All the children of the inhabitants, the rich as well as the poor, have a right to go to these schools. There are formed the candidates for admission, as students into the colleges at Cambridge, New-Haven, Princeton, and Dartmouth. In these colleges are educated future masters for these schools,

future ministers for these congregations, doctors of law and medicine, and magistrates and officers for the government of the country.

4. The militia comprehends the whole people. By virtue of the laws of the country, every male inhabitant between sixteen and sixty years of age, is enrolled in a company and a regiment of militia, completely organized with all its officers. He is enjoined to keep always in his house and at his own expense, a firelock in good order, a powder horn, a pound of powder, twelve flints, four and twenty balls of lead, a cartouch box, and a knapsack; so that the whole country is ready to march for its own defence upon the first signal of alarm. These companies and regiments are obliged to assemble at certain times in every year, under the orders of their officers for the inspection of their arms and ammunition, and to perform their exercises and manœuvres.

Behold, sir, a little sketch of the four principal sources of that prudence in council, and that military valour and ability, which have produced the American revolution; and which I hope, will be sacredly preserved as the foundations of the liberty, happiness and prosperity of the people.

If there are any other particulars, concerning which I can give you any information, be so kind as to point them out. I have the honour to be, &c. 1782.

JOHN ADAMS.

[In another letter to the same gentleman on this subject, Mr. Adams makes the following remarks in relation to Grimm and his memoirs:]

"I never saw the Baron till 1785, when I left Paris, never to see it more, he was then only a secret correspondent of the Empress of Russia, and some of the Sovereigns of Germany. He was soon appointed a publick Minister, admitted into the diplomatick Corps, and consequently became known to Mr. Jefferson."

"The Baron's great work in fifteen volumes, will be read with different views. The lovers of Romance founded in truth, will find it an exquisite entertainment. I need not tell you how the Amateurs and Connoisseurs of the Fine Arts, Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Statuary, Musick,

Poetry, Eloquence, and every species of theatrical instruction and amusement, will be delighted with it."

"I own to you, I admire it, as the best history of the causes, the rise, and progress, of the French Revolution to 1790, that I have seen."

L'abbe de Mably est bien faché de ne s'etre pas trouvé chez lui quand Monsieur Adams lui a fait l'honneur d'y passer. Il a celui de lui remettre l'ecrit qu'il a addresse : jamais l'Abbé de Mably ne s'est proposé d'écrire l'histoire de la revolution d' Amerique, il seroit mort avant que d'avoir rassemblé la moitié des materiaux d'ún si important ouvrage. Il sera tres obligé à Monsieur Adams s'il veut avoir la bonté de lui faire tirer une copie de la derniere partie de cet ecrit, en y joignant quelques remarques sur le genie et les interets de quelques unes des premiers confederés, et surtout sur l'etat actuel des richesses ou fortunes des particuliers, et sur la nature du luxe connu en Amerique.

Mr. Marmontel a l'honneur de faire mille complimens a Monsieur Adams, et de lui renvoyer l'excellente lettre qu'il a eu la bonté de lui confier'. Elle lui fait sentir plus que jamais l'extreme besoin qu'il a de ses secours et de ses lumieres pour etre en etat d'écrire passablement l'histoire de la grande revolution, qui fait la gloire de l'Amerique septentrionale et qui assure son bonheur.

Ce. 8, Mars, 1783.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Naumkeag, ———.

Sir,

In the 7th number of your Journal I proposed furnishing you with some observations on "the antiquity of the United States;" respecting which, I had been led to entertain an opinion in a degree different from the one, generally held on the subject. A further investigation has opened such a wide field of proof and illustration, that to embrace the whole would require a more elaborate work, than I shall perhaps ever be willing to undertake. Being desirous however, to place before the publick a few hints on this interesting topick, I have thought the simplest mode of doing this, would be, to throw an abstract of these researches into the form of an irregu-

lar memoir. This paper I now inclose, and after what has been said, it is not necessary to apologize for the absence of all pretension to extraordinary learning, or regularity of system; if at any future time the latter should be produced, it cannot be without some aid from the former. In the mean time, I trust that no plagiarist will take advantage of the open manner in which these primary sketches are given to the publick, to forestall me in the completion of a larger work. As I observe that you do not secure the copy-right of your journal, and I have already suffered on another occasion, from having my thoughts taken, without any credit being given for them, I am the more cautious to dwell upon this point. I certainly shall not see my ideas pilfered with impunity; and if any person should be disposed to engage in so nefarious a design, let me warn him in the animated language of a favorite author to beware. The benevolent *Calvin*, in accusing the learned *Pighius* of plagiarism, has the following remarks:—— *Vell m nunc scire quo jure aut titulo, mea sic pro suis usurpet. Si qua magna esset inter nos necessitudo, ego hanc confidentiam amicitiae non difficulter concederem. Sed nunc huic veniae non est locus. An quia hostis sum, se jus direptionis in omnia mea habere putat? At hoc praedae genus nullo, nec jure, nec more, defendi potest. Unus ergo praetextus restat, homini docto potuisse non minus venire in mentem quae dixeram, quam mihi prius venerant. Sed lectores obsecro, si tantum habeant otii, ut caput primum libri Pighiani cum primo Institutionis meae capite conferat. Nihil dico, nisi quod non sine risu ac stomacho perspicient ni mis perditam hominis impudentiam. Quod si ulterius pergere libeat, percurrant quae de justificatione tractat in altero illo opere, et ad sextum Institutionis meae caput exigant: mirum si bilem continere queant. Neque enim clanculum piratur aut carptim: neque artificio tegere ita studet suas rapinas, ut apud se natum videatur, quod apud me legit, sed ita palam mea ad verbum recitat, ut videatur paginas ipsas totas pigritia assuisse, quo describendi laborem fugeret. Si fateretur authorem, cum dicerem mutuari: nunc quid causari potest, quo minus plagiarius palam vocetur.**

* Calvin respons. contra Pighium de libero arbitrio, p. 140, opuscul Theolog.

Another motive in making this extract, unconnected with the immediate subject of this letter, was, that it furnishes us from this great man himself, with an infallible test to discover his genuine disciples; these words *si bilem continere queant*, are the true touchstone; timidity, locality, credulity may make ostensible Calvinists, but such are without an inquisitorial spirit, and are merely Christians. The real Calvinists are those, with whom the *bilem continere* is an impossibility.

MEMOIR ON THE ANTIQUITY OF THE UNITED STATES.

This huge rotundity we tread grows old. *Dr. Armstrong.*

——— Septem circumstantias morales enumerat, quis, quid, circa quid, et in quo, quo, cujus gratia, et qualiter. *Bradwardinus, p.* 305. *fol. ed.*

Beguyl'd thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate.
Spenser Faery Queen.

—It ought nevertheless to be remarked, that there are many important advantages derived to our reasoning from this present manner of considering the subject. The principles being now established, they will be supported by a further induction of facts and occurrences, to an extent and amount, that it is impossible at this moment fairly to estimate. *Dr. Mitchill.*

The first peopling of America, and many other questions connected with the early history of this country, have engaged the attention and industry of many learned men, who after the most laborious investigation, have displayed a vast variety of opinions, and come at last to the most opposite conclusions on the subject. To borrow a sentence of great elegance, it may be said, that, "one has fancied one thing, another another, and a third has guessed a third."* All these theories have some circumstances to support them, and this only tends to increase the confusion. There is no system more palpably absurd than that of De Pau, who maintained that this continent had recently emerged from the ocean, and that its soil and climate were not yet suffi-

* Dr. Sykes's paraphrase on the epistle to the Hebrews: introduction.

ciently dried and matured, for the advantageous production of animal and vegetable life. We are still under obligations to him for his visionary system, since it might have been the first cause of our considering a directly opposite plan to get rid of the obscurity and contradiction in which the matter was involved; and thus to strike out a theory which it may be hoped will be hereafter incontrovertibly established, by which it will be clearly seen that this continent is the primeval one, and that the United States are the most ancient nation on the globe.

A superficial view of the subject may render some averse to this conclusion who found their opinions on chronology, a science of all others the most uncertain. It is related of Sir Walter Raleigh, that having been an eye witness of a scene that passed under his windows, and hearing the next day the various relations which were given of it by different witnesses, he was tempted to throw the manuscript of his History of the world, that he was then composing, into the fire. How many examples of recent events will create the same feelings, and induce us to view all history founded only on chronology, with suspicion. For example, how many volumes have been composed on the subject of the priority of "the *French decrees* and the *British Orders in Council;*" and though the whole business was involved in uncertainty, yet both those generous and magnanimous governments assumed that the other was the aggressor, and on this ground alone, felt themselves obliged out of a pure and noble love of justice, to take our property wherever it could be found. Surely it behooves us to appreciate this science properly; no nation ever suffered so severely for a mere errour in chronology.

Facts of the same nature, though not quite of the same importance, which might be easily multiplied, shew how vain is all dependence on chronology. The language therefore of Plutarch in his life of Solon, may be quoted as unanswerable:—"I cannot persuade myself to reject it because of some chronological canons, as they call them, which hundreds of authors correcting, have not yet been able to constitute any thing certain, in which they could agree among themselves about repugnancies."*

* I had hesitated in the citations from Plutarch and Plato, whether they should be given in the original Greek; a disinclination to any

The divine Plato, while giving an account of the Atheni-enses in his Thimeum and Atlanticum, speaks of their having defeated kings, and great crowds of people who came by sea from the great *Insula Atlantica*. He makes mention of many remarkable things in this island, as it was improperly called, of the customs of the inhabitants, describes a magnificent temple they possessed, the walls of which were lined with gold and silver. He says, that this land commenced near the pillars of Hercules, and was held to be greater than Asia and Africa, that it contained ten kingdoms, which Neptune divided among his ten sons, giving Atlas the greatest empire. He tells us that 9000 years before his time, the sea increased with such mighty power, that the island was sunk. The commentators Marcin-us, Ficinus and Plantinus, say Plato was writing literally, not allegorically, of which it seems impossible that any person should have a doubt. Eudoxus would have us calculate these years after the manner of the Egyptians, which would make them only months; the ancient historiographers and cosmographers called the sea where the island was sunk Ma-thanticum.* Every person who reads these two books of Plato and the enlivening remarks of his commentators, will be fully convinced of the existence of the great island or continent, Atalantis, and will be ready to exclaim

'It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well.'

think like a parade of learning, which will be sufficiently apparent in the course of this memoir, decided me to give them in English. Those who wish to consult the originals, will find which are the best editions of these authors, by referring to Dibdin's classicks. It is possible, however, after I have pursued the subject in an elaborate manner, I may publish a *Personal Narrative* separately, in which, as the publick will naturally look for amusement, I shall give whole pages of calculations, with lists of authors, whose very names they never before heard.

* A recent Turkish traveller, Ali Bey, has invented a fanciful system which would have made the Atalantis to have formed part of Africa, and that the portion which was sunk occupied the present Bay of Tripoli to the sea in its vicinity, while the great desert of Africa was formerly the bottom of the Atlantick.—The Turks may oppress the modern Greeks, but they must prostrate themselves before their ancestors. This memoir is too serious to dwell upon such trifling; Ali Bey cannot prove an *alibi* in this case of the Atalantis; he must not oppose himself to Plato.

The unquestionable authority of Spenser, may be relied upon to shew more particularly, the origin of the first inhabitants of the Atalantis, or America, as it has been recently called. In the 10th canto of the second book of his immortal *Faery Queen*, from the 70th to the 78th stanza, he gives the origin of these inhabitants; he proves that they were the descendants of the man made by Prometheus, and which he animated by stealing fire from heaven; and this is still more interesting, because some doubts existed respecting the fate of that singular individual's progeny. To remove all possibility of cavil he gives us the names of the different sovereigns from *Elfe* to *Glorian*. The singular and romantick origin of this race, furnishes reasons to suppose that there was some difference in their formation from that of our species, and perhaps it may not be extravagant to suppose, that the bones of a nondescript kind which have been found in various parts of the United States, and which have puzzled naturalists so much, may be the remains of this class of men. The supposition at least is worthy of some investigation. The following verses contain a brief account of the whole genealogy.

But Guyon all this while his book did read,
Ne yet has ended; for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leisure so long leaves here to repeat:
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man of many parts from beasts deyrv'd,
And then stole fire from heven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Jove depryv'd
Of life himselfe, and heartstrings of an eagle ryv'd

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd;
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardens of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either spright
Or angell, th' author of all woman kynd;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faeries spring, and fetch their lineage right.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kinges which all the world warrayd

And to themselves all nations did subdew.
The first and eldest, which that sceptre sway'd,
Was Elfin; him all India obay'd,
And all that now America men call:
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis foundation first of all,
But Elfiline enclos'd it with a golden wall.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field;
But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of christall did Panthea build;
Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other three;
Then Elfinor who was in magic skill'd;
He built by art upon the glassy see
A bridge of bras, whose sound heven's thunder seem'd to be.

He left three sonnes, the which in order rayn'd,
And all their offspring in their dew descents:
Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd
With mighty deedes their soudry governments,
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall;
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And brave ensample both of martiall
And civil rule to kings and states imperiall.

After all these Elfideos did rayne,
The wise Elfideos! in great majestie
Who mightily that sceptre did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crown of Faery.
He left two sonnes of which fayre Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dye,
Whose empty place the mighty Oberon
Doubly supplide in spousall and dominion.

Great was his power and glorie over all,
Which him before that sacred scale did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall.
He dying, left the fairest Tanaquill
Him to succeed therein by his last will;
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;

Therefore they Glorian call that Glorious flowre ;
Long mayst thou, Glorian! live, in glory and great powre.

Beguyl'd thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate ;
Till gentle Alma seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long awaite ;
So half unwilling from their bookes them brought
And fayrely feasted, as so noble knightes she ought.

A writer in the Port Folio for the month of March 1815, seems to have had a glimpse of this fine system, and to have lost it untimely. A perusal of Plato had brought him on the true scent, but having unfortunately started a particular word, he has hunted it through all its doublings and windings, till he has lost the fine idea which was in full view. The Hebrew word *Peleg* caught his attention, and like a German University he has devoted his whole time to the investigation of a single word, and is of course nearly as bare of ideas, as some thousand of folios produced by German commentators. The following paragraph will shew how near he was to a brilliant discovery. "We think there is sufficient reason to believe, that land once connected America to the old world, in place of which now roll the Atlantick and Pacifick Oceans. Over this continuous land men and animals passed. This land, which it is probable, was of very considerable extent, was all submerged, except in those parts of it which now appear as islands in those seas." More regret will be felt that this deserving author should have been thus led away, since he discovers so much of that genuine modesty which accompanies real merit. There is something almost affecting in the timid manner with which he suggests, that the land which occupied the place of the Atlantick and Pacifick Oceans was, "*it is probably of very considerable extent.*"

One more authority only will be adduced for this branch of the subject, but that one will be conclusive. The learned D. Mitchill, (*Centumvir olim*) of New York, who in seconding the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, Lafon and others, throws so much light on the subject as to place it beyond dispute.

An abstract of his opinions, will be sufficient to carry conviction to every candid mind.

"I avoided the opportunity which this grand conclusion afforded me, of stating that America was the cradle of the human race; of tracing its colonies westward over the Pacifick ocean, and beyond the sea of Kamschatcka, to new settlements; of following emigrants by land and by water, until they reached Europe and Africa; and lastly, of following adventurers from the former of these sections of the globe, to the plantations and abodes which they found and occupied in America. I had no inclination to oppose the current opinions, relative to the place of man's creation and dispersion. I thought it was scarcely worth the while to inform a European, that on coming to America, he had left the *new* world behind him, for the purpose of visiting the *old*. It ought nevertheless to be remarked, that there are many important advantages derived to our reasoning from this present manner of considering the subject. The principles being established, they will be supported by a further induction of facts and occurrences, to an extent and amount that it is impossible, at this moment fairly to estimate. And the conclusion of Jefferson, Lafon, and others favourable to the greater antiquity of American population, will be duly reinforced and confirmed."*

That America was the oldest continent, and its inhabitants the most ancient people on the globe, is now fairly proved; and if this supposition did not accord with reason at first sight, the weight of so many great names, as have been cited, will certainly be sufficient to induce every lover of truth to give the matter that careful investigation, which will be inevitably rewarded with conviction. This being established, the second point to be considered, is the antiquity of the United States; and the extreme remoteness of this, could not be placed beyond a doubt, unless the ancient existence of the continent had been first demonstrated.

Although this part of the subject is more obvious, it is not unaccompanied with difficulties to minds which reflect deeply. To those indeed, whose frivolity and credulity make them receive implicity, the common cant of this being, "an infant na-

* Dr. Mitchill's syllabus of a course of lectures in Natural History.

tion, a youthful nation," &c. and who rely upon the most fallible and confused of all sciences, chronology, for their belief, it will be in vain to display a philosophical argument; but to more sound and robust intellects, the conclusions will appear inevitable. The most embarrassing difficulty is, that there are some reasons for carrying back this antiquity to a period so remote, as to involve a considerable degree of contradiction with other known data. One only of these will be particularly alluded to, and that is, the practice of chewing the narcotick plant, nicotiana, or tobacco. The learned, Caledonian patrician, lord Monboddo, first shewed satisfactorily, that the human race is derived from a particular species of monkey, which once inhabited the shores of the Mediterranean; and who having by chance acquired the use of the muscle which moves the thumb, the paw of the animal was at once converted into the human hand, and the prodigious advantages arising from this source, enabled them gradually to improve their moral and physical faculties, obliterate their tails, and become men. It is certain, that in the course of this transformation, they passed through the state of ruminating animals; but it is almost impossible, that this should not have taken place previous to acquiring the use of speech. Now our ruminating animals have the faculty of speech, and yet it seems cruel, and discordant, when the general benevolence of nature is considered, that possessing the highest faculties of men, they should still be subjected to this, in them, hideous, filthy, disgusting process of chewing the cud. This point may perhaps be elucidated hereafter by further researches.

The most infallible method of deciding on the real standing of a nation, is not the examination of few meagre dates, but a comparison of its institutions, its monuments, its manners, with those of others. How many leading circumstances are there, that place us on the exact parallel with the most ancient relations, and even conjectures of the primitive state of society. Philosophers have said, that before the formation of society, men roamed at large independent of each other, that they gradually sacrificed a portion of their rights to obtain the security of government. Are we not at the first stages in this respect, and agreeing perfectly with the state of things in the earliest antiquity? The first beginnings of the arts were rude and imperfect, architecture, the most ancient of them all, was slow in its progress towards perfection. Are we not coeval with its

first advances? do not our buildings plainly manifest, that they were erected when the principles of the art were yet unsettled? do we not behold dorick columns with Corinthian proportions, and all the incongruities that accompany the origin of an art? The knowledge of figures was much posteriour to that of letters, and though the use of the latter is generally known, the former is still in its infancy: men in a savage primeval state can make long speeches, and yet are not able to count; for have we not lately seen a Convention, the majority of which, was so deplorably ignorant, that they could not tell what constituted five-ninths of a given number! it would be tiresome to exhibit all the illustrations that present themselves.

There is one monument among perhaps a thousand, that may be particularized. In the city of London, there is a stone placed against a wall, which is called *London stone*.

It is supposed on solid grounds to be an ancient milliarium of the Romans, and it is presumed that it was previously a sacred stone of the Druids; there is therefore a tolerably clear history of this monument. Now there is in Boston, a quadrangular stone, called the *Boston stone*, of which nothing is known, its origin is lost in the night of time. It is of the granitick class, which are admitted by geologists to be the most ancient, if this stone then, primitive in every sense, is so ancient that its history is lost and the *London stone*, is traced for two or three thousand years, is it not probable that this is vastly older, since nothing is known respecting it? Would it not be harder, than its own substance to deny this conclusion? The rock itself is primitive, every vestige of its origin is forgotten, it has therefore existed from the creation of the world. The clearness of this reasoning can only be equalled by the following passage from the celebrated archbishop Bradwardine* in his admirable treatise in folio, *de natura causarum*, (page 853.) "*Quis enim negaverit necesse esse hac necessitate sequente, deum facere quicquid immediate fit ab ipso, sicut et hac necessitate*

* I have heard with great satisfaction from a friend who ascertained the fact, that the London folio edition of 1616, of this too much neglected author's valuable writings, *de causa Dei contra Pelagium et de natura causarum*, is in the Boston Atheneum. The young men who frequent that excellent institution will do well to study this volume, and they will regret that there is but one.

omne quod est, quando est necesse est esse, et quod fit et factum est, fieri et factum esse, et deum velle sic esse."

If it were possible, that a doubt could remain on this subject, do not the existence of our learned societies prove its absurdity. The *Historical Society of Massachusetts* has been formed more than twenty years, and has devoted itself constantly to collecting and investigating the antiquities of the country, on which it has published many volumes. Next came the *Historical Society of New-York*, which has been engaged for some years in the same pursuits. Still the field was too vast for the labourers; the *American Antiquarian Society* was established two years ago, and its location fixed at Worcester, because the road to New-York passes through that town. Now may it not be asked with confidence,—if the profound archaiologists who compose that society, would have formed their association after so many similar ones already existed, if the objects of its research were not inexhaustible, and this country the most ancient in the world?

SELECTED POETRY.

[A small volume, under the title of *Essays in Rhyme, on Morals and Manners, by Jane Taylor*, has recently been republished by Wells & Lilly. The style recalls that of Crabbe and Cowper; the minute and lively description of the former, and the religious feelings and moralizing of the latter. We should presume it would be a popular book. The following extracts will give an idea of the author's manner, they are taken from the first poem in the collection, called "*Prejudice*."]

"In yonder red-brick mansion, tight and square,
Just at the town's commencement, lives the mayor.
Some yards of shining gravel, fenc'd with box,
Lead to the painted portal—where one knocks:
There, in the left-hand parlour, all in state,
Sit he and she, on either side the grate.
But though their goods and chattels, sound and new,
Bespeak the owners *very well to do*,
His worship's wig and morning suit, betray
Slight indications of an humbler day.

" That long, low shop, where still the name appears,
Some doors below, they kept for forty years :
And there, with various fortunes, smooth and rough,
They sold tobacco, coffee, tea, and snuff.
There labell'd draw'rs display their spicy row,—
Clove, mace, and nutmeg : from the ceiling low
Dangle long *twelves* and *eights*, and slender rush,
Mix'd with the varied forms of *genus brush* ;
Cask, firkin, bag, and barrel, crowd the floor,
And piles of country cheeses guard the door.
The frugal dames came in from far and near,
To buy their ounces and their quarterns here.
Hard was the toil, the profits slow to count ;
And yet the mole-hill was at last a mount :
Those petty gains were hoarded day by day,
With little cost, (nor chick nor child had they ;)
Till, long proceeding on the saving plan,
He found himself a *warm, fore-handed man* ;
And being now arrived at life's decline,
Both he and she, they formed the bold design,
(Although it touched their prudence to the quick)
To turn their savings into stone and brick.
How many a cup of tea and pinch of snuff,
There must have been consumed to make enough!

" At length, with paint and paper, bright and gay,
The box was finish'd, and they went away.
But when their faces were no longer seen
Amongst the canisters of *black* and *green*,
—Those well know faces, all the country round–
'Twas said that had they levell'd to the ground
The two old walnut trees before the door,
The customers would not have missed *them* more.
Now, like a pair of parrots in a cage,
They live, and civick honours crown their age :
Thrice, since the Whitsuntide they settled there,
Seven years ago, has he been chosen mayor :
And now you 'd scarcely know they were the same ;
Conscious he struts, of power, and wealth, and fame,
Proud in official dignity, the dame ;
And extra stateliness of dress and mein,
During the mayor'lty, is plainly seen;
With nicer care bestow'd to puff and pin
The august lappet that contains her chin.

"Such is her life; and like the wise and great,
The mind has journey'd hand in hand with fate:
Her thoughts, unused to take a longer flight
Than from the left-hand counter to the right,
With little change, are vacillating still,
Between his worship's glory, and the till.
The few ideas that travel, slow and dull,
Across the sandy desert of her skull,
Still the same course must follow, to and fro,
As first they travers'd three-score years ago;
From whence, not all the world could turn them back,
Or lead them out upon another track.
What once was right or wrong, or high or low
In her opinion, always must be so:—
You might, perhaps, with reasons new and pat,
Have made *Columbus* think the world was flat,
Or, when of thought and controversy weary,
Have got *Sir Isaac* to deny his theory;
But not the powers of argument combin'd,
Could make this dear good woman change her mind,
Or give her intellect the slightest clue
To that vast world of things she never knew.
Were but her brain dissected, it would show
Her stiff opinions fastened in a row;
Rang'd duly, side by side, without a gap,
Much like the plaiting on her Sunday cap.

"It is not worth our while, but if it were,
We all could undertake to laugh at *her*;
Since vulgar prejudice, the lowest kind,
Of course, has full possession of her mind;
Here, therefore, let us leave her, and inquire
Wherein it differs as it rises higher.

"—As for the few who claim distinction here,
The little gentry of our narrow sphere,
Who occupy a safe enclosure, made
Completely inaccessible to trade—
Where, should a foot plebeian pass the bound,
'Tis like a trespass on *Tom Tickler's ground*;—
Wide as the distance that we choose to make
For pride, precedence, and for custom's sake,
Yet, philosophick eyes (though passing fine)
Could scarcely ascertain the bound'ry line;

So that, if any should be found at all,
The diff'rence must be infinitely small.
The powder'd matron, who for many a year
Has held her mimick routs and parties here;
(Exchanging just the counter, scales, and till,
For cups of coffee, scandal, and quadrille)
Could boast nor range of thought, nor views of life,
Much more extended than our grocer's wife.
Although her notions may be better drest,
They are but vulgar notions at the best;
—Mere petrifactions, formed as time runs by,
Hard and unmalleable, and dull and dry,
Ne'er placed in reason's crucible—in short,
Opinions made by habit, not by thought.

"Then let inquiry rise, with sudden flight,
To reason's utmost intellectual height;
Where native powers, with culture high combin'd,
Present the choicest specimen of mind.
—Those minds that stand from all mankind aloof,
To smile at folly, or dispense reproof;
Enlarged, excursive, reason soars away,
And breaks the shackles that confine its sway:
Their keen, dissecting, penetrating view,
Searches poor human nature through and through;
But while they notice all the forms absurd,
That prejudice assumes among the herd,
And every nicer variation see,
—*Theirs* lie in thinking that themselves are free."

"There is a tender captivating glow
Which certain views on certain objects throw,
Taste and poetick feeling range alone,
A fairy world exclusively their own;
And gather airy delicates that rise
Where'er they turn, unseen by vulgar eyes.
Their dainty aliment serenely floats
On every breeze—they live like gnats on motes.
There they might safely, innocently stray;
But when they come and stand in Reason's way,
They blind her views, demean her princely air,
And do more mischief than their smiles repair.
Why she their interference should restrain,
A simple instance shall at once explain.

"When *Paul* the walks of beauteous Athens trod,
To point its children to their 'unknown God,'
If some refined Athenian, passing by,
Heard that new doctrine, how would he reply?
Regarding first, with polished scornful smile,
The stranger's figure and unclassick style,
Perceiving then, the argument was bent
Against the gods of his establishment,—
He need but cast his tutor'd eye around,
And in that glance he has an answer found:
—Altars and theatres, and sacred groves,
Temples and deities where'er it roves:
Each long perspective that the eye pervades,
Peopled with heroes, thick'ning as it fades;
—Those awful forms that hold their silent sway,
Matchless in grace, while ages roll away.
There, softly blending with the ev'ning shade,
Less light and less, the airy colonnade:
Here, in magnificence of attick grace,
Minerva's Temple, rising from its base;
Its spotless marble forming to the eye,
A ghostly outline on the deep blue sky:—
'Enough—the doctrine that would undermine
These forms of beauty, *cannot* be divine.'
Thus taste would doubtless, intercept his view
Of that 'strange thing,' which after all was—true.

"When *Luther's* sun arose, to chase away
The 'dim religious light' of Romish day,
Opposing, only, to the mellow glare
Of gold and gems that deck the papal chair,
And each imposing pageant of the church,—
Good sense, plain argument, and sound research,—
Here taste, again, would prove a dang'rous guide,
And raise a prejudice on errour's side.
—Behold the slow procession move along!
The Pontiff's blessing on the prostrate throng;
The solemn service, and the anthem loud,
The altar's radiance on the kneeling crowd.—
Or seek, at summons of the convent bell,
Deep, sacred shades, where fair recluses dwell;
See the long train of white-rob'd sisters come,
Appearing now—now lost amid the gloom.

Chaunting shrill vespers in the twilight dim,
—The plaintive musick of the virgin's hymn.
Then would not taste and fancy join the cry,
Against the rude, barbarian heresy,
That sought those sacred walls to overthrow,
And rend the veil from that seducing show?
And yet, according to our present light,
That barb'rous, tastless heritick—was right."

"That is the truly philosophick mind,
Which no inferiour influences bind;
Which all endeavours to confine were vain,
Though the earth's orbit were its length of chain.
—But not that boldness which delights to break
From what our fathers taught from license sake,
Through all dry places wand'ring, still in quest,
Like lawless fiends, of some unhallow'd rest;
The love of truth is manly, when combin'd
With unaffected humbleness of mind:
He values most, who feels with sense acute
His own deep int'rest in the grand pursuit,
Who heav'n-ward spreads his undiverted wing,
Godly simplicity the moving spring.
No meaner power can regulate his flight,
Too much is stak'd upon his going right.
Dry, heartless speculation may succeed,
Where the sole object is to frame a creed;
The sophist's art may suit their eager quest,
Who only aim to prove *their* creed the best:
But not such views *his* anxious search control,
Who loves the truth because he loves his soul.
Truth is but one with Heav'n, in his esteem,
The sparkling spring of life's eternal stream;
And hence with equal singleness of heart,
He traces out each less essential part:
No worldly motives can his views entice;
He parts with all to gain the pearl of price.

"Why is opinion singly as it stands,
So much inherited like house and lands?
Whence comes it that from sire to son it goes,
Like a dark eye-brow or a Roman nose?
How comes it, too, that notions, wrong or right,
Which no direct affinities unite,
On every side of party ground, one sees,
Clung close together like a swarm of bees?

Where one is held, through habit, form, or force,
The rest are all consented to of course,
As though combin'd by some interior plot ;—
Is it necessity, or chance, or what ?
Where'er the undiscovered cause be sought,
No man would trace its origin to *thought* :
Then we shall say with leave of *Dr. Gall*,
It comes to pass from thinking not at all ?

" Though man a *thinking* being is defin'd,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind :
How few think justly of the thinking few !
How many never think, who think they do !
Opinion, therefore—such our mental dearth—
Depends on mere locality or birth.
Hence, the warm tory, eloquent and big
With loyal zeal had he been *born* a whig,
Would rave for liberty with equal flame,
No shadow of distinction but the name.
Hence, Christian bigots, 'neath the pagan cloud,
Had roar'd for ' great Diana ' just as loud ;
Or dropp'd at Rome, at Mecca, or Pekin,
For *Fo*, the prophet, or the man of sin.

" Much of the light and soundness of our creed,
Whate'er it be, depends on what we read.
How many clamour loudly for their way,
Who never heard what others have to say :
Fixt where they are, determin'd to be right,
They fear to be disturb'd by further light ;
And where the voice of argument is heard,
Away they run, and will not hear a word.
Form notions vague, and gather'd up by chance,
Or mere report of what you might advance ;
Resolve the old frequented path to tread,
And still to think as they were born and bred.

" Besides this blind devotion to a sect,
Custom produces much the same effect,
Our desks with piles of controversy groan ;
But still, alas ! each party's with its own.
Each deems his logick must conviction bring,
If people would but read,—but there's the thing !
The sermons, pamphlets, papers, books, reviews,
That plead our own opinions, we peruse ;

And these alone,—as though the plan had been
To rivet all our prejudices in.
'Tis really droll to see how people's shelves,
Go where you will, are labelled like themselves.
Ask if your neighbour—he whose party tone,
Polemick, or political, is known—
Sees such a publication—naming one
That takes a diff'rent side, or sides with none;
And straight in flat, uncomfortable-wise,
That damps all further mention, he replies,
"No, sir, we do not see that work—I know
Its gen'ral views,—*we* take in so and so."
Thus each retains his notions, every one;
Thus they descend complete from sire to son;
And hence, the blind contempt so freely shown,
For every one's opinions but our own."

The following paragraph is taken from the next poem in the work called "*Experience.*"

"A tatter'd cottage, to the view of taste,
In beauty glows, at needful distance plac'd:
Its broken panes, its richly ruin'd thatch,
Its gable grac'd with many a mossy patch,
The sun set lightning up its varied dyes,
Form quite a picture to poetick eyes;
And yield delight that modern brick and board,
Square, sound, and well arrang'd, would not afford.
But cross the mead to take a nearer ken,—
Where all the magick of the vision then?
The picturesque is vanish'd, and the eye
Averted, turns from loathsome poverty;
And while it lingers, e'en the sun's pure ray
Seem's almost sullied by its transient stay.
The broken walls with slight repairs emboss'd,
Are but cold comforts in a winter's frost:
No smiling, peaceful peasant, half refin'd,
There tunes his reed on rustick seat reclin'd;
But there, the bending form and haggard face,
Worn with the lines that vice and misery trace.
Thus fades the charm by vernal hope supplied
To every object it has never tried;
—To fairy visions and elysian meads,
Thus vulgar cold reality succeeds.

[The following lines from the pen of Moore, are taken from the London Morning Chronicle. The death of Sheridan, was too good an occasion to be omitted, for abusing the Prince Regent. If his conduct was heartless towards this eminent man who had been for so many years his intimate companion, no one would be surprised; but these sarcasms are doubtless in a degree unjust. In proof of this, we may refer to a previous article in this number, the *character of Sheridan*, extracted from the Statesman, a violent opposition paper, where this subject is touched upon, and the Prince exonerated from all blame. It is still humiliating to see a man whose talents, and whose services had been so brilliant, dying besieged by baliffs, while a mere courtier like Lord Arden, was enjoying a sinecure of 30,000 pounds a year!]

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ————

Principibus placuisse viris!!

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
Who would bask in that Spirits' meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close:

Whose vanity flew round him only while fed
By the odour his fame in the summer-time gave!—
Whose vanity now with quick scent for the dead,
Re-appears—like a vampire to feed at his grave!

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow
And spirits, so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow,
To relicks of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array,
Of him, whom they shun'd in his sickness and sorrow;—
How baliffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

And thou, too, whose life a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-given beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast;—

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine;—

No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Tho' this would make Europe's whole opulence mine ;—

Would I suffer—what ev'n in the heart that thou hast
All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd
When the pittance which shame had wrung from thee at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was returned !

" Was *this* then the fate "—future ages will say,
When *some* names shall live but in history's curse ;
When truth will be heard and these lords of a day,
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse ;—

" Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
" The pride of the palace, the bow'r and the hall.
" The orator, dramatist, minstrel—who ran
" Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all !

" Whose mind was an essence compounded with art
" From the finest and best of all other men's powers ;—
" Who ruled like a wizzard, the world of the heart,
" And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its show'rs !

" Whose humour, as gay as the fire fly's light,
" Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd ;
" Whose wit in the combat as gentle as bright
" Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;—

" Whose eloquence—brightening whatever it tried,
" Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—
" Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
" As ever bore freedom aloft on its wave !"

Yes, such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;
And thus sooner or later, shall all have to greive,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve !

In the woods of the north there are insects that prey,
On the brain of the Elk, to his very last sigh ;*
Oh Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die !

T. B.

* Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an Elk, there was found in its head some large flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them.
History of Poland.

THE

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

Elements of Logick, or a Summary of the General Principles and Different Modes of Reasoning. By Levi Hedge, A. M. Professor of Logick, Metaphysicks and Ethicks in Harvard College. Cambridge, printed at the University press, by Hilliard and Metcalf. 1816.

Be not alarmed gentle readers of novels and odes at the name of logick, for we do not intend to use this word as a charm to conjure up the ghosts of the *irrefragable* doctors of the fifteenth century, in their syllogistick terrours, nor do we propose to puzzle and bewilder you with dilemmas and sophisms, and barbarous Latin. Though we cannot promise not to be dull, we will endeavour to avoid being absurd or unintelligible. As the art of which we speak has been the source of much ridicule, we expect the lovers of wit to read our remarks with a wistful gravity, that by knowing something of the subject, they may better relish the ridicule, just as one listens more attentively to a speaker whom he has seen taken off by a mimick. And we have the authority of Milton himself to require the attention of those whose less vigorous natural powers need artificial corroboration, to whom he strenuously recommends this art, and for whose particular use he made a book on the subject; at the same time we ought not to conceal that he does not advise such as possess superiour native faculties to "subject themselves to these analytical tortures." Yet we confess that we shall be more pleased, at present, if they follow Milton's example, for he was a laborious cultivator of what the *doctors* called the *divine art of logick*, insomuch, that while he was yet a lad in the university, he composed a poetical enigma on one of the ten predicaments.

Logick is a different thing as it is exhibited by different writers; we may well laugh at it in Hudibras and Martinus Scriblerus, be mazed with it in Burgersdicius, find it a collection of useful rules and just remarks in Collard, and in Duncan

and Condielac it will appear to be a profound and dignified science. This is not peculiar to logick, it may be said of any science, the rudiments of which were known before the sixteenth century. Chemistry, for example, (which now attracts philosophers, ladies, men of the world, all, in short, who pretend to a smattering in letters,) sprung from the absurd alchymy of the middle ages; and yet, though we may be amused with the labours of some indefatigable alchymist, who spent his life in melting and dissolving copper, expecting every new experiment would transmute it into gold, we are not therefore the less interested in Davy's discovery of a metal in potash, having the lustre of silver. Physiology and anatomy are considered as useful and reputable studies, and they have been the occasion of absurdities quite as wild, though not so perplexing, as those of the logicians. Take for instance, Plato's account of the animal economy, which Longinus calls divine, and to write which he supposes the author must have been supernaturally inspired. The lungs are there supposed to be placed near the heart, as a pillow for that organ, and likewise as a ventilator to moderate its temperature, lest in the effervescence of passion, it should be consumed by its own heat. He supposes the liver to be a mirrour, which by the reflection of images, conveys intelligence from the intellectual to the animal soul. Our chemistry has something in common with the alchymy of the "enlightened" doctors, since both treat of the changes caused by corpuscular action. In like manner, propositions and syllogysms belong equally to the antiquated and the modern dialecticks, but the uses of the crucible in the successive stages of one of these sciences, are not more unlike, than those of the proposition, at the different periods of the other.

While a science is in its rudiments, the want of knowledge is supplied by invention. History commenced with fables, in astronomy the imagination supplied the place of the telescope, and instead of investigating the laws of the celestial motions by observation and calculation, a complete system of the heavens was formed at once by imagining the harmonious revolutions of nine concentrick spheres.

Logick gave no play to the fancy, in which circumstance it resembled the scholastick theology. But invention was not

on that account the less active. It could not adorn them with wild and false, though splendid and pleasing images, but spent itself in the heavy drudgery of coining "words of little or no meaning," and fabricating skeletons of argument without reasoning. It has thence happened that the reformation of these sciences has been so tardy and difficult; for when men think wrong, there is good hope that they may be brought to think correctly; but when they have formed the habit of repeating words and phrases, without meaning, they are almost beyond the reach of common sense. Theology will probably never be purified from this abuse. The reformation of logick is yet partial and imperfect. The Organon is said to be studied, even at this day, in the university of Oxford. In the Spanish colleges they study the logick of Mendoza, written about two centuries ago. In our own university the students have, till very lately, been required to toil at a work written by the good Dr. Watts, in which there are some remnants of scholastick notions, blended with the just thinking of modern times.

Logick is both an art and a science; it is an art, in as much as it gives rules for the use of language, and the conduct of the understanding in reasoning; as far as it investigates the foundation of evidence and the laws of intellectual processes, it is a science. It is commonly treated as an art, and as the art of navigation is demonstrated by mathematicks, and that of colouring by chemistry, so the dialectick art is founded upon the science of the mind and of language. The same remark is applicable to the arts generally, but it does not thence follow that an art cannot be practised before its rules are demonstrated, on the contrary, it most frequently happens, that some ingenious artist invents a process for producing a desirable effect, and then the philosophers step in and shew him upon what principles he has succeeded. There were good musicians before the principles of harmony were scientifically understood, and orators and actors were skilled in moving the passions, long before they were analyzed by the philosophers. It is the business of a teacher to prove and illustrate the truth and utility of the rules which he inculcates, and accordingly the modes of teaching any art will vary with its objects, and also with the prevailing habits of thinking. In the history of logick more than in that of any other art, are

displayed traces of the progress, the regress, the windings and doublings, of the human mind, from the first rude attempts at investigation, up to the consummation of the art of thinking. In this retrospect we find the logicians and metaphysicians groping during sixteen centuries within the narrow circle, where they had been spell-bound by the genius of Aristotle. By the mist of their comments and refinements, they made the darkness, in which he had enveloped them, more obscure. They did not labour to discover new truths, but laboured to shew that Aristotle had anticipated his successors in every species of knowledge, that he had explored all the secrets of nature, and left to them only to study and admire his works, and eulogise their author. They found something prophetick in his name, and discovered by etymological analysis, that it signified *the organ of truth.* Scaliger calls him the *eagle of human genius*, and others the *Lapis Lydius of philosophers.* According to Suidas he was the *secretary of nature, and dipped his pen in intellect.* Arguments were constructed to prove that his soul was saved, notwithstanding his paganism. Some thought him inspired, and many of the German clergy read passages of his works to their congregations, instead of the Scriptures. It is not surprising that these devout worshippers of the Grecian, were shocked, when Peter Ramus, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, proposed as a theme, that his principles of logick where false and his doctrines pernicious, and defended it against all the doctors and students of the college of Navarre. But the *secretary of nature* had able advocates, who had arguments to advance in his support, other than those which his writings supplied—they caused the profane Ramus to be arraigned before a judicial tribunal, and after four days spent in argument and a change of the court by the substitution of compliant judges, his animadversions upon Aristotle were condemned, and it was prohibited to him to teach or write upon any branch of philosophy. Some idea of this trial may be formed from the debates of the first day, which was taken up in discussing the question, whether a definition of the art is an essential part of a treatise on logick (for by the way, Aristotle's works contain none) and it was decreed by the learned court, that such a definition is not an essential part of a perfect system of logick. But the worshippers of the inventor of

syllogisms had not to contend only with a Parisian student, they waged an unequal war with the reviving energies of intellect. Men began to shake off their slumbers and no longer dozing over dogmas and indulging in visions, while the "inspired" soul of Plato unfolded to them

> ——what vast regions hold
> The immortal mind that has forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshy nook;

they opened their eyes to the objects that surrounded them, and to discover truth, resorted to nature, its fountain. A spirit of inquiry spread itself in science and religion. Luther, with a rough hand, shook the old fabrick of superstition. Descartes overthrew the fanciful theories which had been called systems of philosophy, and supplied their place with a system of his own, no less imaginary than those he had exploded. But though he did not introduce the true method of investigation, he cleared the way by liberating philosophers from the bondage in which Aristotle had held their understandings, and Plato, their imaginations. Genius was made free, and excited to exertion by the novelty of truth and the prospect of glory. Copernicus revived the true system of the world; Gallileo confirmed and illustrated his doctrines. Kepler announced some of the great laws of matter, which Newton demonstrated, and initiated men into the secrets of physical action. You ask, what part had the logicians in these transactions? While the natural philosophers were taking observations of physical operations, they were observing the philosophers themselves. Descartes made remarks on the mental powers and modes of reasoning. Bacon published his profound views of the methods of inquiry and investigation, by which discoveries could be most successfully made, and the sciences most rapidly advanced. Locke investigated the laws of the mind, while Newton was demonstrating those of matter. He disincumbered the philosophy of the mind from some of the errors and absurdities which still clung to it, analyzed the intellectual powers, and considered to what they are equal, and was the first to assign to language its true importance in the art of thinking. We are not however among those who admire, indiscriminately, whatever he has written. The times in which he wrote, gave to some of his

subjects a consequence, which they have since lost. Repetitions frequently occur in his writings. He is sometimes greviously prolix, and there is in some of his arguments more of subtilty than conclusive reasoning.

Since the time of Locke, many profound and luminous treatises have been published, upon the philosophy of the mind and the arts of thinking and reasoning. But it is a long time before a new truth, discovered by the philosopher in his closet, finds its way into the text-book and is used by the pupil at school. In the first place, the philosophers have to dispute a long while among themselves, and are not apt to cease from their warfare of words upon any subject, till a new dispute calls off their attention, and gives them an opportunity to commence hostilities in a different quarter. When they have agreed upon, and ratified an article of science, it remains some time, perhaps, a secret to the makers of popular books. At length some one of these authors inserts the novel proposition in his work. If it happen to clash with popular opinion or prejudice, or interfere with the common habits of thinking and acting, a clamour is raised, new parties are formed, and the animosity excited will be inversely as the importance of the subject. Suppose this ferment allayed, and the novelty to be generally acquiesced in, a great obstacle still remains. The superintendents and instructers of colleges and schools, have a certain way of executing their functions, which is rendered easy by habit, and sometimes sacred by prejudice. Pride is also concerned. Men who are in the practice of prescribing and commanding, and such in general are those who superintend education, are not the most ready to admit, that their mode of proceeding can possibly be modified or changed for the better. It is doing very well then if a proposition, which has the assent of the learned and intelligent, comes to be generally acted upon, at the end of one or two centuries. We do not state these facts as altogether subjects of complaint and regret. In most affairs, and to the greater part of mankind, experience is a much safer guide than reason. Things as they exist have a certain congruity and adaptation, and the utility of any practice or opinion depends no less on its relation to others, than on its intrinsick and absolute character. It is dangerous to be rashly taking to pieces and putting together, lest in our attempts

to reform a system, we in the end, find ourselves without one.

A single instance will show, that the logick which has been taught in colleges, is not the same that has been received by the learned. The nature and importance of inductive reasoning was forcibly and clearly stated and illustrated in various parts of lord Bacon's works. By induction we infer general truths from particular facts. Thus the sailor having been accurately guided by the compass in one voyage, does not doubt that the same thing will take place in as many voyages as he has a mind to make. When we see a man thrown into an extatic intoxication by breathing nitrous oxid gas, or into a sleep by a dose of opium, we conclude that similar results will take place again, in like circumstances. This impression of the necessary connexion between cause and effect, and of the stability of the laws of nature, is universal; it is a principle of action which all men adopt, and is the same in the conduct of life and in experimental philosophy, that axioms, or the relations of quantity and dimensions which are intuitively perceived, are in demonstrative science. Analogy has a near affinity to induction, and is by some confounded with it. It is a mode of reasoning by which from some circumstances of resemblance we infer others. Thus, when we see a spacious building with a steeple, we conclude that it contains pews and a pulpit, not because there is supposed to be any connexion between a pulpit, pews, and a steeple; but because we have been accustomed to find them together. It was upon this principle, that Newton, observing water and the diamond to possess a property of refracting light in common with combustible bodies, concluded, that they were combustible. We are generally led to a new truth by analogy. Now these two modes of reasoning are the foundation of all our knowledge, except that belonging to the demonstrative sciences. We say, without qualification, all our knowledge. Almost every action of every man's life, may be resolved into them. We cannot even think without adopting them as first principles and guides. Yet, before the publication of Professor Hedge's book, this method of reasoning had not been justly and adequately described, in any system of logick designed for classical instruction. We have seen but one work of this sort, in

which it is mentioned, and that is a "Concise System of *Logicks*," published at New-York, by Mr. William Best. It is there but slightly and hastily treated. There is in many of the logicks an article under the head of induction, but it is not the induction which we use in experimental philosophy and the ordinary affairs of life, and that has been treated of by Bacon and Stewart. This is readily perceived by consulting any of their books; compare, for instance, the induction in use with that described by Duncan, who has written one of the most philosophical and instructive treatises upon this art. He defines it to be a "way of reasoning where we infer universally concerning any *idea* what we had before affirmed or denied separately, of all its several subdivisions and parts." How can this be applied in experimental philosophy or any other kind of reasoning? When Sir Humphrey Davy had decomposed a mass of potash, and found it to be constituted of a metal of the lustre of silver combined with oxygen, his induction from this experiment was the general proposition, that potash is an oxid of a metal, to which he gave the name of potassium. Now, according to Duncan's definition of inductive reasoning, he must have decomposed all the substances that bear the name of potash, before he could be authorized to draw this conclusion.

Professor Hedge's logick has been put into the hands of the students of Harvard College, and, in our opinion, the course of studies in that institution is thereby much improved. Not that we rank logick among the most important branches of education, for we think that a scholar acquires more skill in the art of reasoning and detecting sophistry, by a study of the first book of Euclid's Elements, than he would obtain by committing to memory all the logical treatises that have been written since the days of Aristotle. And Professor Hedge very liberally and justly remarks, that "the art of reasoning skilfully can be acquired only by a long and careful exercise of the reasoning faculties, on different subjects, and in various ways." Still it is a study highly worthy of attention, and an essential part of a liberal education. This work is well adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. The style is clear and simple, without any violations of propriety, which we have been able to detect, and free from any loose declamation and ill-timed attempts at fine writing, and unin-

cumbered with any irrelevant or superfluous matter; which are circumstances more remarkable than we could wish, in an American literary production. The articles are divided into sections of a convenient length for recitation. Many of the rules are explained by elegant and pleasing illustrations, instead of the usual examples, *man*, *horse*, and *animal*. The author does not profess to make discoveries, or announce any rules or principles, with which well informed men were not already acquainted. His plan is to collect from the former systems of logick, and from the works of Reid and Stewart, what is suited to his purpose, and mould the materials into a form the most convenient for academical instruction. This plan we think he has judiciously and successfully executed. And it is no small credit to any man, to have made a good book, even upon a subject much less important than that of the present work; and this praise is greatly enhanced when the object is the improvement of education, which is to make more broad, and deep, and sure, the foundation that supports the whole superstructure of society.

The subject is distributed into three principal divisions; in the first we have an account of the faculties and properties of the mind which are most important in reasoning; in the second, terms and propositions are considered, which, taken in connexion with their meaning, are the materials of reasoning; the third, comprehends the modes in which these materials are wrought up into argumentation by the intellectual machinery, (if we may so speak) which had been described in the first part. We do not propose to go through the chapters of this book in their order, but will only make a few remarks upon those parts, which seem most obviously to invite them. We are apprehensive, that those of our readers, who have not been drilled in logical and metaphysical discipline, may have deserted us, to avoid encountering induction and the other enemies to vivacity and amusement, to which they might deem themselves exposed, intending to join us again in some future speculation, where we shall be in the easy pursuit of some more agreeable object. If any of them have had the intrepidity and patience of labour to fare on with us through "rough, dense, and rare," we can give them the satisfaction of knowing, that, without having been conscious of it, they have made a

very considerable proficiency in the study of dialecticks. To assure themselves of this acquisition, they have only to change some of the names that they learned at the grammar-school. Let them call the *agents of verbs*, with their *qualifying epithets*, by the name of *terms;* instead of adjective, say *concrete term*, and for phrase say *complex terms*, convert *proper name* into *singular term*, *common name* into *universal term*, and a *noun of multitude* into *collective term*, and they have a greater part of the logical learning of terms. The makers of elementary grammars are not permitted to philosophise, but the philosophical grammarians and the authors of rudiments of logick, have the common right of concisely speculating upon the operations of the mind, and giving some account of the process by which common names or universal terms are formed. The proposition is also the common property of the grammarian and the logician. Here too, each has his own names, for the logician calls a verb a *copula*, and the grammarian, instead of *proposition*, uses the name *sentence*. The logician then proceeds to show how many ways there are of making an assertion, or asking a question, while the grammarian examines the relations which the words have among themselves. All that part of logick, which relates to propositions and syllogisms, is intimately connected with grammar and rhetorick. Under the head of propositions are considered the various forms of expression in which an assertion may be made, or a question asked. The modes and figures of syllogisms, are no more than an enumeration of a number of different forms of expression in which an argument may be stated.

On first looking into this book, it seemed a fault that so much space is assigned to propositions and syllogisms, though they occupy a much greater proportion of most of the other logicks we have seen. If we considered the intrinsick importance of these titles, we should have continued of this opinion, but upon reflecting on the figure they make in literary history, and the frequent allusions of which they are the subjects, some acquaintance with them seems necessary both to the scholar and the general reader. Still we insist that the student should be made to understand, that when he is converting a proposition or changing the figure of a syllogism, he is doing little more than playing upon words.

If any of our readers are not skilled in the syllogistick art, we will initiate them into the mystery. It consists wholly in asserting a thing first generally, and then particularly. For example, your coat is entirely of black—but the cape is part of the coat—therefore the cape is black. In other words, the conclusion is nothing more than a repetition, in different words, of what had been stated in the premises.

Inductive reasoning is said "to be founded on a belief, that the course of nature is founded on uniform laws, and that things will happen in future, as we have observed them to happen in times past. We can have no proof of a permanent connexion between any events, or between any two qualities either of body or mind. The only reason for supposing such a connexion in any instance is, that we have invariably found certain things to have been conjoined in fact; and this experience, in many cases, produces a conviction equal to that of demonstration." p. 91.

We object to the expression that "we can have no proof" in this case, for the author states that we believe in the existence of such a connexion, as much as if it were demonstrated. Now we hold it absurd to believe in a thing, of which we have no evidence. Hume has fabricated an ingenious tissue of argumentation upon this subject, in which he attempts to show that we have no reason to suppose the effect of a mass of asafoetida upon our organs of smell, is less grateful, than that of a new-blown rose. To assert that any event or appearance can take place without any cause, is absurd; and none of the philosophers have denied that effects imply causes. All agree that we can never discover the connexion of cause and effect, by a knowledge of the nature of agents. We know not why the venom of the rattle-snake poisons, while the milk of the cow nourishes. But the proof of a fact and the accounting for it, are very different things; to the confounding of these, Hume's dissertation upon cause and effect, owes all its plausibility. Nobody doubts that there are spots on the sun, though we have no satisfactory solution of the fact. We know not what makes the effluvia of the lily agreeable, and that of the henbane offensive, but of these facts innumerable arguments are drawn from proximity and remoteness in point of time and place, and the reasoning is perfectly regular and logi-

cal. We can only object that it is not demonstration, to which it may be replied that it does not claim to be demonstration.

Professor Hedge gives the following account of analogical reasoning, and mentions some characteristicks by which it is distinguished from induction.

"Inductive and analogical reasoning are so similar in their nature, that it is not easy to point out their specifick difference. The following circumstances appear to mark a distinction, sufficient to justify their being treated as separate articles. First, induction is a process from several individuals of a class to the whole. Its conclusions therefore are always general. But, by analogy, we argue from one individual being to another of the same class, and from one species to another. Secondly, the evidence employed in analogy is wholly *indirect* and *collateral*,—the co-existence of two qualities in one subject affording no evidence of their co-existence in any other. But in the inductive process we have direct evidence, that the property, which we apply to a whole class, exists in many individuals of that class. It is true that in all induction analogy must be used; for we can never separately examine every individual of a whole class however cautiously we may proceed. So far however as we extend our observations and experiments, the evidence is direct; but with regard to the remaining subjects of the class, the conclusion must rest wholly on analogy." p. 102.

Mr. Stewart has made some remarks on experience and analogy, which are equally applicable to analogy and induction. He says that "although the difference between the two sorts of evidence, which are commonly referred to the separate heads of experience and analogy, be rather a difference in degree than in kind, yet it is useful to keep these terms in view, in order to mark the contrast between cases which are separated from each other by a very wide and palpable interval; more especially to mark the difference between an argument from individual to individual of the same species, and an argument from species to species of the same genus. This distinction, however, when accurately examined, turns out to be of a more vague and popular nature than at

first sight appears, and instances occasionally present themselves, in which it is difficult to say, of the evidence before us, to which of these descriptions it ought to be referred." Philosophy of the Mind. Vol. 2. p. 350.

From these two quotations we obtain no precise definitions of the words experience, analogy and induction. They do not appear to remain among the unwrought materials of common language, and yet they are not shaped and polished into the exact proportions of science. It is said, that by induction we reason from individuals to the species; by analogy from class to class, and we are immediately afterwards told by Professor Stewart, that these two modes of reasoning cannot always be distinguished from each other. After reading all the ingenious and acute disquisitions upon this subject, we are left unsatisfied and disappointed. We have a vague impression, and the metaphysicians tell us, that analogy and induction are not the same, but when they attempt to point out the difference, they confound them. And yet there seems to be no essential difficulty and obscurity by which we are hindered from retracing our steps in experimental reasoning, as distinctly as we are able to do it in demonstration. Our ideas are clear; and the subject is well understood. There is no dispute or doubt concerning the steps by which we proceed in an experiment and the grounds upon which our conclusion rests. The difficulty then rests wholly in the language, and this, like other metaphysical inquiries, is a dispute about words. Allowing then, that the principles of reasoning from analogy and experience, and by induction are perfectly well understood (and philosophers are very much to blame if they are not so, for they have long spoken of them as subjects of which we have a sufficient knowledge) does this uncertainty arise from not expressing definitely what we clearly perceive, or trying to express what we do not perceive? We think the latter. It seems to us that writers have attempted to point out and exhibit a difference in *kind* where they perceive only a difference in *degree.*

Professor Stewart quotes the following passage from Dr. Reid. "In medicine, physicians must, for the most part, be directed in their prescriptions by analogy. The constitution of one human body is so like that of another, that it is reasonable to think, that what is the cause of health or sick-

ness to one, may have the same effect on another. And is generally found true, though not without some exceptions." Essays on the Intellectual Powers, p. 53.

Upon this passage Professor Stewart makes the following remarks. "I am doubtful if this observation be justified by the common use of language; which as far as I am able to judge, uniformly refers the evidence on which a cautious physician proceeds, not to *analogy* but to *experience*. The monk, who (according to popular tradition) having observed the salutary effects of antimony upon some of the lower animals, ventured to prescribe the use of it to some of his own fraternity, might be justly said to reason analogically; in as much as his experience related to one species, and his inference to another." Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind, Vol. 2. p. 358.

This is a distressing sort of disquisition. It is attempting to carry certainty beyond those limits, within which it is confined by the nature of things. It is endeavouring, to arrest and fix the varying shades and tints of meaning, which, though they are objects of perception, are too subtile and ethereal to endure the claims of science. Suppose the monk had made his inference from the Germans to Spaniards, or to the Africans, would it have been on the principles of analogy or experience? We do not doubt whether there is a blue or a green colour; but it is vain to inquire for the precise point in the spectrum, where the blue terminates and the green commences.

We would not be understood to speak disrespectfully of Professor Stewart. We have a great esteem for him. It seems to us, however, that in the above instance and many others, he clothes his subject with a dignity and importance, which are foreign and not at all befitting, and that he sometimes has an air of systematick and general reasoning, when he is in fact making loose detached remarks, only applicable to particular cases. At the conclusion of a chapter, the reader is sometimes left with expectations unsatisfied, and at a loss to discover the object of such extensive preparations and formal proceedings.

But to return to our subject: When the monk had observed the effect of antimony on a dog, why should he make any inference in regard to a man? Because, as Professor Stewart

remarks, there is a resemblance between the two subjects, and he would make the inference with greater confidence from one animal to another of the same, than one of a different species. We imagine that this principle prevails in all reasoning from analogy or from induction, and that they are in kind precisely the same. There are degrees in the force of the evidence, founded on the greater or less resemblance of the subject of the experiment and the subject in regard to which the inference is made, but these degrees are not marked by any appropriate terms. It would be vain to attempt such a graduation; at any rate, we cannot expect to find it in the common use of language. When a mass of atmospherick air is decomposed and found to consist of hydrogen and nitrogen in certain proportions, the inference is made, that these constituents exist in all atmospherick air in the same proportion, because, from a thousand circumstances, it is supposed to be the same in different regions. Different men are found to have some resemblance, but they are not so uniformly similar, as different masses of air; and therefore we do not so confidently expect that a favour which excites gratitude in one man, would have the same effect upon all others.

We conclude then, that the ground of our inference is the same, whether the argument be by induction, or from analogy or experience, and they are but one kind of reasoning. We establish a fact by ordinary experience, a regularly instituted experiment or by what is called reasoning on facts—we then inquire for other similar or analogous cases; we infer some general proposition which we call an induction, a deduction, or reasoning from analogy. The intellectual process is the same. But we do not use the term analogy unless there is some doubt about the similarity of the cases, or where we know it not to be complete. We say analogy exists between two governments or between the fortunes of two individuals, but not between two portions of rain water or mercury chemically considered.

A Century Sermon, delivered in Hopkinton on Lord's Day, December 24, 1815. By Rev. Nathaniel Howe, A. M. Pastor of the Church. 2 Peter i. 13. "Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this Tabernacle, to stir you up, by putting you in remembrance. Andover, Flagg and Gould. 1816.

THERE are few things more precious, because more rare, than that kind of simplicity, which the French call *naivaitè;* and which either unconscious or fearless of the power of ridicule, displays its feelings and opinions with frankness and truth. The imitation of it is sometimes attempted by skilful writers, but the reality can seldom be met with. The social intercourse of nations is so rapid and universal, education is so similar, and fashion so general, that we are yearly becoming more alike, and, while we acquire higher polish and refinement, lose under the friction of the world all the distinctive, rude, characteristicks of different localities. The fine polished marbles and granites may please the eye of the common observer, but the mineralogist is more delighted with the rough fragment, whose sharp edges and untouched surface discover its peculiarities. It has been our lot to read more polished sermons than the present, but never one half so abounding in plainness and originality. It is a *unique* specimen, and beyond all price. That it should have been delivered is remarkable—that it should have been printed still more so; particularly as it was printed by request and dedicated to the parish, with affectionate wishes for their "peace, prosperity and eternal happiness." The text taken for the motto in the title page, which is not that of the discourse, is admirably chosen. We shall make some extracts, but almost every page of it will reward a perusal.

The following gives some account of "*Squire Hopkins,*" and of the origin of the town.

"There was formerly a man living in the kingdom of Great Britain, whose name was Edward Hopkins. This man was *not* one of those ignorant, selfish, narrow-contracted souls, who could think of nothing but himself, his family, and

friends. He could think of America; an infant country, though it was three thousand miles distant. He could think of the benefits of education. His enlarged mind took into view the difficulties of educating youth, in an infant country, to fill important stations in Church and State.

"In the year 1636, the General Court granted four hundred pounds to erect a College within the Commonwealth. In the next year they voted that the College should be erected in that part of Newtown, which is now called Cambridge. The year following they decreed that the College should be called Harvard College, in honour of the Rev. John Harvard, who had bequeathed his library, and upward of seven hundred pounds for the benefit of the College.

"In the year 1642, the General Court established a board of Overseers. In 1650, the Charter of the Corporation was granted. And in the year 1657, Edward Hopkins, Esq. made his will.

"The Father of Spirits had not only endowed 'Squire Hopkins with an enlarged mind, but he had given him a great estate; and what was of vastly more importance, he had given him a benevolent heart.

"Squire Hopkins was a man of great wealth; his estate was estimated at twenty thousand pounds sterling; equal in value to $88888,88. Eight hundred pounds sterling of this property was given to be laid out in lands, three-fourths for the benefit of the College, and one-fourth for the benefit of the Grammar School in Cambridge. That is to say, $2666,66 were given to the College, and $888,88 to the Grammar School in Cambridge. This was given "for the breeding up of youth in the way of learning for the publick service of the country in future times."--"For the upholding and propagagating of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ." These are expressions taken from the will of Edward Hopkins, Esq. In the year 1710, it was ordered that this money should be laid out in lands. This donation of 'Squire Hopkins to Harvard College was the money which first purchased Hopkinton, which in its original state contained what is now called Hopkinton, about three thousand acres of Upton, and five hundred acres of Holliston. The lands began to be settled between 1710, and 1712. On the 13th day of December, (Old Style,) which according to the present mode of reckoning

brings it to the 24th day of December, 1715, this town was incorporated. This day, therefore, is the beginning of a new Century, to the inhabitants of this place.

"As the town was purchased by the donation of 'Squire Hopkins to Harvard College, the lands were to be leased out to tenants, at one penny sterling per acre, to be paid annually to the College to the year 1823, and three pence of like money afterwards. Twelve thousand five hundred acres were to be leased out to tenants; the residue to be common land, to be divided among the tenants to enable them the better to pay the quit rents; and moreover the tenants were to pay a province tax, for what they were worth, above the rents reserved."

After giving an account of his predecessors in the ministry, and the principal events that happened in the town, he comes to his own settlement among them. It was agreed that he should be paid two hundred pounds, receive seventy pounds salary, and the occupation of the glebe, or, as he terms it, "the improvement, of the ministerial land." Some difficulties occurred in the payment of this salary, which were however surmounted, and the author struggled on with it for fifteen years, when he applied to the town to increase his salary $116,67. The application was unsuccessful, and after relating all the particulars of it, he makes the following remarks:

"The reason of my fixing on that sum, and not being willing to accept of less, was because a less sum would do me no good. If I had an addition to my salary, I must pay more attention to the ministry; and if not, I must continue to supply the wants of my family by the labour of my hands. It was plain the town were unwilling to make that addition, although it was only one half of what justice and equity required them to do; and it has always afforded me pleasure, to think I had opportunity to show, I did not value an hundred dollars, as much as the people generally did an hundred cents: for but few would have had more than one dollar annually to have paid, above the nominal sum, to have furnished me with as much as I needed. Some have supposed that the town did nothing that day, because they granted no money; but in this

they were greatly deceived; for they convinced me, I could place no dependence on their justice and equity; and that I must take care of myself, or perish. This opened my eyes in every direction, and employed my hands every day.

"As it has been frequently said, that the town would have done something handsome, had I not stipulated the sum which they must grant, or nothing, they have had reason since to think, that in this also they were greatly deceived; for when the town had a meeting the next year, through the instrumentality of Deacon Fiske, to show their benevolence, and their regard to justice and equity, there was a tie;—the moderator, the late Col. Eames, could not determine the vote: the meeting was adjourned for two weeks, and at that time there was a handsome majority in favour of doing nothing.

"You are sensible, that my health has sometimes been poor, and my mind greatly depressed: poverty has stared me in the face.

"My brethren, may I ask a question, a plain, simple question? How shall I obtain your consent? Shall I take silence for consent? Your countenances discover a willingness.

"The question is this: Do you know by what means I have become *so rich*, as to have a great house, finished and furnished; a farm, a herd of cattle, a flock of sheep, horses, and money at interest? I say nothing about my debts to day.

"Shall I answer the question?—The principal reason is this: because I have been doing *your business*, and neglecting *my own*.—What is your business?—Your business is to support your minister; and that is what I have been doing for more than twenty years. And what is *my business*?—My business is to study, and preach; and in this I have never abounded. It is true, I have been absent from publick worship, not more than four or five Sabbaths, for twenty five years; but I have frequently been present, and attempted to preach, when it has been mortifying to me, and could not have been edifying to you. I have sometimes administered reproof, both to the Church and the society, in a manner that has been thought to discover some degree of severity; but in these cases you have always had good sense enough to know, you richly deserved it."

The items of the Reverend author's creed will account for this discourse having received its *imprimatur* at Andover.

"My object in preaching has been to explain, defend, and enforce, what have appeared to me the true doctrines of the gospel, *God's decrees;* for it must be glad tidings of great joy to all people, that God governs the world;—that his government is not only perfect, but universal, and lays the only solid foundation for foreknowledge; for nothing can be *certainly foreknown*, that is not fixed in the Divine Decree.

"The divinity of Christ:—this lays the only solid foundation for the sufficiency of the atonement made for all mankind.

"The doctrine of personal election from eternity to everlasting life, as the only doctrine that makes it absolutely certain, that any of our sinful race will be saved.

"The doctrine of total depravity, as laying the only solid foundation for regeneration.

"Regeneration by the agency of the Spirit of God, as laying the foundation for all holy exercises in the hearts of men.

"Justification by faith alone, which is the same thing as Divine forgiveness.

"The certain and final perseverance of the saints, 'through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth;' the eternity of hell torments, and the duties of morality. I have always believed and always preached, that a good life is the best evidence of a good heart."

These extracts will be sufficient to prove that this is no ordinary discourse. It contains many historical details relating to the town of Hopkinton, that make it valuable. The kind of tenure by which lands were originally held in that town, is nearly a solitary instance in the State of Massachusetts, where almost all real estate is possessed in fee simple. The mean, oppressive and impolitick course of half-starving a clergyman, is shewn in a forcible though homely manner; and though there may not be magnanimity enough in the village of Hopkinton to profit by this *stirring up* of their pastor, we should think it might produce good effect in other places.

A Discourse on the Agriculture of the State of Connecticut, and the means of making it more beneficial to the State: delivered at New-Haven, on Thursday, 12th September, 1816, by David Humphreys, LL. D. Fellow of the Royal Society of London; Honorary Member of the Bath and West of England Society; President of the Society for promoting Agriculture in the State of Connecticut; and member of many Scientifick and Literary Societies in the U. S. of America.

"*From grave to gay—from lively to severe.*"——POPE.

He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough.
The diligent hand maketh rich.
She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hand, she planteth a Vineyard.
Prepare the work without, *and make it fit for thyself* in the FIELD.
The slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it to his mouth.
The slothful man saith, there is a LION without, *I shall be slain in the streets.*
The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing; *but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat.*

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

It is well known that General Humphreys was the first person who introduced into this country, the invaluable breed of Merino Sheep. He has since taken an active interest in the Agriculture of Connecticut, and is the President of a Society there, for its encouragement. He delivered an address to that body in September last. We have copied the title of this remarkable discourse, to aid in advertising it, as far as our limits will permit, and to make use of the occasion for a few general remarks on the present state of Agriculture among us.

It is nearly impossible to make any observations that will apply to the whole United States. In a country of such immense extent, affording such various products, each district must have its own system, and its own peculiar management. In the Southern States, where the land belonging to large proprietors, is tilled by slaves, and the produce is sugar, cotton, rice, and tobacco, we are inclined to think,

that the most skill is discovered and capital employed: the Middle States, where grain of various kinds is the staple produce, would be ranked next; the Western States, where the unexhausted fertility of a virgin soil, produces exuberance with little aid from skill, may follow; and lastly, the Eastern States, possessing a variety of soil and situation, employing a great amount of labour in the aggregate, but less skill and capital in the cultivation of the earth, than either the Southern or Middle divisions of the Union.

In saying that less skill and capital are employed here, we do not wish to give offence, but to awaken attention to a subject of very great importance; and to induce active men to reflect upon the expediency, both as regards the general weal and their own interests, of engaging a part of that time and capital in agricultural pursuits, which a diminished commerce has left at their disposal. To avoid the danger of untenable positions, or which may be liable to numerous exceptions, we shall premise, that the following remarks are made in reference more particularly to the neighbouring district, though most of them, if we do not greatly mistake, will be applicable to the Eastern States generally, and some of them possess a still wider bearing.

If you ask a capitalist why he does not engage in agriculture, the universal reply is, "nothing can be got by farming." Nor is this opinion confined to them; the owners of land generally throughout the country, shew by their practice, that they entertain the same opinion. The wealthier inhabitants in the country, cultivate a farm they have inherited, and slowly improve it. The fences in the country are better and more permanent than they were twenty years ago; the fields are many of them smoother, the orchards are perhaps more numerous. There are some few places where a man would not now cut down an oak for fire wood, to plant a poplar for ornament. These are changes for the better; but how many farmers in the country, lay out their surplus income in the melioration of their estates, in cultivating beyond the supply of their own wants, for the market? Do they not prefer hazarding their money in commerce, in manufactures, in banking, none of which they can know much about? Who are the people who say that nothing can be made by farming?—A citizen of one of the towns, who buys a few acres of land at

a high rate, erects an expensive house, costly fences, cultivates Indian corn and potatoes, feeds labourers without economy, whom he does not oversee, and finds that his corn has cost him three times what he can buy it for—or having heard that Merino Sheep produce fine wool, and fine wool commands a good price, buys a flock of sheep at a hundred dollars a piece, puts them under the care of the first man he can hire; and when dogs, diseases, and neglect have thinned his flock, finds that he has not got the golden fleece, and denounces Merino Sheep.—Yet this same individual would smile with pity at a man who should take an expensive ship, put a numerous crew on board, load her with staves, send her a long voyage, and then wonder that the portage bill devoured the freight.

If there are exceptions, if there are some gentlemen who of late years, and they are so few that we are almost afraid of being personal in alluding to them, have laid out capital in agriculture, they are too few to form an objection, particularly, as there is hardly one even of this small number, who has not cultivated a few acres more for his own amusement, than with a serious endeavour to invest capital advantageously. Is it not a fact, that till within a very few years it was universally, and is now generally believed, that wheat could not be raised in this vicinity! How much of our husbandry is there, that is not comprised in the following process? A piece of ground is broke up, planted with Indian corn in the centre, and potatoes on the borders; perhaps a few pumpkin seeds or beans are put in with the hills, and sometimes a little turnip seed scattered after the last hoeing. This same crop is continued three or four years, then the ground is laid down with barley, rye, or oats, clover and herds grass seeds—sainfoin and lucerne are unknown; when this grass has run out, the circle is completed, and the sod broken up again. We know of one gentleman who has this season planted a few acres of carrots with a drill, and who *soils* his cattle; both of the experiments, we believe, have been successful, and both are solitary, and unprecedented.

We should be willing, though ashamed, to submit this question to a skilfull English farmer. Suppose the following statement to be made:—thousands of acres of tolerable land may be purchased in fee simple, for not much more

than double of what is frequently paid for rent of land in England, within a convenient, marketable distance of Boston; and this market has been steadily one of the dearest markets in the world for every article, consumed by man or beast, raised on a farm, except fruit and poultry, and yet the land cannot be cultivated to advantage.—But perhaps labour is extravagantly high.—Labour is indeed much higher than in England, but taxes are vastly less.—Perhaps you cannot procure lime, gypsum or marle.—The two former we have, and probably the latter, *but we never use either for manure:* no one ever heard here of using lime for any thing but mortar; and as to plaister of Paris, it is as certain that it will not do, as that wheat will not grow on the sea-coast—perhaps your rotation of crops is bad—we never try any. The question of skill would be decided without pursuing the dialogue further.

The price of labour is so much higher than in England, that when a comparison is made between the two countries, it is considered a weighty argument against success in agriculture, not considering that the difference of the taxes restores the equilibrium. On this point we shall copy a curious statement, from Cobbet's Journal of January 13, 1816. He makes a comparison between his expenses on a farm in Hampshire county, and the expenses of an American farm belonging to one of his friends near Philadelphia, and who had answered a number of queries he had sent him, respecting taxes, wages, prices, &c. The English and the American farm were very nearly of the same size, and the same number of servants employed on each the same; the sums are in sterling.

On the American farm.	
Five men at $140 or 35*l.* per an.	175
Two women over a doll. weekly, or 13*l.*	26
Labour, exclusive of board,	201
Taxes, poor and direct,	22
	*l.*223

On the English farm.			
Five men at 10*l.*	50		
Two women 3 10	7		
Labour exclusive of board,	57		
Poor tax,	87	5	
Property tax,	43	17	6
Assessed taxes on horses, &c.	15	10	
Tythes,	36		
	*l.*239	12	6.

Something might be added to the American account for the support of schools and a clergyman, though he pays no tythes, but still his expenses would not equal those of the English farm; the amount taken from the landholder is the same; in this country the largest portion of it goes to the labourer—in England to the government.

One of the great evils attending our farming, is the disproportionate size of the farms, to the means of the owner; he cultivates four or five times as much land as he can do to advantage. Another is the total neglect of the more permanent class of manures. In England, and other well cultivated parts of Europe, the farmer uses either lime or marle as a durable manure. One coat of these keeps the land in heart for years; and on this solid foundation his composts produce luxuriant crops. Here although the use of compost manure has greatly increased of late years, and its advantages are apparent, still the exhausting crop that is taken from the land, leaves it little better at the end of the season than it was before. The use of plaister, in spite of ignorance and prejudice, is making its way. In the District of Maine it is getting fast into use, and in many cases will double the crops of that country.*

* This mention of the use of plaister recalls to mind some remarks of a distinguished naturalist of Philadelphia, in the course of a familiar conversation a few weeks since, where the proverb was introduced, *that people were fond of novelty.* He denied its truth, and that nothing was more difficult, than to introduce improvement, or make people change their habits; that he would graduate the scale of superiority in a nation exactly in proportion to their readiness at adopting improvements.—That in Germany there was a belt of gypsum encircling the Harz mountain, and the people in the vicinity had made use of it as a manure for more than two centuries;

The very general cultivation of Indian corn in the Northern States, may perhaps be cited as a proof of want judgment, or rather of an unreflecting habit of *going on in the old way.* We have some reluctance in writing against the cultivation of this beautiful plant, which presents in all its stages, a more pleasing appearance than any other crop; and particularly here, where so much labour is bestowed upon it; where even in the hands of the most slovenly farmer, it offers an exception to every thing else about him, and generally speaking, is the only thing in agriculture, in this part of the country, which exhibits marks of careful tillage, great labour and neatness. Still for some parts of the country it should be absolutely renounced; for Maine, Vermont, and New-Hampshire, with few exceptions, its cultivation is an evil. It is a plant suited for a warm country, where labour is cheap and manures plenty, or the soil inexhaustible. In these districts it is often an uncertain crop, a very exhausting one, demands great labour, and makes a heavy consumption of manure. All the small grains, and potatoes, should be preferred before it, throughout the Eastern States, with a few exceptions. It affords an excellent, though a very expensive food for fattening animals, but as used for men, there is nothing but habit that can reconcile us to it. The coarse, heavy, indigestible bread which is prepared from Indian meal, would be considered by the peasants in many parts of Europe, who do not roll in luxuries, as a very despicable food. The cultivation of Indian corn consumes so large a share of labour in this country, that we think there is hardly any subject more deserving the investigation of intelligent agriculturalists, and a series of comparative experiments, to determine its relative value with other species of grain.

We think the state of our salt marshes may be cited as another proof of our neglect and want of skill in agriculture. There are tens of thousands of acres of land of this description in Massachusetts alone. They are generally composed of a fat black mud, several feet in depth, which judging from its appearance and consistency, would if freed from the salt with which it is impregnated, form a rich bottom

but the use had never got farther than two or three leagues from its scite. In the United States, in the course of twenty years, it had extended over the whole country.

land of inexhaustible fertility, capable of bearing almost every kind of crop. At present it yields a quantity of salt hay, which horses will not eat. Farmers sometimes go fifteen miles to cut and carry home this hay, by the aid of which they induce their cattle to consume the vile, sour trash, which they cut from their fresh water meadows. These meadows which have commonly a deposit of rich earth, being saturated with water, produce only a rank growth of weeds. Every person may observe, that there is a large quantity of land of this description, which might be drained at a comparatively slight expense, and converted into the most valuable grass land, because it would be seldom effected by drought. These salt marshes contribute to perpetuate the evil; if it were not for these, the farmer finding he could do nothing with his fresh water meadow, would perhaps turn his attention to draining and making his fresh meadow productive. We know it will be answered, as on other occasions; that nothing can be done with salt marshes, that dyking out the tide only destroys the present grass, and that no other will grow: attempts have been repeatedly made, and without success.—It is very true that the marks of these abortive attempts may be seen in every direction, and they are standing marks of mismanagement. Has there ever been one thorough, scientifick experiment?—We know of none.—The process commonly pursued is, to make a dyke at perhaps considerable expense, and which are always imperfectly made; they serve to keep out the full tide, it never covers the marshes, but it always stands within six or twelve inches of the surface in all the creeks and ditches; there is, therefore, no chance of the soil being *freshened*, which would probably be the operation of several years to be completely effected.—We believe there is no one point in our agriculture, where it is more important that a full and fair experiment should be made. Let a convenient piece of marsh be selected, let the tide be dyked out; erect a rough wind-mill, as it is done in Holland and other countries, to pump out the water, and keep it several feet below the surface; let the surface be broken up, let chemistry be consulted for an appropriate manure to neutralize or extract the salt, and let different kinds of crops be tried. It seems impossible, that these

marshes should not be reclaimed if the experiment was properly tried; there are certainly thousands of acres in Europe, which must have been once in the same situation, and now produce the most luxuriant crops of grain. If we could succeed, an immense quantity of valuable land would be brought into use, which it may be doubted, whether it is not now for reasons that have been mentioned, an injury.*

The motives of policy which every state has to encourage agriculture, are as obvious as they are solid; we therefore need not enlarge upon them here. If our system of husbandry was more perfect, a much larger population might be supported, and greater resources of every kind concentrated among us. The unbounded spirit of enterprise which exists in the United States, often degenerates into mere restlessness. The inhabitants of the eastern and middle states, sell their farms, abandon their homes, and commit themselves to the current of the Ohio, to be landed frequently in a worse situation than they left. Different causes will conspire in the course of a few years to moderate this disposition to emigration, which has been artificially excited. In the mean time we are losing not merely common labourers, but some of our most intelligent and efficient young men, who are allured to a distance in pursuit of that independence, which they might find at home, if there was a greater disposition to invest capital in agriculture. We wish that some capitalists would try the experiment fairly. Let an intelligent, active individual be selected with the same degree of sagacity and enterprise as would be required for an important voyage; provide him with a moderate farm, well situated; no matter if the house and fences are not very expensive, the one should be comfortable, the other secure; let him get good labourers, at fair wages, feed them well, but not wastefully; let money be ready for an ample stock of permanent annual manures, so that the labour may not be thrown away on land too poor to yield any return; let him exert the same industry and skill in superintending the concerns of this farm for four or five years, that he would display in a commercial undertaking, and if it shall then be found, that a reasonable in-

* It has been mentioned in the newspapers, that some gentlemen in New-York have made an experiment of this kind on a large scale. We think it extremely desirable that the experiment, carefully and scientifically made, should be tried in this neighbourhood.

terest cannot be derived for money employed in this way, we shall be ready to assent to the general opinion, that farming is an unprofitable pursuit.

There are some encouraging symptoms in favour of agriculture. More men of property are acquiring a taste for it, and though this is rather for amusement than profit, considerable good will be a necessary result. The cattle shows which have been recently established will have very beneficial consequences. The one in Berkshire has already produced good effects. The one at Brighton under the patronage of the Massachusetts Society, which commenced this autumn, was very satisfactory. It will take some years, even if the greatest exertions are made, before we shall arrive at the average of what we can perform. The improving of breeds of animals is a slow process, which demands great skill and care, and numerous experiments. The show of fat cattle at Brighton, was, as might be expected from the short notice that had been given, the novelty and imperfect apprehensions of farmers on the subject, joined to an extremely bad season, almost nothing. The exhibition could only be considered as a fair sample of what existed in the country, without any particular exertion having been made. In this point of view, the samples of sheep from the flocks, of milch cows, and working oxen, were extremely gratifying. The utility of these cattle shows has been long and amply shewn in England, and their tendency to ameliorate all the animals of a country, and therefore benefit one of our greatest staples, is incontrovertible. Subordinate to this good effect, but not to be wholly disregarded, is the stimulus it gives to individuals to seek for the enjoyment of success in this peaceful, and useful pursuit. It offers another incentive to agricultural life, and the man who fails in competition for a prize, is still a gainer in the improvements he has made. The struggle of ambition here, is almost equally useful to the parties themselves, and to their country. It affords a most useful route to distinction, without engendering the animosity inherent in politicks. There are some individuals who may be drawn off in this way to exert their talents in a manner pleasing to themselves, and useful to the community. In obtaining pieces of plate for agricultural success, they may gratify a natural and honourable love of distinction, which turned to politicks, would only pester the publick with the pretension of obstinate mediocrity.

"*Extraordinary Red Book; a List of all places, pensions, sinecures, &c. &c. with the salaries and emoluments arising therefrom. Exhibiting also a complete view of the National Debt, &c. &c. the whole comprising the strongest body of evidence to prove the necessity of retrenchment, &c. London,* 1816."

The foregoing is the title of a book recently published in England, for the purpose of shewing the necessity of further and greater retrenchments in the expenses of government, and probably not without some design of spreading the opinion, that a change of ministers would be the measure most likely to produce the desired effect. It is evidently the work of some of the members or adherents of the opposition, and some of its statements rest on the authority of the newspapers. But the great mass of its detail is professedly collected from authentick sources, and the account in general, is probably accurate.

The English Government, in all its parts, seems to be a singular result of the combined effects of time, accident, and opportunity improved. The operation of these causes is seen, not only in the general organization of Government, and in that adjustment and balance of its great powers, which may be said to form the *Constitution* of England, but also in the exterior structure, and, if we may so say, the *domestick* arrangement of the system. Thus, there are not only members in the House of Commons who are representatives without constituents, but there are also in the subordinate branches of government, and throughout all the orders of the state, offices, in which the incumbents receive pay, although they long ago ceased to have duties. These sinecures, inasmuch as they add something to the taxes on the people, without producing any corresponding advantage to the state, are certainly evils in the government, and one would think ought to be, and might be made to submit to a system of temperate and gradual abolition. It is easy, however, to see that even the best disposed minister would find difficulties in this work. Many of these offices have, in the course of time, by grant of the crown or other mode of acquisition, become private property. Private property in a free government cannot always be sacrificed, even to publick economy. A despotick government,

no doubt, could accomplish this desired *simplification*, and strike off, at once, every thing which detracted from the beautiful and perfect theory of the state. Bonaparte, for instance, would never have suffered his plan or system of administration to be deformed by any uncouth, antiquated, and useless appendages, merely because they had become connected with private rights, and the interest of individuals. Nothing is simpler in the mode of its existence than despotick power. It is *teres et rotundus*. It is exactly regular and cubick in its proportions. Old Sarum would have had no chance to interpose her representative among the members of Napoleon's legislative body. She might have exhibited her old parchment charters, and asserted an immemorial prescription in her favour, but she would have done all in vain. She would have been disfranchised, because she had but *three* electors; and it being thus determined that the *right* is not derived from grant or prescription, but belongs to numbers, and the numbers being undefined (for what does despotism establish that it cannot alter?) the next city would be alike disfranchised because it had but *three hundred* electors, and the next because it has but *three thousand*. In such cases, the question is therefore, whether the evil shall be borne, for the sake of preserving the system, or whether, in order to get rid of the evil, the system itself shall be changed. We make these remarks, not as particularly applicable to the subject of parliamentary reform in England, but as indicating an important general political truth. The great object of good governments is to insure permanent privileges, and a lasting security for rights. But such is human nature, that even from this first of all good principles, permanent *evils* sometimes result. Judges ought, for example, to have a permanent tenure in their office. This is necessary to secure their uprightness and impartiality. Yet this provision will sometimes seat an incompetent judge permanently on the bench. But it would be folly, on that account, to refuse a permanent tenure to the judicial office. No system of human contrivances produces unmixed good. It can never be wise, therefore, to tear away a long endured evil, without considering whether some principle of good, springing from the same root, and watered from the same spring, will not be destroyed together with the evil which the imperfection of human institutions has connected with it.

Happily, in this country, we are not frequently called on to act in cases requiring the application of these considerations. We are not yet oppressed with pensions and sinecures. In the present age of our government, our business seems rather to be to guard against the introduction of new, than to prune away old abuses. It is not likely that an extravagant allowance for the civil list will very soon be among our grievances. The current of things is the other way; and there is perhaps danger, that an inadequate provision for those who administer the concerns of the publick, will bring about that unnatural and unlovely state of things, when little or nothing of the *talent* of the country shall be employed in its government.

The amount of expenditures of the civil list of Great Britain for the year ending January 5, 1816, is stated in the book before us, to be *L.* 1,480,231 14 6 1-2. These expenditures are divided into classes, arranged, we believe, nearly or quite upon the plan of Mr. Burke's bill for economical reform: viz.

		s	*d*
1. The Royal Family	*L.* 334,500,	0	0
2. The Judges	82,955,	0	0
3. Ministers at foreign courts	169,429,	2	9
4. Bills in Lord Chamberlain's, Lord Steward's, Master of Horse, and Master of Robes' Department	267,779,	14	6
5. Salaries in same Departments as foregoing	119,397,	14	11 3-4
6. Pensions and Compensations	155,713,	5	11
7. Small fees and Salaries	45,950,	13	3
8. Salaries of Commissioners of Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer	13,822,	0	0
Occasional payments, (embracing a great variety of items and objects)	340,684,	3	6 1-2
	L. 1,480,231,	14	6 1-2

The total of the civil list, as stated above, is probably about one *thirty-fifth*, or one *fortieth* of the whole expenditure of the government. It is obvious, therefore, that if all practical deductions were made, or even the whole abolished, the effect

would not be very great on the necessary amount of taxes. The magnitude of the national debt, and the army and navy supplies, are the great causes of the necessity of heavy taxation.

The most odious of the sinecures of which an account is given in this book, are those connected with the courts of justice. It is no small blemish on the English system of judicial administration, that the course of legal redress for injuries is rendered expensive, by the fees and emoluments which are demanded for the incumbents of useless places. Thus the registership of the admiralty, an office executed, we presume, altogether by deputy, is stated to yield to the present incumbent, Lord Arden, an income of ten thousand pounds,* after paying all deputies, substitutes, &c. In other words, the office is a sinecure to that amount. Instances of a similar nature exist in some other of the courts. The Secretary of War, Lord Bathurst, is clerk of the Crown in Chancery, and the same office is already granted in reversion to the Hon. Mr. Scott. This old practice of granting offices in reversion, must be a most powerful enemy to all just reform and retrenchments; because it leaves no time, when the government might abolish or reform the office, without affecting the vested rights of the individual.

The true principles of reform, such alone as are practicable and efficient, and at the same time just and consistent with private rights and private property, are delineated in Mr. Burke's speech on economical reform, one of the most valuable of the political works of that incomparable man.

Among the most liberal allowances of the British government, are those made to its foreign ministers.—The following are instances.

Earl of Aberdeen, Embassador at Vienna, per annum.			*L.* 13,000
Lord Cathcart,	do. at	St. Petersburg,	do.
Sir Henry Wellesley,	do.	Madrid	10,603
Hon. C. Bagot,	do.	U. States,	6,500
Lord William Bentinck,	do.	Two Sicilies,	6,500
Lord Burghersh,	do.	Tuscany,	4,300
Mr. Thornton	do.	Sweden	5,300

* The whole amount of sinecures held by Lord Arden, is upwards of 33,000 pounds per annum.

The other leading nations of Europe make compensation to their ministers abroad not very different, it is believed, in amount from the foregoing rates. The United States have hitherto pursued a much more economical system. Our ministers at the principal courts of Europe are allowed nine thousand dollars a year, and can be allowed no more. An attempt to raise this sum failed, last winter, in the House of Representatives, although the members had just voted to increase their own compensation. It deserves consideration, whether those who are intrusted to represent the sovereignty, and uphold the dignity of this nation abroad, ought to be placed in a condition which must subject them to perpetual mortification.

On the whole, one shuts up this book as he closes any other examination into the state of the best governed, the freest, and the happiest nation in Europe, with a reflection on the still greater means of happiness and prosperity enjoyed by the people of this country. We have had it in our power to cull the best principles of the English constitution to form our own. The government is yet too young to feel the infirmities of age. Few sinecures or useless offices are as yet in existence. No place of profit is granted in reversion. Taxes are yet comparatively light; and the most rapidly increasing population which the world has witnessed, when it shall have spread and thickened from the Atlantick to the Mississippi and Missouri, may yet look to the west, and still see "the world all before it," over which to pour forth its still augmenting numbers. But a deep anxiety accompanies the vision of this goodly prospect. Our institutions are still human, and having many peculiar excellencies, they have, it is to be feared, peculiar defects. If they lay open the road of honour and preferment equally to all the good, the bad will rush in at the same entrance, when virtue and patriotism, which ought to guard the avenue, are driven away by interest or by party. If a *free press* is the unrelenting scourge of vice, a *licentious press* makes havock of all virtue, and confounds, in the publick eye, all distinction between the evil and the good. If universal suffrage, *in its wise and sober use*, secures rational liberty, *in its abuse*, it creates factions and party, and these, in their excess, destroy all power of free thinking or free acting, and, in truth, leave the people *no right of suffrage at all*. In times of high party feeling, there is no

such thing as free and conscientious choice of rulers. Prerogative never shielded its favourites and its creatures from all censure and all scrutiny, so completely as *party* has done it. The theoretical doctrine of the English constitution, that the king can do no wrong, is not more true than the practical doctrine of republicks, in times of contention, that the head of a party can do no wrong.

Let it be considered, too, that although some good men may be willing to take office, for the sake of the publick, there will be many struggling for it, from motives of gain and selfishness. The first will be most competent, but the last most assiduous. The first will labour to prepare themselves for office; the others will labour to prepare office for themselves. And while the frequency and the tumult of elections discourage publick spirit, and wear out patriotism, they will in no degree abate the eagerness of self-interest, or mitigate the fury of party.

These then are the evils which threaten the duration of our government, and against which all the well-meaning and all the wise should unite their efforts: the assiduity and impudence of office-seekers—the licentiousness of the *Press;* the abuse and perversion of the right of suffrage; and above all, that violence of party spirit, which has shewed itself in the hands of demagogues, the most tremendous engine of mischief ever wielded against the liberties of a free people.

Journal of a voyage up the River Missouri; performed in 1811, *by H. M. Brackenridge, Esq. second edition, revised and enlarged by the author.—Baltimore, Coals, & Maxwell,* 1816. 12*mo. pp.* 241.

Those who are fond of travels which lead through new and wild regions, will derive much gratification from this tour of Mr. Brackenridge. The important expedition of Lewis and Clark, first gave us some insight into the vast, unexplored territory which lies between the mouth of the Missouri, and that of the Columbia. Several trading expeditions have since followed the same, or nearly the same route. The settlements are already advanced some hundreds of miles up the Missouri, and are rapidly increasing, and we have little doubt when we

consider the spirit of dauntless and incessant enterprise which exists in this country, that the passage across the Rocky Mountains will every year become more frequent, that there will ere long be a town on the banks of the Columbia, and that in twenty years from this period, a communication between New-Orleans and Canton, will exist without having recourse to the Atlantick Ocean. It will be incomparably less arduous, than the intercourse which is carried on between Pekin and St. Petersburg by means of caravans. A company engaged in the fur-trade, had established a factory on the Columbia, and called the place *Astoria*, from the name of a merchant in New-York, who had a principal concern in the enterprise; this undertaking was interrupted by the late war, and abandoned. We do not know if it has been since resumed.

The Missouri, from the description of Mr. Brackenridge, waters a fertile country, well wooded, for the last six hundred of miles of its course. Compact settlements will hardly extend beyond this distance from its mouth, though for some hundred miles further, its banks are formed at intervals of rich prairies, and fringed with wood chiefly of the cotton tree and willow; the streams that enter into it, present the same appearances. This region may afford pasturage to extensive flocks of tame animals, as it does now to wild ones, buffaloes, deer, &c. Above, it becomes more dreary and desert till it reaches the Rocky Mountains, and can never have any other inhabitants than the few that may exist at certain stations along the rivers. The climate of this latter region is intensely severe in winter. The country, destitute of trees and of water, except in the rivers, broken into hills, washed into a thousand fantastick shapes by the rains at particular seasons, which form torrents to swell the floods of the Missouri. It combines within its frightful and extensive territory the Steppes of Tartary, and the moving sands of the African deserts.

The Missouri itself in its long course receives several rivers of great magnitude, such as the *Platte*, the *Chienne*, the *White River*, the *Osage*, besides numerous streams of less importance. With the aid of these tributaries, it rolls such an immense flood of water, filled with earth, trees, &c. into the Mississippi, as fully accounts for the alluvial deposits which form the banks of that river, and gradually advance them into

the Gulph of Mexico. It appears that the banks of the Missouri are seldom guarded by rocks, against the encroachments of the current. They are formed almost wholly of clay and loose earth, and are constantly giving way and falling in, with all the trees that grow upon them. Numerous and shifting obstructions are created to the navigation in this way. Islands of sand, earth and floating trees are continually forming and wearing away, the consequent impediments to ascending, in addition to the rapid current, are very great. The river in some places, is contracted to a width of less than three hundred yards, in other expands to more than two miles. Mr. B. with a party who had powerful motives for the most ardent and unremitted exertion, was sixty-two days in getting to Cedar island, seventy miles above the White River, and twelve hundred from the mouth of the Missouri. On returning, the voyage from the Arikara villages to St. Louis, fourteen hundred and forty miles, was accomplished in fourteen days. The farthest point to which the author proceeded was a station of the Missouri Fur Company, forty miles above the Mandan Villages, and sixteen hundred and forty miles from the mouth of the river.

Mr. Brackenridge informs us, that he did not keep this journal with a view to publication; but after publishing another work entitled, "Views of Louisiana," his friends suggested a wish that he would print this work. These circumstances exempt it in some degree from rigid criticism, but even if they did not, we should speak favourably of it. Were it subject to our revision, there are few sentences we might strike out, and there are some verbal corrections, probably errours of the press, to be made. The author makes no pretensions to science, and had no instruments with him to make observations in any of its branches. His tour was undertaken from mere curiosity to visit these wild and remote regions, and from a love of the adventures and excitement they might afford. Under the influence of these motives, he narrates what he saw in his route. His description of the Indians, and of such scenery as he could see from the banks of the river, for he was seldom able to stray far from it, are given with animation, and will repay for the trouble of perusal. We shall now follow the author in his course, and after noticing

what was most remarkable, make a few extracts, that our readers may form a better opinion of the work.

After the expedition of Messrs. Lewis and Clark, several individuals formed a commercial enterprise, under the name of the *Missouri Fur Company.*—A considerable capital was engaged in the undertaking, and several stations for the purpose of trade were established in the upper regions of the Missouri. Various disasters attended this company, and destroyed its resources. An attempt to recover something induced Mr. Lisa, a Spaniard by birth, of whose skill and energy the author speaks in very high terms, to determine on ascending the river, to visit their stations, taking with them some articles for trading with the Indians. Their boat was furnished with sails, and the party consisted of twenty-five men, Canadian boatmen and American hunters. Another party under the conduct of a Mr. Hunt, whose destination was to the mouth of the Columbia, had started three weeks before. These two leaders were jealous of, and feared each other. Each believed that the other could engage particular tribes of Indians over whom they had influence, to interrupt and stop them. Under this impression Lisa's exertions to overtake the other party were extreme, and he therefore probably ascended the river in the shortest time it is possible to do it, except with the aid of steam.

They left St. Charles on the 2nd of April, 1811, when the March floods had begun to subside. Among the party was a Frenchman with his wife, an Indian woman, who had accompanied Lewis and Clark in their expedition. She belonged to the Snake nation. He describes her as "a good creature, of a mild and gentle disposition, greatly attached to the whites, whose manner and dress she tries to imitate, but she had become sickly, and longed to revisit her native country. Her husband also, who had spent many years among the Indians, had become weary of a civilized life."

The charm of an existence in these wild regions must be powerful to outweigh the hardships which the hunters have to undergo; and there are few situations, where the toil would be so great and the food meaner, than among the Canadian boatmen. Mr. B. thus describes them: "In the course of this evening, I had as much cause to admire the

dexterity of our Canadians and Creoles, as I had before to condemn their frivolity. I believe an American could not be brought to support with patience, the fatiguing labours and submission which these men endure. At this season, when the water is exceedingly cold, they leap in without a moment's hesitation. Their food consists of fried corn homony for breakfast, a slice of fat pork and biscuit for dinner, and a pot of mush, with a pound of tallow in it, for supper. Yet this is better than their common fare; but we were about to make an extraordinary voyage, and the additional expense was not regarded."

Three hundred miles from the mouth of the river they came to Fort Osage. This is a triangular one, built on a point where the river forms an elbow, on a bluff about one hundred feet above the water, and commanding a view of the stream for several miles in each direction. The fort is a station where a factor resides for the Indian trade. It is garrisoned by only a company of men. The Osages had a village immediately under it, but were going to remove to a prairie about three miles above it. These Indians are described as differing in many points from the natives eastward of the Mississippi. They all crowded out to see the arrival of the strangers, and discovered as much eager curiosity, as the others do apparent indifference, at the sight of any thing new. They are extremely filthy in their habits, but have at least one good trait, they have never shed the blood of a white man. Their buildings are of a circular form, made by placing mats of coarse rushes over poles. They have a practice in the morning of setting up a general howl—this has been supposed to be a sort of worship that they offer to the evil spirit. The first man who wakes in the morning, if he recollects the loss of some friend or favourite horse, or dog, sets up this howl. At this signal every man, woman and child, and a thousand dogs join in the cry, and according to Mr. B. more "lugubrious and infernal wailings never proceeded from Pandemonium itself." A few miles from Fort Osage they passed a small encampment of American hunters. "Three men were sitting before a fire on the edge of a bank in the midst of the rushes, having trodden them down for a few yards around. Upon three slender forks, a few pieces of bark were placed, which together with the boughs of the poplar afforded

some little shelter from the rain. The remains of a deer were suspended to a tree, and several skins were stretched out with the fleshy sides to the fire, for the purpose of being dried. The Missouri is now what the Ohio was once, the *Paradise of Hunters*. The upper part of the river is still more pleasant, on account of the openness of the plains, and the greater facility of pursuing the wild animals, which exist in numbers almost incredible."—They had now passed the last settlement of the whites. On the forty-first day of their voyage they passed the river Platte, above which commences what is termed the Upper Missouri. This makes a point of the voyage, and it answers the same purpose to the boatmen that the equinoctial line does to the sailors. Those who have never passed it before must contribute in different ways to a frolick. This river takes its rise in the same chain of mountains with the Missouri, the Rio del Norte, and the Colorado of California. Its course is through an open country like the first of these, and runs about two thousand miles, and is six hundred yards wide at its mouth. Above this, the country assumed a different appearance, much more open, yet still presenting an agreeable aspect.

Considerable life is given to this journal by the anxiety (and with which the reader naturally sympathizes,) that was felt by the author and his friends to overtake the party of Hunt that was before them. He mentions two bends of the river, one of fifteen, the other of twelve miles round, as the channel formerly run, but the neck being only a few hundred yards across, the stream had forced its way through and made a new channel, by which all this distance was saved. In this neighbourhood is a remarkable object called Blackbird-hill, near which the river is so very winding, that after going thirty miles from where it is first met, the hill is still near the river. The hill rises between four and five hundred feet in height, and bears this name from a very distinguished Chief of the Mahas, who is buried on the top of it, according to his own directions, sitting erect on horseback. His reason for this was, that he might see the traders as they ascended and descended. This Chief was as famous among his tribes as Bajazet or Tamerlane; and was obeyed with servile fear and adoration. This arose from his having obtained from a trader some arsenick,

which he administered secretly to the victims he had denounced, and in this way, inspired the whole country with terrour.

On the 23d of May they passed Vermillion Creek, and near this some rapids "sufficient to appal the stoutest heart"—the water had risen to its utmost height, the current "uniformly rapid, in some places, rolling with the most furious and terrifick violence." In these rapids, where the stream was much compressed by a projecting bluff, "the middle of the river appeared several feet higher than the sides. The height of the water, enabled frequently to cut off points, which saved them a considerable distance. The author here remarks on the trees, (oaks and ashes) which were twenty inches in diameter, having the appearance of orchards from their being so low; a decisive proof this of the elevation of these plains. The next day they passed the Burning Bluffs. Here were large masses of pumice, a fragment of a hill composed entirely of it, marks of ignition every where, but no other volcanick appearances. Met a small party descending with a parcel of furs, from whom they learnt, that with the exception of the Mandan and Arikara nations, all the others were extremely hostile, and the danger of passing through their borders made their situation a gloomy one. In this neighbourhood he saw the first buffaloe, a large bull of terrifick mein and size, who eyed them fiercely for some minutes from a high bank, and then trotted off to join his mate. At this season of the year the males always go in pairs, a singular fact in the history of this animal. He here mentions a plain without wood, the bank rises from the river thirty or forty feet, as if regularly sodded, and the view was terminated only by the horizon. The hunters told him that this plain extended in the same way a hundred miles. On the twenty-sixth they passed *L'isle a bon homme*, where there are the remains of an ancient fortification. The plains were here covered with the marks of the buffaloe. They were now in the vicinity where they anticipated great danger from the bands of the Sioux; notwithstanding the danger, the author could not help wandering with his rifle some distance from the banks, and thus describes the country. "The scenery this evening (26th of May) is beautiful beyond any thing I ever beheld. In spite of every injunction to the contrary, I could not help wandering a few miles from the boat. The sky as clear, as that represented in Chinese painting.

The face of the country enchanting. The flowery mead, the swelling ground, the romantic hill, the bold river, the winding rivulet, the groves, the shrubberies, all disposed and arranged in the most exquisite manner. No idea can be conveyed to the mind, but by recurring to one which would be as sad, as this is pleasing. Suppose for a moment, the most beautiful parts of France or Italy should at once be divested of their population, and with it their dwellings and every vestige of human existence, that nothing but the silent plains and few solitary groves and thickets should remain, there would then be some resemblance to the scenery of the Missouri; though the contemplation would produce grief instead of pleasure. Yet even here, I could not but feel as if there existed a painful void, something wanting, a melancholy stillness reigns over the interminable waste, no animated beings,

> ———scarce an insect moves
> Its filmy wing—and o'er the plain nought breathes
> But scowling blasts, or the eternal silence
> Breaks—save when the pealing thunder roars.

In fact, I saw no living thing in the course of my evening ramble, except a few buzzing insects. On the 2d of June they affected their object of overtaking Hunt's party, which consisted of eighty, at Cedar island, twelve hundred miles from the mouth of the river. They now formed in conjunction a fleet of five boats, and proceeded forward together.

They had now passed all the bands of the Sioux from whom they apprehended so much, and were met by the Arikaras on horseback. These Indians were friendly, and accompanied and assisted them in their progress upwards towards their villages. With Hunt's party there were two English gentlemen, at meeting with whom the author expresses great gratification. One of them by the name of Bradbury, an elderly man, was a mineralogist, the other Nuttal, a young man, was a botanist. Both of them ardent in the pursuit of their favourite science, and diligent in the collection of specimens, though in mineralogy this region, Mr. Bradbury says, is very little interesting. The day after the junction of the boats in making an excursion, he came upon "a village of barking squirrels, or prairie dogs, as they have been called. My approach was announced by an incessant barking, or rather chirping,

similar to that of a common squirrel, though much louder. The village was situated on the slope of a hill, and appeared to be at least a mile in length. The holes were seldom at a greater distance from each other than twenty or thirty paces. Near each hole, there was a small elevation of earth of six or eight inches, behind which the little animal posted himself, and never abandoned it, or ceased the demonstrations of alarm, insignificantly fierce, until I approached within a few paces. As I proceeded through the village, they disappeared one after another before me. There was never more than one at each hole. I had heard that the magpie, the Missouri rattlesnake, and the horn frog, were observed to frequent these places; but I did not see any of them except the magpie. The rattlesnake of the prairies, is about the same length with the common rattlesnake, but more slender, and the colour white and black."

"In the course of the evening, I had an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the antelope is taken in these open plains, where there is no possibility of approaching under cover. A handkerchief is placed on the end of a ramrod, and waved in the air, the hunter lying flat on the ground. If any of the animals be in sight, they run instantly to the place, and perform a circuit round, approaching often within twenty or thirty yards, which gives an opportunity of firing on them. This is the most swift and beautiful little animal on our continent. The description of the gazel of Africa, the favourite theme of Arabian poetry, might be applied to the antelope of the Missouri. It is perhaps the most swift of all animals; and the most timid. Its course over the country is more like flight, than the movement of a quadruped. Its colour is that of the deer, but in its shape bears great resemblance to the goat, though longer, and of a form much more delicate."

They proceeded upwards to the Mandan villages, and their highest point was a fort, forty miles higher, belonging to the Fur Company, Hunt here sold his boats and purchased horses to prosecute his journey by land to the Columbia. Lisa remained trading with the savages, and Mr. Brackenridge accompanied by Mr. Bradbury, took one of the boats and returned to St. Louis. They descended without effort about one hundred miles a day. We shall now select a few extracts from the journal, that the author may speak for himself.

The following is a part of his description of the Arikara nation.

"To give an account of the vices of these people, would only be to enumerate many of the most gross which prevail amongst us, with this difference, that they are practised in publick without shame. The savage state, like the rude uncultivated waste, is contemplated to most advantage at a distance. Mr. Bradbury had been an enthusiast, as most philanthropick Europeans are, on the subject of Indian manners, and I was myself not a little inclined to the same way of thinking, but now both agreed that the world would loose but little, if these people should disappear before civilized communities. In these vast plains, throughout which are scattered so many lovely spots, capable of supporting thousands such nations as the Arikara, or wandering Sioux, a few wretches are constantly roaming abroad, seeking to destroy each other. To return to the subject of their moral characters—they have amongst them their poor, their envious, their slanderers, their mean and crouching, their haughty and overbearing, their unfeeling and cruel, their weak and vulgar, their dissipated and wicked; and they have also, their brave and wise, their generous and magnanimous, their rich and hospitable, their pious and virtuous, their kind, frank, and affectionate, and in fact, all the diversity of characters that exists amongst the most refined people; but as their vices are covered by no veil of delicacy, their virtues may be regarded rather as the effect of involuntary impulse, than as the result of sentiment. In some respects they are extremely dissolute and corrupt; whether this arises from refinement in vice, or from the simplicity of nature, I cannot say; but much are they mistaken who look for primitive innocence and simplicity in what they call the state of nature. It is true, that an intercourse with the whites, never fails to render these people much worse than before; this is not by imparting any new vices, but by presenting temptations which easily overcome those good qualities, which 'sit so loosely about them.' Want of constancy, and uniformity of character, is the defect universally remarked with regard to the Indians, and this naturally arises from the want of fixed principles of virtue. One thing I

remarked as constituting the great difference between the savage and the civilized state, *their youth undergo no discipline*, there are no schools, and the few instructions which are given by parents, are directed only to the mere physical man, and have little to do with the mind, unless it be to inculcate fortitude and courage, or rather ferocity and thirst for blood: no genuine virtues are *cultivated* and the evil propensities of the individual are suffered to mature without correction, while he wanders about a vagabond, responsible to no one for the waste of time; like a young colt, he is considered as unfit for employment until he attains his growth. The lessons of morality are never taught either in publick or in private; at least of that morality which instructs us how to fulfil all the duties attached to our social relations, and which regard us as candidates for a future and more happy existence. Instead of such lessons of morality, the precepts first instilled into their hearts, are cruelty, murder, and rapine. The first step the young savage is taught to take, is in blood; and is it any wonder that when manhood nerves his arm, we should see him grasp the tomahawk and the scalping knife, and his savage heart thirst for blood!

"Amongst others of their customs which appeared to me singular, I observed that it was a part of their hospitality, to offer the guest, who takes up his residence in their lodges, one of the females of the family as a bedfellow; sometimes even one of their wives, daughters, or sisters, but most usually a maid-servant, according to the estimation in which the guest is held, and to decline such offer is considered as treating the host with some disrespect; notwithstanding this, if it be remarked, that these favours are uniformly declined, the guest rises much higher in his esteem. Self control, in the midst of temptations which overpower the common mind, being thought, even amongst these people, to indicate a superiour character. Our common boatmen soon became objects of contempt, from their loose habits and ungovernable propensities. To these people, it seemed to me that the greater part of their females, during our stay, had become mere articles of traffick; after dusk, the plain behind our tents, was crowded with these wretches, and shocking to relate, fathers brought their daughters, husbands their wives, brothers their

sisters, to be offered for sale at this market of indecency and shame. I was unable to account for this difference from any people I had ever heard of; perhaps something may be attributed to the inordinate passion which had seized them for our merchandize. The silly boatmen, in spite of the endeavours of the leaders of our parties, in a short time disposed of almost every article which they possessed, even their blankets and shirts. One of them actually returned to the camp, one morning entirely naked, having disposed of his last shirt—this might truly be called *la derniere chemise de l'amour*.

"Seeing the chief one day in a thoughtful mood, I asked him what was the matter—'I was wondering,' said he, 'whether you white people have any women amongst you.' I assured him in the affirmative. 'Then,' said he, 'why is it that your people are so fond of our women, one might suppose they had never seen any before?'

"This want of chastity among the Arikara was by no means universal—perhaps a more minute acquaintance with them might have enabled me to explain the phenomenon: indeed from the remains of a singular exhibition, which several of us witnessed, I was induced to believe that Diana had not altogether yielded the village to the dominion of her rival goddess. On one of their festive days, as we drew near the medicine lodge or temple, we saw in front of the entrance, or door, a number of young girls tricked out in all their finery of paint, beads, and dresses of the antelope, agalia, or deer skins, red or white, according to the taste of their wearer; the robes were richly ornamented with porcupine quills, stained of various colours, and with fringes, or borders, of silvery ermine. We observed a cedar bough fixed in the earth on the top of the lodge. Prizes of beads, vermillion, and scarlet cloth were exhibited; and the old men who live in the temple to the number of five or six, now proclaimed, as I was informed, that whosoever amongst the young girls of Arikara had preserved unsullied her virgin purity, might then ascend the temple and touch the bough, and one of the prizes would be given to her; that it was in vain to think of deceiving, for the Manitoo, or Spirit, knowing all things, even their secret thoughts, would most certainly reveal the truth; and moreover, the young men were enjoined under

the severest denunciations, to declare all that might be within their knowledge. Curiosity was now much excited. In a few moments, the daughter of the interpreter, (a Frenchman who had resided upwards of twenty years,) a beautiful girl of sixteen, came forward, but before she could ascend to touch the bough, a young fellow stepped forth, and said something, the amount of which I easily conjectured from its effect, for the young lady instantly shrunk back confused and abashed, while the surrounding crowd was convulsed with laughter. A pause ensued, which lasted for some considerable time. I began to tremble for the maidens of Arikara, when a girl of seventeen, one of the most beautiful in the village, walked forward, and asked, 'where is the Arikara, who can bring any accusation against me?' then touched the bough, and carried off the prize. I feel a pleasure in adding, for the honour of the ladies of Arikara, that others followed, though I did not take the trouble of noting the number."

Two of the Mandan Chiefs are thus described:

"This evening, the Mandan chief She-he-ke, who had accompanied Lewis and Clark to the United States, came to us with his wife and son, a small boy. He is a fine looking Indian, and very intelligent—his complexion fair, very little different from that of a white man much exposed to the sun. His wife had also accompanied him—has a good complexion and agreeable features. They had returned home loaded with presents, but have since fallen into disrepute from the extravagant tales which they related as to what they had witnessed; for the Mandans treat with ridicule the idea of there being a greater, or more numerous people than themselves. He is a man of a mild and gentle disposition—expressed a wish to come and live amongst the whites, and spoke sensibly of the insecurity, the ferocity of manners, and the ignorance, of the state of society in which he was placed. He is rather inclining to corpulency, a little talkative, which is regarded amongst the Indians as a great defect; add to this, his not being much celebrated as a warriour; such celebrity can alone confer authority and importance, or be regarded meritorious in this state of society."

"On the *Fourth of July*, we had something like a celebration of this glorious anniversary. The two principal chiefs happened to be with us; the *One eye'd*, and the *Black shoe*. The former is a giant in statue, and if his one eye had been placed in the middle of his forehead, he might have passed for a Cyclop. His huge limbs and gigantick frame, his bushy hair shading his coarse visage and savage features, with his one eye flashing fire, constituted him a fearful demon. He sways, with unlimited control, all these villages, and is feared by all the neighbouring nations. I remarked that on one or two occasions he treated She-he-ke, with great contempt—Lisa having referred to something said by that chief, 'What,' said this monster, 'What! does that bag of lies pretend to have any authority here?'* He is sometimes a cruel and abominable tyrant. A story was related to me of his cruelty, which has in it something of a more refined tragick nature, than we usually meet with amongst these people. Having fallen in love, for even Polyphemus felt the influence of this god, who spares neither giants nor common men,) with the wife of a young warriour, he went to his lodge during his absence, and carried her off by force. The warrior on his return, repaired to the *One eye'd* demon, and demanded his wife, but instead of receiving redress, was put to death, while the wretched object of the dispute was retained in the embraces of her ravisher. The mother of the young warriour whose only child he was, became frantick, lost her senses from excess of grief, and now does nothing but go about reviling him, and loading him with her curses: yet such is the superstitious veneration (by the by it deserves a better name on this occasion) for unhappy objects of this kind, that this chief, great as he is, dare not lay his hand on her, even should she haunt him like one of the Eumenides, wherever he may appear.

"We made several excursions to the villages below, the nearest about six miles off; but as they differ but little from those of the Arikara, I will give no particular description of them. I noticed but one thing as remarkable. About two miles on this side of the first village, my attention was attracted by a number of small scaffolds, distributed over several acres of ground on the slope of a hill. I soon discovered that this

* She-he-ke is a fat man, extremely talkative, and no great warriour.

was a depository of the dead. The scaffolds were raised on forks about ten feet, and were sufficiently wide to contain two bodies; they were in general covered with blue and scarlet cloth, or wrapt in blankets and buffaloe robes; we did not approach near enough to examine closely, this frightful Golgotha, or place of human skeletons, but we could see a great number of valuable articles which had been left as offerings to the manes of the deceased. Several crows and magpies, were perched upon them; we could not but experience a sensation of horrour, when we thought of the attraction which brought these birds to this dismal place. Some of the scaffolds, had nearly fallen down, perhaps overturned by the wind, or the effect of decay, and a great number of bones were scattered on the ground underneath. This mode of exposing the dead has something peculiarly horrible in it. The wolves of the prairie, the birds of the air, and even the Indian dogs, are attracted to the place, and taught to feed on human flesh. This custom prevails amongst all the wandering tribes; but amongst the Arikara, the dead are deposited in a grave, as with us, which I think clearly proves their origin to be different from that of their neighbours: for there is nothing, in which men in all ages and countries, have manifested more solicitude than in the treatment of the remains of their deceased friends."

Mr. Brackenridge has once or twice described buffaloe hunts, and speaks highly of the meat of this animal, the hump of which particularly, is considered a delicious morsel. In descending the river he was witness to a fight among these animals, which must have been a scene of terrifick grandeur.

"The next day we passed the Poncas village. The inhabitants had gone into the plains. In the evening when within a few miles of a point above the isle, *a Bon homme*, our ears were assailed by a murmuring noise. As we drew near it grew to tremendous roaring, such as to deafen us. On landing we discovered the grove crowded with buffaloe, the greater part engaged in furious combat—the air filled with their dreadful bellowing. A more frightful sight cannot easily be imagined. Conceive several thousand of these furious animals, roaring and rushing upon each other, producing a scene of horrour, confusion, and fierceness, like the fight of armies; the earth

trembled beneath their feet, the air was deafened, and the grove was shaken with the shock of their tremendous battle. I am conscious that with many, I run the risk of being thought to indulge in romance, in consequence of this account: but with those who are informed of the astonishing number of the buffaloe, it will not be considered incredible. We soon discovered that a herd of males had broken in amongst a number of females, and that these were the cause of the conflict, which raged with unparalleled fury. We fired amongst them but without producing much effect; we then embarked and proceeded on our voyage. On the hills in every direction they appeared by thousands. Late in the evening we saw an immense herd in motion along the sides of the hill, at full speed: their appearance had something in it, which, without incurring ridicule, I might call sublime—the sound of their footsteps, even at the distance of two miles, resembling the rumbling of distant thunder."

In the appendix, he gives a description by Mr. Libby, the Factor at Fort Osage, of the Grand Saline of Arkansas, a part of which follows.

"The Grand Saline is situated about two hundred and eighty miles south-west of Fort Osage, between two forks of a small branch of the Arkansas, one of which washes its southern extremity, and the other, the principal one, runs nearly parallel, within a mile of its opposite side. It is a hard level plain of reddish coloured sand, and of an irregular or mixed figure; its greatest length is from northwest, to southeast, and its circumference full thirty miles—from the appearance of driftwood that is scattered over, it would seem that the whole plain is at times inundated by the overflowing of the streams that pass near it. This plain is entirely covered in dry hot weather, from two to six inches deep, with a crust of beautiful clean white salt, of a quality rather superiour to the imported blown salt; it bears a striking resemblance to a field of brilliant snow after a rain, with a light crust on its top. On a bright sunny morning, the appearance of this natural curiosity is highly picturesque. It possesses the quality of looming or magnifying objects, and this in a very striking degree, making the small billets of wood appear as formidable as trees. Num-

bers of buffaloe were on the plain. The Saline is environed by a strip of marshy prairie with a few scattering trees, mostly of cotton-wood. Behind, there is a range of sand hills, some of which are perfectly naked, others thinly clothed with verdure, and dwarf plum bushes, not more than thirty inches in height, from which we procured abundance of the most delicious plums I ever tasted. The distance to a navigable branch of the Arkansas, about eighty miles; the country tolerably level, and the water courses easily passed.

"About sixty miles south-west from this, I came to the Saline, the whole of this distance lying over a country remarkably rugged and broken, affording the most romantick and picturesque views imaginable. It is a tract of about seventy-five miles square, in which nature has displayed a great variety of the most strange and whimsical vagaries. It is an assemblage of beautiful meadows, verdant ridges, and rude mishapen piles of red clay thrown together in the utmost apparent confusion, yet, affording the most pleasing harmonies, and presenting in every direction an endless variety of curious and interesting objects. After winding along for a few miles on the high ridges, you suddenly descend an almost perpendicular declivity of rocks and clay, into a series of level fertile meadows, watered by some beautiful rivulets, and here and there adorned with shrubby cotton-trees, elms and cedars. These meadows are divided by chains formed of red clay, and huge masses of gypsum, with here and there a pyramid of gravel. One might imagine himself surrounded by the ruins of some ancient city, and that the plains had sunk by some convulsion of nature, more than one hundred feet below its former level; for some of the huge columns of red clay rise to the height of two hundred feet perpendicular, capped with rocks of gypsum, which the hand of time is ever crumbling off, and strewed in beautiful transparent flakes along the declivities of the hill, glittering like so many mirrors in the sun."

Abstract of Meteorological Observations for September and October, taken at Cambridge. By Professor Farrar.

		Barometer.			Thermometer.		
		7 A. M.	2 P. M.	7 P. M.	7 A.M.	2 P.M.	9 P.M.
Sept.	Greatest	30.68	30.66	30.61	68°	81°	63°
	Mean	30.149	30.103	30.153	51.44	66.51	55.00
	Least	29.81	29.63	29.78	32	53	36.
Oct.	Greatest	30.37	30.32	30.32	57	72	60
	Mean	30.073	30.049	30.034	45.51	59.16	47.00
	Least	29.69	29.57	29.57	32	50	35

September 1st, a shower; 3d, thunder and lightning; 9th, a little rain; 16th and 22d, considerable rain. Whole quantity of rain 3.98 inches.

October 9th, rain P. M. evening; 10th and 13th, rain; 17th, a little snow; 26th, violent rain. Whole quantity of rain, 4.70 inches.

Abstract of Meteorological Observations for August, 1816; taken at Brunswick. By Professor Cleveland.

Mean monthly temperature from three observations each day		66.15°
Mean monthly temperature from the maxima of heat and cold		64.70
Greatest heat		88.00
Greatest cold		35.75
Mean height of the Barometer	29.863 inches	
Greatest monthly range of do.	870 do.	
Quantity of rain	2.130 do.	
Days entirely or chiefly fair	17	
do. do. cloudy	14	

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz.:—S. W. 17—N. W. 12—S. E. 5—N. E. 5—S. 3—W. 2—N. 1. Thunder on the 10th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 19th, and 20th. Frost on the 22d.

SEPTEMBER, 1816.

Mean monthly temperature from three observations each day		57.95°
Mean monthly temperature from the maxima of heat and cold		54.78
Greatest heat		80.00
Greatest cold		25.50
Mean he ght of the Barometer	29.905 inches	
Greatest monthly range of do.	2.280	
Quantity of rain	300	

Days entirely or chiefly fair 23
do do. cloudy 7

Direction of the winds in proportional numbers, viz.:—S. W. 13—N. W. 13—N. E. 5—E. 4—S. E. 2—W. 2—S. 1. This month has been remarkably free from fog, which has occurred on the morning of the 16th only.

MISCELLANEOUS AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the New Monthly Magazine for July.

THE Memoirs of MR. SHERIDAN, drawn from original documents, and illustrated by his own correspondence and that of his friends, with the history of his family, by Dr. WATKINS, is in the press, and will appear in the course of the present month.

Some of the publick papers have recently given an extract of a letter from Mr. FRASER to the Speaker of the House of Commons, describing the miserable condition of the unfortunate wretches who have lately emigrated from this kingdom to America, which cannot be too extensively circulated.—"Within these few days," says the writer, "I have taken much pains to inquire, and have had the very best opportunities of ascertaining the unfortunate state of many of those unfortunate people, who have emigrated either from Scotland, Wales, or Ireland to America; and even within these few months, I have had an account of the poverty, wretchedness, nakedness, and misery of many of those people, which it is almost horrible to describe. Of money there is *none*—what is carried out is soon expended; and when their clothes are worn out, they have no means of replacing them—if they even should obtain employment, as labourers, they can get no wages in money from their employers. If they obtain lands, they can get nothing from its produce. Their food, a little Indian corn and water; they drag out a miserable existence, with little chance of ever acquiring the only consolation that remains—that of procuring the means of returning to their native land, in which, many hundreds of those deluded people declared to my friend, they would be glad to accept the most abject employments, or even to beg from door to door, rather than support the miseries of their situation. The women who had gone out were of

all others the most wretched, nor is there of either sex, or of any description, a single individual who has recently emigrated to America, that would not think it the most fortunate emancipation, to be landed naked on their native shores." We trust that this shocking picture will have the effect of deterring others from plunging themselves into the like misery.

Mr. T. A. KNIGHT has made some experiments, which seem to confirm an opinion conceived by him, that liquids similar to the true sap pass down through the footstalks of the leaves of plants, and supply all the nourishment by which vegetables are supported. Single leaves of the potatoe, planted in garden pots and regularly watered, lived till winter, and the bottom of the leaf had swelled out to a matter similar in its nature to the potatoe tubor. Leaves of mint, treated in this way, lived all winter, and sent out numerous shoots. Vine branches, about a yard long, were placed so, that their full grown leaves dipped partly into a basin of water each. In this position their branches lived for a month; the small leaves increased in size, and the small twigs continued to elongate.

Mr. R. PORRETT has, by a highly interesting experiment, demonstrated the existence of a power in the voltaick current, which affords a wide field for philosophical speculation. He cut off the upper part of an ounce medicine phial, so as to form the lower part into a small jar, which he divided longitudinally into two equal parts. These two halves were then pressed together in their original position, with a piece of moistened bladder interposed between them. So much of the bladder as protruded beyond the outside of the jar was cut away; melted sealing wax was run down the outer edge; the two halves of the vessel were thus firmly united, and the interiour was divided by the bladder into two cells. One of these cells having been filled with water, and left for several hours, was found to have retained the liquid, so that it was not sufficiently porous to allow the water to filter through. The cell filled with water was positively electrified with a battery, of eighty pair, of one and a quarter inch double plates; a few drops of water were put into the empty cell, so as to cover the bottom, and this small quantity was thus negatively electrified. Independently of the decomposition of a small portion

of water which took place in the usual manner, the principal part of it obeyed the impulse of the voltaick current from the positive to the negative wire; first overcoming the resistance occasioned by the compact texture of the bladder, so as in about half an hour to have brought the water in both cells to the same level; and afterwards overcoming the additional resistance occasioned by the gravitation of the water, by continuing to convey that fluid into the negative cell, until its surface there was upwards of three quarters of an inch higher than in the positive cell. This experiment Mr. Porrett has several times repeated, invariably with the same results; but to render the mechanical action evident, it is indispensably necessary that the body interposed between the positively and negatively electrified liquids, should, though porous, be sufficiently compact to prevent filtration in ordinary circumstances. This experiment certainly seems to prove the existence of a power not before noticed in the voltaick current, namely, that of conveying fluids through minute pores not otherwise pervious to them, and of overcoming the force of gravity. Its ingenious author suggests the inquiry, whether this electrick filtration, jointly with electri-chemical action, is not in constant operation in the minute vessels and pores of the animal body.

Fate of Dr. Seezen. In the last number of the fourth volume of the *Fundgruben des Orient*, (by the spirited prosecution of which the great orientalist, Mr. Von Hammer, will certainly render a greater service than his enveterate enemy Dier of Berlin, by his unjustifiable depreciation of the work,) is given an extract from a letter from an English traveller, Mr. J. Buckingham, dated Mocha, Feb. 2, 1815, containing the most complete confirmation of the death of the celebrated German traveller Seezen, who for nineteen years has been exploring Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Arabia, at the expense of the reigning duke of Saxe Gotha. He received full assurance of the fact from Mr. Aiken, surgeon, and Mr. Forbes, agent to the East India Company at Mocha, who had transacted business with Seezen a very few days before his unfortunate end. Seezen had made considerable collections of animals, minerals, and plants, in his journey from Mecca through the Hedjar to Sana, where they were taken from him nearly in the same manner as Niebuhr lost his. Seezen

however found means to save a box of papers from the plunderers, and this he deposited with Benzoni, an Italian merchant at Mocha, who was likewise well known at Cairo. The latter falling sick and feeling that his end was approaching, delivered the box to a Hindu broker to be forwarded by the first opportunity to Europe. After Benzoni's death however, these papers were likewise seized and sent to the Imam of Sana. Seezen, who had adopted the exterior of a Musulman, even to circumcision, imagined that under the assumed character of a dervise, and the name of Hadgi Musa el Hakim, he might pass unmolested from Mocha to Sana, and thence direct to Moscat and Bassora. When he at length left Mocha, in September, 1811, he loaded *seventeen* camels with his collections and apparatus. Two days after his departure, he expired suddenly in the neighbourhood of Taes, and no person doubts that he was poisoned, by command of the Imam of Sana. Mr. Buckingham observes, that it is inconceivable how he could have brought together, so prodigious a quantity of articles as to load seventeen camels, but the statement of Mess. Aiken and Forbes leaves no doubt on the subject of what "must appear an act of extreme imprudence," on the part of a man, who ought to have been better acquainted with the character of the Arabs, than to place such a temptation in their way. There is not the least hope of regaining the smallest portion of Seezen's collections and papers. Interesting as they must have been, they are irrecoverably dispersed and destroyed. The person who transmitted Mr. Buckingham's letter to Mr. Von Hammer, who subscribes himself Hadi Ibrahim, and dates his letter from Cairo, July 10, 1815, adds, that the above account is corroborated by the statement of Dscheylani, an eminent Arabian merchant, to whose house at Mocha, Seezen had letters of recommendation. This man also related at Cairo, that Hadgi Musa had been murdered on the way from Mocha to Sana. Thus Seezen and the expected narrative of his travels, have perished together: so that the particulars given in extracts from his letters published in Zach's and Lindenau's *Monthly Correspondence*, and in Hammer's *Fundgruben des Orients*, and thirty or forty chests sent off by him from Cairo and Palestine, and which have at different times reached Gotha, (where fourteen more are still expected) are all the results of his long and expensive travels, the charges of

which were defrayed with the greatest liberality, by the reigning duke of Gotha. Of the contents of the early packages, a folio catalogue was published in 1810, under the title of Catalogue of Manuscripts and printed Works, curiosities and natural productions, purchased at Damascus, Jerusalem, &c. for the Oriental Collection at Gotha, by U. J. Seezen; but it has never been made publick, being solely designed for presents made by the duke. They comprise human mummies, and those of the Ichneumon and Ibis, innumerable antiquities from the sepulchres of Sakkara, &c. to say nothing of about five hundred oriental manuscripts and books which Lorbach, the learned professor of the oriental languages at Jena, who in 1815, was invited at the expense of the duke to Gotha, is carefully examining, and of which he has promised a descriptive catalogue. It is to be confidently hoped, from this liberal spirit of the duke, that when the great oriental collection shall have been duly arranged in an appropriate situation in the ducal palace at Gotha, he will cause this analysis of its treasures to be published for the benefit of literature and science. It is to be regretted, that many of the curious idols and productions of art bear record of the barbarism of the Arabs and Turks in mutilating such figures, under the idea of rendering the spirits which inhabit them, incapable of being employed for the purposes of witchcraft. According to the testimony of eye witnesses, this collection nevertheless contains so many valuable articles in manuscript, mummies, and their appurtenances, together with small idols and natural productions, that when it comes to be arranged and rendered accessible, it will certainly be one of the first of the kind. The duke already possesses a very copious collection of Chinese works of art, pictures, books, wearing apparel, tapestry, &c. which united with these Egyptian curiosities, will form a truly unique museum.

Travels of Baron Freigang. Notwithstanding the meritorious researches of Klopstock and Engelhard, relative to the countries within the lines of Perekop and the Caucasus, many points have still remained obscure and contradictory. All doubts, however, are likely to be dispelled by the light that is about to be reflected on this interesting portion of the globe, by the travels of Baron Freigang, Aulick counsellor

to the emperour of Russia, and secretary of legation at the Hague, and which will be speedily published in French. In 1811, the Baron was Russian agent in Georgia, where he resided two years with his accomplished wife and family. He then went to Tiflis, and afterwards to Persia, for the purpose of negotiating the last peace between Russia and that country. After a residence of several months in the heart of Persia, he returned to Tiflis, for the benefit of the baths lately constructed in the Caucasus, where he passed four months with his family. All these points will be treated of in the *Lettres sure le Caucase et la Georgie, suivies d'une relation d'un voyage en Perse*, 1812. The work is divided into three parts: the first comprehends the narrative of the travels in letters written by the baroness Von Freigang to a friend, during the years 1811, 12, 13, replete with interesting-details and adventures, which romantick as they may appear, are literally true. You travel with the writer from St. Petersburgh, and with her penetrate into the yawning gulphs of the Caucasian mountains. Here the fall of a tremendous mass of rock, kills one of her children, who is interred at the foot of the mountain where the accident happened. This part contains many new particulars respecting the Don Cossacks, Tiflis, the everlasting fire of Bacu, the warm baths of Tiflis, and Moscow, which on the return of the travellers was yet smoking in its ruins. In the second part, the Baron gives an account of his journey to Tauris, the residence of Sha Zada, and of his abode there. He enters into a circumstantial comparison of the manners of the Persians with those of the Turks, and takes a comprehensive survey of the modern history of Persia from Nadir Sha to the present time, which will tend to correct various erroneous notions, that still prevail in many parts of Europe, concerning the manners of the inhabitants of this portion of the east.

Travels of Prince Maximilian of Neuweid. Respecting Brazil, which, as the first transatlantick seat of a European monarch, will soon attract universal attention, we may expect important information, as well from M. Von Langsdorf, the Russian minister resident at Rio Janeiro, as from the well concerted expedition of prince Maximilian of Neuweid. A letter from him written at the beginning of August, 1815, informs us, that favoured by the countenance of the prince regent of Brazil and his ministers, he intended about the middle

of that month to set out with two German fellow travellers, ten attendants, and nineteen mules, on a tour into the interiour of the country. A Coropos Indian, who can speak four languages, will be very useful to him in this arduous and dangerous expedition. He was furnished with letters of recommendation to all the Governours, and was authorized to demand military escort, mules, and other necessaries for the purpose of sending off immediately the articles collected for Europe. Considerable collections of subjects in natural history have already been despatched. The Prince will first proceed along the sea-coast to Caravallas, and thence through unexplored regions, to the country inhabited by the savage Coropos, Butocudos, &c. and then the travellers will endeavour to penetrate by a new course to Villa Rica, in Minas Geraes, one of the principal mining provinces. The difficulties of such an expedition are great, but they will be more than compensated by the opportunities of contemplating nature, in all the magnificence of that wonderful region.

Intelligence from Rome. At Rome a great variety of fugitive pieces and essays have lately appeared, to flatter the Holy See, and to extend its rights and privileges beyond its claims, chiefly written by persons who seek to obtain places or pensions, and who in the opinion of the more enlightened friends of the Roman Catholick religion, do the greatest injury to the cause which they pretend to espouse. Thus a Monsignor Antonio Santelli has printed a work, dedicated to Cardinal Oppizoni, in which he warmly attacks a picture painted in 1810, by Oedevare, a pupil of the French Academy at Rome, exhibiting Pope Leo III. kneeling to the Emperour Charlemagne after crowning that monarch. In a tract of sixty quarto pages, with several engravings, this author demonstrates the indecorum, nay, the impossibility of such a reverence, paid by a Pope to an Emperour.

A letter from Rome, dated Feb. 1, 1816, furnishes the following information: "You must have heard already of the demonstrations of joy, with which the stolen works of art were received on their return from the grand den of robbers, to the venerable fourteen hilled city. The exultation is not to be described. Unfortunately, it was found necessary to leave behind three noble monuments, on account of their great dimensions. These are the statues re-

presenting the *Nile* and the *Tiber* and the majestick *Melpomene*, once the ornaments of the magnificent rotunda in the Vatican Museum, with the beautiful mosaic pavement. Louis XVIII. has purchased the statues of the Villa Albani for 250,000 francs. Winkelman's beautiful *Antinous* and the bust of the Albani *Pallas* have however luckily returned. It was universally reported, that the exquisite group of the *Laocoon* was greatly damaged by the overturning of the vehicle which conveyed it over Mount Cenis. It is already set up again, and its appearance refutes the rumour. The shock has certainly rendered visible an old fracture in the belly of the principal figure; but this may be easily remedied. It is to be hoped that the *Venus de Medici* which has come back to Florence may have escaped as well. Envy has not failed to spit forth its venom against the high-spirited Canova, who is returned with letters from the first ministers of State of the European powers, and commissions of incalculable consequence from England. By the restitution of the works of art effected chiefly through his means, and their careful transmission to their former residences, he amply merited the marquisate of Ischia, conferred upon him, with a revenue of 4000 scudi. His workshop is the most splendid in Europe, and the works produced there will be admired by remote posterity, let malice say what it will. It is nevertheless true, that Thorwaldsen has penetrated still deeper into the study of antiquity. He is expected soon to pay a short visit to Copenhagen, and then to remain our's forever. His last relievos which are exquisite both for grouping and composition, will be engraved by Overbeck. The German artists here are divided into Caraccists and Albert Durerists. The Riepenhausens however, are much weaned from their inordinate admiration and imitation of the old masters. Camuccini has painted a ceiling for the Tolonia palace. The subject is the marriage of Pysche. I lately saw the drawing for it, which is extremely beautiful. If this artist were less erudite and a better colourist, no other could dispute the palm with him. Landi has painted the story of Theseus for the same palace; but the most extraordinary production is a raising of Lazarus, by the celebrated Wicar, a painting of prodigious size, containing about 50 figures, many of them colossal, and none below the natural dimensions. It cannot be

denied, that the piece possesses effect, but it also exhibits dreadful distortions and caricatures. The arts upon the whole are in a starving condition. Nothing can furnish a stronger contrast than the English in general—for there are exceptions—to what they used to be. Those who now visit us, come hither from their golden islands, surfeited of the arts, and even display an economy that borders on meanness. At Naples, where poverty and the scarcity of money has reached the highest pitch, all the works of Pompeii are totally suspended.

Rural economy taught by authority. The emperour of Austria has ordered by an edict, that rural economy shall be taught, as a part of education, in all the establishments for communicating Theological-Episcopal instruction in Austria below the Ens; and for this purpose he has ordered professors of rural economy, to be nominated at Krems, at Admont, Styria, at Pilsen, Briren, Lentomischl, and Budweis, in Bohemia; and at Brunn and Nicolsburgh in Moravia.—The edict directs, among other things, that the bishops charged with the nomination of these professors, shall carefully select persons, well instructed, of good reputation for moral conduct, and who shall previously undergo due examination. The intention of this establishment, apparently, is to promulgate, by means of the clergy, a greatly improved system of rural economicks among the peasantry, where the lot of these clergy may be cast; as well as to improve the comforts of their own situation.

Phi. Panorama.

Calculating powers in an English boy. The publick have been amused within the last few weeks by a boy with extraordinary calculating powers, who is exhibited by his friends in the Great Room at Spring Gardens. Perhaps the following account of the calculating phenomenon of England, as he is called, will be a satisfaction to our readers.

George Bidder was born in a cottage at Morton Hamstead, twelve miles from Exeter, Devonshire, on the 14th of June, 1806. His father, William Bidder, a hard working mason, principally occupied in making the stone fences with which that country abounds, has seven children, four boys and three

girls.—The boys assist the father—girls at service. George, the youngest but two, whose time was employed as country children's is, went to a three-halfpence a-week school till seven years old, when the first proof he gave of his extraordinary abilities was in reckoning the nails in a horse's four shoes, and by degrees doubling them 32 times. This brought on other questions, when his ready replies induced his father to make a tour to the principal towns ; Bristol, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bath, Cambridge, &c. &c., where he gave universal satisfaction. In London he appeared before the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, Lord Stanhope, Sir Joseph Banks, and the principal nobility and gentry. Her Majesty having signified her commands, he appeared before her and the three Princesses at Windsor, and answered the questions proposed to him by the Bishop of Salisbury, without the least agitation or hesitation, so quickly and correctly as highly to please her Majesty, who made him a handsome present. He continues to improve in his calculations, and solves very difficult questions in a manner to astonish and delight the company. He is just now learning to write. Figures he cannot make, nor is it intended he should be taught yet.—Lord Stanhope, who has much noticed him, advising his friends against it, as fearing it may in some measure interfere with that intuitive faculty, he at present possesses; and certainly the knowledge of figures could not make him more ready than he now is.

The following, among many others, are questions that he has correctly answered.

1. Suppose a cistern capable of containing 170 gallons, to receive from one cock 54 gallons, and at the same time to lose by leakage 30 gallons in one minute, in what time will the said cistern be full? 2. How many drops are there in a pipe of wine, supposing each cubic inch to contain 4685 drops 281 inches to a gallon, and 126 gallons in a pipe? 3. How many times will a wheel of 7 feet 3 inches in circumference go round in going 999 miles? 4. Suppose the national debt to be 802,032,000*l.* ; if I pay 147,000*l.* a day, how long shall I be in paying it off? 5. What is the square root of 88, 115,700.

6. If a person has walked 14 miles each day for 14 years, reckoning 365 days to the year; how many inches has he walked?

7. If I purchase nine marbles for a half-penny; how many can I purchase at the same rate for 1075*l.* 10*s.* 2 1-2*d.*?

8. How many groats are there in 498,265,816 farthings?

9. Suppose St. Paul's was 20 years in building, and 500 people daily employed, and each person consumed half a pound of meat per day; how much was consumed in the 20 years?

10. Suppose a circular reservoir to contain 10,669 hogsheads at 6 feet in depth; what will it contain if made 10 1-2 inches deeper, and in what time would the whole be full from a spring producing 1 hogshead per minute?

11. If a man was to fall from the sun 80,000,000 miles, at a mile per minute; how long would he be falling?

12. In the cube of 36; how many times 15228?

Philosoph. Magazine.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Number of Undergraduates.—At or near the commencement of the present college year, the last of August and of September, sixty-two persons have been admitted into the freshman class, and ten into the other classes. The whole number of undergraduates is two hundred and eighty.

Officers and Graduates.—The following is the catalogue of officers of *Harvard University, Cambridge*—

Rev. John Thornton Kirkland, d. d. ll. d. President.

Aaron Dexter, m. d. Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mat. Medica, Emeritus.

William D. Peck, a. m. Massachusetts Professor of Natural History.

Rev. *Henry Ware*, d. d. Hollis Professor of Theology.

Hon. *Isaac Parker*, ll. d. Royall Professor of Law.

Levi Hedge, a. m. College Professor of Logick, Metaphysicks and Ethicks.

Rev. *John S. Popkin*, d. d. College Professor of Greek.

Rev. *Joseph Mac'Kean*, ll . d. Boylston Professor of Rhetorick and Oratory.

Sidney Willard, a. m. Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages.

James Jackson, m. d. Hersey Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine.

John C. Warren, M. D. Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery.

John Gorham, M. D. Erving Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica.

Levi Frisbie, A. M. College Professor of Latin.

John Farrar, A. M. Hollis Professor of Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy.

Andrews Norton, A. M. Librarian, and Dexter Lecturer.

Jacob Bigelow, M. D. Lecturer on Materia Medica and Botany.

Walter Channing, M. D. Lecturer on Obstetricks.

Joseph G. Kendall, A. M. Tutor of Geometry, Natural Philosophy, and Elementary Astronomy.

Rev. *Edward Everett*, A. M. Professor of Greek Literature.

Alston Gibbs, A. M. Tutor of Geometry, Natural Philosophy, and Elementary Astronomy.

Jonathan M. Wainwright, A. M. Instructer of Rhetorick and Oratory, and Registrar.

John Brazer, A. M. Tutor of Latin.

Francis Jackson, A. M. Proctor.

Samuel Gilman, A. M. Proctor.

Thomas Prentiss, A. M. Proctor.

Thomas Savage, A. M. Regent.

Francis W. P. Greenwood, A. B. Assistant Librarian.

James Walker, A. B. Proctor.

Instruct. French Language.

There are twenty-four Resident Graduates.

The *candidates* for the *ministry* at Cambridge are Mess'rs *Francis Jackson*, *Jonathan P. Dabney*, *Samuel Gilman*, *Thomas Prentiss*, *Henry Ware*, *Rufus Hurlbut*. Mr. *Joseph Allen*, recently at the University, was ordained on the 30th ult. at Northborough.

Library. In the last year about 500 volumes have been added to the Library by purchase, and 70 by donation, exclusive of a number purchased by Professor Everett, on the continent, consisting of classicks, several of the distinguished German works, lexicons, manuals for philological and divinity students, which have not yet been received; except one case, received by the Cordelia, Oct. 31. None of the college books were shipped in the Abeona, as was supposed.

Rumford Professor. Count Rumford's bequests, mentioned in a former number, is for "the purpose of founding under the direction and government of the corporation, overseers, and government, of the university, a new institution and professorship, in order to teach by regular courses of academical and public lectures, accompanied with proper experiments, the utility of the physical and mathematical sciences for the improvement of the useful arts, and for the extension of the industry, prosperity, happiness and well being of society."

The corporation have proceeded to establish this professorship, having chosen to it Jacob Bigelow, M. D. who is to be presented to the overseers for their concurrence at the next meeting.

The new Theological Seminary; upon an extended plan, is commencing. The foundations for the support of students in divinity are enlarged. The students are to be divided into three classes, and to attend lectures and exercises with several of the gentlemen already connected with the university, in different departments and others of the clergymen in the vicinity. The annual subscriptions are applied to the assistance of students. The other sums subscribed, estimated at about twenty seven thousand dollars, are reserved and put to interest by the trustees, as a provision for an additional professor of divinity, to be particularly devoted to the instruction of the theological seminary.

Professor of Chemistry. Dr. Dexter having been Erving professor of Chemistry from the commencement of the medical school of the university in 1783, has resigned his office; but has been desired to retain his place in the faculty, exempt from the obligation of service, with the title of professor of chemistry, Emeritus. Dr. John Gorham is appointed his successor.

The *Medical Lectures* begin at the medical college, Boston, on the 3d Wednesday of November.

The corporation of Harvard College have taken measures for building a very respectable observatory. They have appropriated between five and six thousand dollars for the purchase of a few instruments upon the largest scale, and of the

best workmanship. Contracts are already made for a mural circle of six feet diameter, a zenith sector, of ten feet radius, a transit instrument of eight feet, and a clock of the most approved construction, jewelled throughout. These are all to be of the same dimensions, and upon the same models with those lately put up in the observatory at Greenwich, England, and to be executed by the same artists. The philosophical apparatus of the college, is already furnished with a variety of telescopes and other astronomical instruments, that will be useful in an observatory.

New Work on Mineralogy. Professor Cleaveland of Brunswick college, will publish in the course of November, an elementary work on mineralogy and geology. The volume will contain near 700 pages in 8vo. with five plates, illustrating the structure and actual forms of crystals, &c. together with a geological map of the United States. An elementary treatise in English, on these subjects, has long been a desideratum, and the want of it has impeded the progress of this useful and interesting branch of science in this country. The work will furnish an introduction to the study of mineralogy and geology, not so brief as to be uninteresting, nor so extended as to be too expensive. In the execution of the work, neither the French nor German schools have been servilely followed. The author has not *confined* himself to either, but endeavoured to select and combine the excellences of both. In the introduction, the structure and forms of crystals, and the modes of describing their actual forms are explained—the various physical or external characters of minerals are enumerated with explanatory remarks, and the general principles of mineralogical arrangement are stated, together with a notice of the different modes of arrangement hitherto employed. In the body of the work, the various simple minerals are described with brief notices of their uses, &c.—To the mineralogical part is subjoined a chapter on geology, describing the structure of the exterior crust of the globe, so far as we are acquainted with it by actual observation, together with a brief view of the different geological systems. This is followed by a description of rocks or compound materials, and of volcanick productions. The concluding chapter is devoted to the geology of the United States, and is explanatory of the geological map.

We have extracted an article in this number, from the London *New Monthly Magazine*, for August last. This is the only number of the work which we have seen, and if it is a fair specimen of the whole of it, it is certainly superiour to the old *Monthly Magazine*, which it was expressly set up to rival. The politicks are directly opposite, and seem bigoted and narrow; a great admirer of Pitt Clubs, and all the permanent prejudices and temporary expedients of that description of partizans; of course about as despicable in this respect, as its rival in the other extreme bewailing the loss which the liberty and rights of mankind, have suffered in the overthrow of Bonaparte! The following sentence from the preface to the fifth volume, will give an idea of its candour and decency in politicks.—"We aspire not to be praised, quoted, or *reprinted* by foreigners: and to gain such distinctions, we shall never defame our country, lick the feet of a military despot, or fawn with spaniel-like servility upon a republican rabble."—Fortunately for this journal, politicks occupy a small share of its pages.

Mr. Maclure, who is well known for the valuable additions he has made to our stock of knowledge of the geology and mineralogy of the United States, has travelled this summer over New York, Vermont and Massachusetts, in company with a French naturalist, Mr. Leseur. This latter gentleman was one of the scientifick men, who were selected by the French government to accompany the expedition sent to the Pacifick Ocean under Captain Baudin, in 1802. He remained four years in that part of the world, making drawings and investigations in his department of Natural History, which is that of Fishes, Shells, &c. He has been this summer devoted to the examination of our waters for the same purpose, and has already collected a large number of fishes. The drawings which he has made of many of these, are not to be surpassed both for beauty and correctness: we do not know if it is his intention to publish an American Icthyology, but should this be the case, we hope the publick will generously encourage a work, that will be a companion to Wilson's Ornithology, and confer honour upon the country, as well as promote a knowledge of its natural history.

END OF NO. X.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

Nº. XI.

JANUARY, 1817.

The generall historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles, with the names of the adventurers, planters, and governours, from their first beginning ano. 1584, *to this present* 1626; *with the procedings of those several colonies, and the accidents that befell them in all their journyes and discoveries. Also, the maps and descriptions of all those countryes, their commodities, people, government, customes, and religion yet knowne. Divided into sixe Bookes. By Captaine John Smith, sometymes Governour in those countryes, and Admirall of New England. London, printed by I. D. and I. H. for Michael Sparkes,* 1626. *Folio, pp.* 248.

It would perhaps be difficult to find any individual who experienced more gallant adventures, and daring enterprises, of a highly romantick character in various countries, than the author of this volume. His life, without any fictitious additions, might easily be taken for a mere romance. He appears to have possessed many great qualities, and to have been deficient in nothing but that mean cunning and sordid spirit, by the aid of which, inferiour

men were able to thwart his views, and deprive him of those stations and rewards, which his services amply merited. He was one of the earliest and most ardent of those who undertook the settlement of Virginia; his bravery and capacity more than once saved that infant colony from destruction, and kept the enterprise from being abandoned for several years, though the absurdity of the schemes, and the profligacy, folly, and dishonesty of those who were to execute them, exposed the colony for many years to every calamity, and often brought it to the brink of ruin. His services availed him little, and after being defrauded of all his rights, he gave up the Virginia undertaking, and exerted himself to commence a new one without that patent. He made great efforts to induce a company to settle New-England, which indeed was commenced, but made but little progress before his death.

This history seems to be a compilation. At the end of most of the chapters, it is said, that they were written by this or that person who had been in Virginia, and comparatively a small portion of the work seems to have been composed by Smith himself. It contains a very minute account of the first settlement of Virginia, and also of that of Bermuda, and of the first four or five years of the Plymouth colony. We have, perhaps, a more detailed and accurate statement of every circumstance relating to the first settlement of Virginia and New-England, than can be found of any of the other States, even of those which have been recent establishments. The characters of those who commenced these two primitive colonies, and the course they pursued, were extremely opposite. This work, from which a few extracts will be made, is very scarce and valuable: the copy made use of, belongs to the Massachusetts Historical Society; its plates and engravings contribute to make it a curious article for the bibliographer, and one of the circumstances that he would remark in this copy, is the names of the owners in one of the blank pages for the last 130 years. Following the dedication are ten copies of verses, from various friends, as was the practice of that period. Several of these compliments are from men of eminence; and are more remarkable for quaintness and various conceits, such as arranging the verses to form dif-

'erent figures, than for poety. One of them may be taken as a specimen.

" Thomas Macarnesse to his worthy friend and countryman, Captaine John Smith.

" Who *loues* to *liue* at home, yet *looke* abroad,
And *know* both *passen* and *unpassen* road,
The prime plantation of an vnknowne shore,
The *men*, the *manners*, *fruitfulnesse*, and *store*:
Read but this little booke and then confesse,
The *lesse* thou *lik'st* and *low'st*, thou *liu'st* the *lesse*.

" He writ it with great labour for thy good,
Twice over, now in *paper*, 'fore in *blood*;
It cost him deare, both paines without an ayme,
Of *private* profit, for thy *publicke* gaine.
That thou mightst *read* and *know* and safely see
What he by *practice*, thou by *theoree*.

" *Commend* him for his loyall loving heart,
Or else *come mend* him and take thou his part.'

As there are but few books relating to America, so ancient as this, and as no readers will ever follow us through these examinations, save those happy few, who have a true relish for this kind of reading; and who know how to appreciate those curious volumes, which a profane wit said, " were now only rare, because they were always worthless;" we may therefore cite another copy of verses, which is prefixed to the account of New England. There is some curious prophesy in these lines, and it excites reflection to perceive how differently the Spaniards were considered in those days and our own.

To his friend Captaine Smith, upon his description of New England.

" Sir, your relations I have read: which shew,
There's reason I should honour *them* and *you*:
And if their meaning I have understood,
I dare to censure thus: your *project's* good;
And may, (if follow'd,) doubtlesse quit the paine,
With honour, pleasure, and a trebble gaine;
Beside the benefit that shall arise
To make more happy our posterities.

" For would we daigne to spare, though 'twere no more,
Than what ore-fils and surfets us in store,
To order *Nature's* fruitfulnesse awhile,
In that rude *Garden*, you *New England* stile;
With present good, there's hope in after daies,
Thence to repair what *Time* and *Pride* decaies
In this rich Kingdome. And the spacious *West*
Being still more with English blood possest,
The proud *Iberians* shall not rule those seas
To check our ships from sailing where they please;
Nor future times make any forraine power,
Become so great to force a bound to *our*.

" Much good my mind foretells would follow hence,
With little labour and with less expence.
Thriue therefore thy *Designe* who ere enuy:
England may ioy in *England's* colony
Virginia seeke her Virgin sisters good,
Be blessed in such happy neighbourhood:
Or whatso'er fate pleaseth to permit,
Be thou still honoured for first mouing it.
" GEORGE WITHER, *e societate Lincol.*"

The author of these lines was a man of learning, and wrote some curious works. Some of these have lately been reprinted, as rarities in England.

In describing the Indians of Virginia, he gives an account of their dress, of which the following is a part:—" In each eare they have commonly three great holes, whereat they hang chaines, bracelets, or copper. Some of their men wear in those holes, a small greene and yellow coloured snake, neare half a yard in length, which crawling and lapping itselfe about his necke, often times familiarly would kiss his lips. Others wear a dead rat, tyed by the taile. Some on their heads wear the wing of a bird, or some large feather with a Rattell. Those Rattells are somewhat like the shape of a Rapier, but lesse, which they take from the taile of a snake. Many have the whole skinne of a Hawke or some strange foule, stuffed with the wings abroad. Others a broad peece of copper, and some the hand of an enemy dryed. Their heads and shoulders are painted red with the roote *Pocone*, trayed to powder, mixed with oyle, this they hold in sommer to preserve them from the heate, and in winter from the cold. Many other formes of paint-

ings they use; but he is the most gallant who is the most monstrous to behold."

He describes their manner of burying the dead. By this it appears, that the mummy discovered in the cavern of Kentucky, and recently exhibited in our cities, was the body of some common individual which has been preserved merely by the qualities of the place in which it was found. The bodies of their kings were kept in their temples: "Their bodies are first bowelled, then dryed upon hurdles till they be very dry, and so about most of their joynts and necke they hang bracelets, or chaines of copper, pearle, and such like, as they vse to weare, their inwards they stuffe with copper beads, hatchets and such trash. They lappe them very carefully in white skins, and so rowle them in mats for their winding sheets. And in the tombe, which is an arch made of matts, they lay them orderly. What remaineth of this kinde of wealth their kings have, they set at their feet in baskets. These temples and bodies are kept by their priests. For their ordinary burialls, they dig a deepe hole in the earth with sharp stakes, and the corpse being lapped in skins and mats with their iewels, they lay vpon stickes on the ground, and so couer them with earth. The buriall ended, the women being painted all their faces with black cole and oyle, doe sit twenty-foure houres in the houses mourning and lamenting by turnes, with such yelling and howling, as may expresse their great passions."

At the conclusion of his description of Virginia, he tells us the state of the colony when he left it, and the rewards he had recieved, for his long services. "In the year 1609, about Michaelmas, I left the countrey, as is formerly related, with three ships, seuen boats, commodities to trade, haruest newly gathered, eight weekes prouision of corne and meale, about fiue hundred persons, three hundred muskets, shot, powder, and match, with armes for more than we had. The saluages, their language and habitation, well knowne to two hundred expert souldiers; nets for fishing, tooles of all sorts, apparel to supply their wants: six mares and a horse, fiue or six hundred swine, many more poultry, what was brought or bred, but victuall there remained.

"Hauing spent some fiue yeares, and more than fiue hundred pounds in procuring the Letters Patents and set-

ting forward, and neere as much more about *New England*, &c. Thus these nineteene yeares I haue here and there not spared anything according to my abilitie, nor the best aduice I could, to perswade how those strange miracles of misery might haue been prevented,* which lamentable experience plainly taught me must of necessitie insue, but few would beleeue me till now they haue too dearly paid for it. Wherefore hitherto I haue rather left all than undertake impossibilities, or any more such costly taskes at such chargeable rates: for in neither of those two countries haue I one foot of land, nor the very house I builded, nor the ground I digged with my owne hands, nor euen any content or satisfaction at all, and though I see ordinarily those two countries shared before me by them that neither haue them nor know them, but by my descriptions: yet that doth not so much trouble me, as to heare and see those contentions and diuisions which will hazard if not mine the prosperitie of *Virginia*, if present remedy bee not found, as they haue hindred many hundreds, who would haue beene there ere now, and make them yet that are willing to stand in a demurre."

In the account of the *Summer Isles*, or Bermuda, there are some curious anecdotes: one of these contains some circumstances of horrour, that can hardly be surpassed: "In the month of March, a time most subject of all others to such tempests, on a Friday, there went seuen men in a boat of two or three tunnes to fish. The morning being faire, so eager were they of their journey, some went fasting; neither carried they either meat or drinke with them, but a few Palmeta berries; but being at their fishing place some foure leagues from the shore, such a tempest arose, they were quickly driven from the sight of land in an ouergrown sea, despairing of all hope, onely committing themseules to God's mercy, let the boat drive which way shee would. On Sunday, the storm being somewhat abated, they hoysted saile as they thought towards the Island. In the euening it grew starke calme; so that being too weake to use their oares they lay adrift that night. The next

*He here alludes to the calamities which were experienced after he left the country, owing to the mismanagement of those who were in power.

morning *Andrew Hilliard*, for now all his companions were past strength either to help him or themselues, before a small gale of wind spread his saile againe. On Tuesday one died whom they threw ouerboard. On Wednesday three. And on Thursday at night the sixth. All these but the last were buried by *Hilliard*, in the sea, for so weake hee was growne hee could not turn him ouer as the rest, whereupon hee stripped him, ripping up his belly with his knife, throwing his bowels into the water, hee spread his body abroad tilted open with a stick, and so let it lie as a cistern to recieue some lucky raine water, and this God sent him presently after, so that in one small shoure hee recouered about foure spoonfulls of raine water to his vnspeakable refreshment; he also preserved about half a pint of a blood in a shooe, which he did sparingly drink of to moist his mouth: two several days he fed on his flesh, to the quantity of a pound, on the eleuenth day from his losing the sight of land, two flying fishes fals in his boat whose warm iucie blood hee sucked to his great comfort. But within an houre after to his greater comfort you will not doubt, he once againe descried the land, and within foure houres after was cast vpon a rocke neere to Port Royall, where his boat was presently split in pieces, but himselfe though extremely weake, made shift to clamber vp so steep and high a rocke, as would haue troubled the ablest man in the isle to have done that by day which he did by night.

"Being thus astride on a rocke, the tumbling sea had got such possession in his braines that a good while it was before his giddy head would suffer him to venture vpon the forsaking it: towards the morning he craules ashore, and then to his accomplished ioy descernes where hee is, and trauels half a day without any refreshment than water, whereof wisely and temperately he stinted himselfe, otherwise certainly hee had drunke his fast. In which case hee attaines a friend's house; where at first they took him for a ghost, but at last acknowledged and recieved him with ioy, his story after some houres of recouery of strength to tell it heard out with admiration: hee was not long after conueyed to the towne, where he received his former health, and was living in the yeere 1622."

Another curious account is given of the voyage of five individuals from the Island of Bermuda, who resolving at all hazards to escape from the tyranny and cruelty of the Governour, adventured in a small boat across the Atlantick, and arrived safe in Ireland. This is doubtless the most remarkable instance on record of a successful attempt to perform this voyage in so small a vessel. "So it was that fiue of them, seeing by no means they could get passage for England, resolued to vndergoe all hazards but they would make an escape from such seruitude. The chief mariner and plotter of this businesse, was *Richard Sanders* and his confederates, *William Goodwin* a ship carpenter, *Thomas Harrison* a ioyner, *Iames Barker* a gentleman, and *Henry Puet*. These repairing to the Gouernour, and with pleasing insinuations told him, if hee would allow them but things necessary, they would build him a boat, of two or three tunnes with a close decke, should goe a fishing in all weathers. The Gouernour half proud that hee had brought his men to so good a passe, as he concieued, to offer themselues to so necessary a worke; instantly with all willingnesse furnished them with all things they could desire, and many faire promises to encourage them to performe it with all expedition. Hauing made choice of a place most free from molestation, they went forward with that expedition that in a short time shee was brought to perfection. By this time, the ship that brought the Gouernour, being ready to depart, hee sends a lusty gange to goe fetch his new boat to carry him aboard, but arriuing at the place where she was built, they could heare no more of her, but she was gone the last euening to sea, to try how she would saile. Much search and dispute was where this boat should be: but at last they found diuers letters in the cabins, to this effect, directed to the Gouernour and other their friends: that their hard and bad vsage was so intolerable, and their hope so small euer againe to see their country, or be deliuered from such seruitude, they did rather chuse to put themselues in that desperate hazard to goe for England, in which if they miscarried, as it was much to be mistrusted, their liues and bloods should be required at their hands who were the cause. A compasse diall *Barker* had borrowed of Master *Hues*, to whom he writ, that as hee had often persuaded them to patience, and that God would pay

them though none did: he must now be contented with the loss of his diall, with his own doctrine. Such leasure they found to be merry, when in the eye of reason they were marching into a most certaine ruine. The Gouernour being thus satisfied of their escape, extremely threatened them no lesse than a hanging, but the stormes of the ocean they now more feared than him; good prouision by bartering they had got from the ship, where *Goodwin* in a brauado told the mariners, though he could not be permitted to goe with them, yet peraduenture he might be in England before them, whereat the master and his mate laughed merrily. But hauing beene now vnder saile three weekes, the winds so fauored them, they had felt nothing of what they had cause to feare: then a blustering gale blowing in their teeth, put them to much extremity for diuers dayes, then becoming more gentle away they passed prosperously some eight or ten dayes more, till meeting a French Piccaroune of whom they desired succour, hee like himself tooke from them what hee liked, leauing them not so much as a crossestaffe to obserue withall, and so cast them off: their course still they continued till their victualls began to fall to the lowest ebbe; and the very knees of their small vessell were halfe hewed away for firewood. At last to their infinite ioy they arriued in *Ireland*, where the Earl of *Tomund* honorably entertained them, and caused the boat to be hung vp for a monument, and well she might, for she had sailed more than 3300 miles by a right line throw the maine sea, without any sight of land, and I think since God made the world, the like nauigation was neuer done, nor heard of. This fortunate *Sanders* going to the *East-Indies*, in the rifling some ships there tooke, it was his chance to buy an old chest, for three or foure shillings, but because it wanted a key hee repented his bargaine, and would gladly haue sold it againe for lesse. A certaine time it lay tossed to and fro as a thing hee little regarded, but at last hauing little to doe, hee broke it open, where he found a thousand pounds sterling, or so much gold as bought him in *England* a good estate, which leauing with his wife he returned againe to the *East Indies*."

One of the most animated parts of this work, is that se which he strives to rouse the publick, to undertake the colonizing of New-England. An extract from this will serve

to give a higher idea of his style, than the passages before quoted. "Who can desire more content that hath small meanes, or but onely his merit to aduance his fortunes, than to tread and plant that ground he hath planted by the hazard of his life; if hee haue but the taste of virtue and magnanimity, what to such a minde can bee more pleasant than planting and building a foundation for his posterity, got from the rude earth by God's blessing and his owne industry without prejudice, to any, if hee haue any grain of faith or zeal in religion, what can hee do lesse hurtful to any, or more agreeable to God, than to seek to conuert those poore salvages to knowe Christ and humanity, whose labours with discretion will triple requite thy charge and paine; what so truly sutes with honour and honesty, as the discouering things unknowne, erecting townes, peopling countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things uniust, teaching vertue and gaine to our native mother country; a kingdom to attend her, finde employment for those that are idle because they know not what to doe: so farre from wronging any, as to cause posterity to remember thee, and remembering thee, euer honour that remembrance with praise. Consider what were the beginnings and endings of the monarchies of the Chaldeans, the Syrians, the Grecians and Romans, but this one rule; what was it they would not do for the good of their common weale, or their mother city? For example, *Rome*, what made her such a monarchesse, but onely, the aduentures of her youth, not in riots at home, but in dangers abroad, and the iustice and judgement out of their experiences when they grew aged; what was their ruine and hurt but this, the excesse of idleness, the fondness of parents, the want of experience in Maiestrates, the admiration of their undeserued honours, the contempt of true merit, their uniust jealousies, their politicke incredulities, their hypocriticall seeming goodnesse and their deeds of secret lewdnesse; in fine, growing onely formall temporists, all that their predecessors got in many yeares they lost in a few daies: those by their paines and vertues become Lords of the world, they by their ease and vices became slaves to their seruants; this is the difference betwixt the vse of armes in the field, and on the monuments of stones, the golden age, and the leaden age, prosperity and misery, justice

and corruption, substance and shadowes, words and deeds, experience and imagination, making common weales, and marring common weales of the fruits of vertue and the conclusions of vice.

"Then who would live at home idly, or think in himselfe any worth to liue, onely to eat, drinke and sleepe and so die; or by consuming that carelessly, his friends got worthily, or by vsing that miserably that maintained vertue honestly, or for being descended nobly, and pine with the vaine vaunt of great kindred in penury, or to maintaine a silly shew of bravery, toile out thy heart, soule and time basely; by shifts, tricks, cards, and dice, or by relating newes of other men's actions, sharke here and there for a dinner or supper, deceive thy friends by faire promises and dissimulation, in borrowing where thou never meanest to pay, offend the lawes, surfet with excesse, burthen thy countrie, abuse thy selfe, despaire in want, and then couzen thy kindred, yea, even thy own brother, and wish thy parents death, (I will not say damnation,) to have their estates, though thou seest what honours and rewards the world yet hath for them, that will seek them and worthily deserve them.

"I would bee sorry to offend, or that any should mistake my honest meaning; for I wish good to all, hurt to none; but rich men, for the most part, are growne to that dotage through their pride in their wealth, as though there were no accident could end it or their life.

"And what hellish care doe such take to make it their owne misery and their countries spoile, especially when there is most need of their emploiment, drawing by all manner of inuentions from the prince and his honest subiects, even the vital spirits of their powers and estate: as if their baggs or braggs were so powerful a defence, the malicious could not assault them, when they are the onely bait to cause vs not only to bee assaulted, but betrayed and murthered in our own security ere we will perceive it."

An account of the late revolution in New England, together with the declaration of the gentlemen, merchants and inhabitants of Boston, and the country adjacent, April 18, 1689. *Written by Mr. Nathaniel Byfield,*

a merchant of Bristol in New England, to his friends in London. Licensed June 27, 1689. *I. Fraser. London, printed for R. Chiswell, St. Paul's Church yard,* 1689.

This pamphlet contains the declaration of the leading people, who deposed and made prisoner, Sir Edmund Andross, for his arbitrary and oppressive proceedings. It also contains the summons to the Governour, and a minute relation of the circumstances attending his arrest, and is, therefore, a useful document in the history of these proceedings.

The people's right to election, or alteration of government in Connecticut, argued in a letter, by Gershom Bulkeley, Esq. one of their Majesties justices of the peace in the county of Hartford. Together with a letter to the said Bulkeley, from a friend of his in the Bay. To which is added, the writing delivered to James Russell, Esq. of Charlestown, warning him and others concerned, not to meet to hold a Court at Cambridge, within the county of Middlesex. By Thomas Greaves, Esq. Judge of their Majesties Inferiour Court of Please, and one of their Majesties Justices of the Peace within the said County. And also his answer to Mr. Broadstreet; and the gentlemen met at the Townhouse in Boston concerning the same. Published for the information and satisfaction of their Majesties loyall (but abused) subjects in New England. Philadelphia, printed by the assignees of William Bradford, Anno. 1689.

These gentlemen, Mr. Bulkeley and Mr. Greaves, were two magistrates appointed by the tyrannical Governour Andross; and their sentiments of government were worthy of their patron. Mr. Bulkeley's argument goes to the greatest lengths in enforcing the most arbitary principles of government, and the duty of passive obedience. His pamphlet is written with very considerable ability, and makes the most of an unsound doctrine. It may be easily supposed how unpopular such a work must have been among a

people, intent upon self government, and as it was printed at Philadelphia, it is probable that no printer in New England could be found to publish it.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

An Embassy sent to the Pope, from the University of Heidelberg. Extract from a letter.

In the year 1622, when the war of the reformation was raging in Germany, the Bavarians came to Heidelberg, and thinking it a great shame the hereticks should remain in the possession of so many fine MSS, they took them all very quietly away, and soon after to prevent all such accidents for the future, made a formal present of them to his holiness at Rome. There they have ever since remained on the shelves of the Vatican, and have served to fill many a bitter page of the travels of the German men of letters who have visited Rome. At length, in this day of universal reckoning and restitution, the professors, &c. at Heidelberg, thought they ought to come in for their portion of justice, and sent one of their members, not so much to claim the MSS as stolen goods, as to appeal to the Pope's generosity and gratitude, and move him by persuasion, to return them. The ambassador was very kindly received, and the Pope summoned his counsel to consider the claim; in which it is understood he personally favoured it. The decision however was, that all the MSS relating to Germany, particularly its antiquities, history, literature, &c. should be returned, without inquiry into the question of right, but as a testimony of the gratitude of the Pope, for his obligation to the German nation, in what they had done to restore him to his prerogatives; and that the Latin and Greek MSS, &c. should remain, as he considered them the property of the world, rather than of any individual people. This does not appear to be unsatisfactory to the corporation who sent the embassy. They have recovered by it, about one thousand very curious and precious documents for their early history and literature; and though

they would have been no less pleased to have recovered the two thousand five hundred Classical MSS they had lost, yet they are not disposed to complain.

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FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Anecdote of Mrs. Siddons, from Holcroft's Memoirs.

The company of which old Mr. Kemble was the manager, was more respectable than many other companies of strolling players; but it was not in so flourishing a condition as to place the manager beyond the reach of the immediate smiles or frowns of fortune; of this, the following anecdote may be cited as an instance.

A benefit had been fixed for some of the family, in which Miss Kemble, then a little girl, was to come forward in some part, as a juvenile prodigy. The taste of the audience was not, it seems, so accommodating, as in the present day, and the extreme youth of the performer disposed the gallery to noise and uproar, instead of admiration. Their turbulant dissatisfaction quite disconcerted the child, and she was returning bashfully from the stage, when her mother, who was a woman of a high spirit, and alarmed for the success of her little actress, came forward, and leading the child to the front of the house, made her repeat the fable of the boys and the frogs, which entirely turned the tide of popular opinion in her favour. What must have been the feelings of the same mother, when this child (afterwards Mrs. Siddons,) became the admiration of the whole kingdom, the first seeing of whom was an event in every person's life, never to be forgotten!

Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance on the London stage, about the year 1778.

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FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

[Among the small number of native South-Americans, who have been able to surmount the combined obstacles of

Monkish tyranny and Colonial degradation, and attain eminence in the world, the subject of the following article is one of the most conspicuous. It forms a striking illustration of the deplorable state of Spain, and taken in conjunction with later events, how hopeless is her chance of escape from that monstrous ecclesiastical tyranny which paralizes every part of her system, and whose fangs are fixed in her very heart: it will continue to feed on the vital strength of the country, and will perish from inanition when that is exhausted. The article is translated from Grimm's Memoirs, by a gentleman who knew Olivades in Paris. We offer our thanks to him for this favour.

Olivades.

Don Paul Olivades is of Lima, capital of Peru. He was born with early talents, a blessing not uncommon in southern countries. He applied himself to the sciences, he cultivated letters from his infancy. He arose at the age of twenty years, to the dignity of Oydor of Lima.

In 1748, or 1749, there was a great earthquake, by which the whole of the Callao and a great part of Lima were overthrown. Don Paul, who had in his custody sums of money belonging to inhabitants who had lost their lives in that disaster; judged proper to employ the property which was not claimed by any heir, to the construction of a church and a theatre, where the citizens might go to dissipate the sorrowful impression of the catastrophe from which they had escaped. The priests disapproved the erection of the theatre, and complained of it as a crime to the ministry at Madrid. *Hinc prima Mali labes.*

Under the preceding reign, the clergy had assumed an ascendency without bounds over the mind of Ferdinand the sixth. His confessor, the father Ravago, a Jesuit, had persuaded him, that the first and most essential duties of a Catholick king, was an entire submission to the will of the Lord's anointed. And the good king would have seen hell yawning under his feet, if he had not blindly conformed to the counsels of Ravago. All the religion of this prince consisted in trifling practices, and they had taken care in his education that he should be taught nothing better. It was therefore very easy for Ravago and his colleagues, the

Jesuits, to shew him, in Olivades, a man without religion, without morals, an impious wretch, who had preferred the construction of a church and a theatre, to the construction of two churches; an atrocious villain, who deserved capital punishment. Don Paul was accordingly ordered to Madrid, to render an account of his conduct. His innocence was evident, and his conduct irreproachable, in the judgment of every man of sense. He hesitated not to obey. But he was scarcely arrived, when the priests pursued him with the utmost violence, had him arrested in his own house, traduced him as an infidel, a dissipator of the publick treasure, and by their underhand intrigues, had him conducted to the prison, called Carcel de Corte, where he was exposed to every thing that animosity and wickedness could inspire. Here he suffered very much. Among other infirmities, he was seized with a general swelling, which more particularly affected his limbs, and from which, in the judgment of the physicians, he was in danger of perishing, if they did not immediately change his air. The persecutions of the priests, and by their means of the ministry, rendered the thing difficult. Nevertheless, a generous citizen, by giving a personal caution, obtained leave that Paul might go seven leagues from Madrid, to Leganez, where they breathe a salubrious air. Don Domingo Jauregni, a man of known opulence and merit, became surety, and Don Paul was set at liberty.

There was at Leganez, a widow of two husbands, Donna Isabel de los Rios, whose last husband had left her immense riches. The ladies are compassionate. This widow, touched with the misfortunes of a gentleman, who had wit and youth, knowledge and figure, offered him her hand. Don Paul accepted it upon condition, that the fortune should remain to the longest liver, which was agreed, and Don Olivades became enormously rich. In Spain, as well as elsewhere, gold is the most powerful mean of smoothing difficulties, especially those which arise from the clergy; and very soon Don Paul was set at liberty, his innocence acknowledged, and he was declared a loyal and faithful subject of the king. Whatever we may say of riches, they sometimes serve a good purpose.

Don Paul employed a part of his wealth in wholesale commerce, and engaged in partnership with Don Miguel

Gigon, a knight of St. James, established at Paris, and Don Joseph Almanza, a celebrated merchant of Madrid. This association was fortunate, and Don Paul possessed a greater fortune than was necessary to support an imposing establishment. He furnished his house in the French style, where predominated ease and manners which characterize the French among nations. Every year, he made a journey to Paris; after some months of residence in that capital, he returned with all the novelties he had judiciously collected, in the sciences, in literature, and the productions of the arts.

It was at this time, that he projected a reformation of the bad taste of the Spanish spectacles; and that he erected a theatre in his own hotel. He had translated in verse the tragedies of Voltaire; and it was there that all Madrid saw for the first time represented, Merope and Zaire, by young actors whom he supported and maintained at his expense, and whom he had the inconceivable patience of forming to a good declamation.

This theatre, where all sorts of refreshments were served gratis, was frequented by the nobles. There was heard the musick of Duni, of Cretry, in the "Ninette a la cour," and in the "Painter in love with his model," and other operas comiques, which he had translated into Spanish, in the metre of the French poems.

The queen of Spain died in 1760 or 1761. The court of Spain is dull at all times; subjected to a slavish etiquette, it becomes altogether gloomy, in the times of the great mournings; the public spectacles are shut up; it is not permitted to enjoy domestick amusements. Don Olivades made choice of this opportunity to make a journey to Italy; and upon his return to Madrid, they appointed him corregidor of Seville, with the functions of inspector-general, civil and political, over the population and over the new colony of Sierra Morena, an immense country between Andalusia and Estramadura, under a beautiful sky, and fertile enough to produce three or four crops in a year.

The ministry began to be convinced, that the power of a state would go on diminishing as long as the population, the true riches, should not bear a just proportion with the extent of the country. They had consequently invited Catholick families from Switzerland into Sierra Morena.

They had granted them facilities and franchises necessary to success; and colonists had collected in crowds. They had formed two or three villages or cities, and Don Olivades, in his quality of corregidor of Seville, had the direction of the colony and the superintendance of the interests of the king.

Among the great number of Catholicks, there had creeped in some Protestants. And it is necessary to observe, that in no country of Europe is religious fanaticism so violent as among the Catholicks of Switzerland. They are for the most part, clownish peasants, superstitious, ignorant, intoxicated with the absurdities of their priests, men of the same stamp as their flocks, and capable, for the propagation of their religion, of committing in cold blood, the most desperate crimes. It is, moreover, necessary to remark, that these Catholicks are persuaded, the more masses they leave to be said over their carcases, the more they shall be assured of the repose of their souls; a prejudice, in consequence of which, they disappointed their children of all the property which they had acquired by the sweat of their brows, and bequeathed it to the church.

To obviate this last abuse, Don Olivades published an ordinance as corregidor, which annulled every testament which contained a donation to pious uses, because the priests had already sufficient salaries from the state, and had no need of this addition to their wealth.

Another excitement of fury against him, was, that the Colonists transplanted from a cold to a warm climate, were become subject to maladies which carried them off by hundreds. The church bells proclaimed every moment, the death of some, and the danger of others. Don Olivades thought it prudent to put a stop to this perpetual din of bells. Then the corregidor is accused of indifference in matters of religion; of interfering in sacred things; of touching the Holy Ark; and of TOLERATING Protestants among those Colonists who cultivated Sierra Morena.

The ordinary vices of those, who pretend to have renounced the world, such as intrigue, unbounded ambition, arrogant avarice, concealed under the venerated cloak of devotion, aroused the whole body of the clergy: and the confessor of the king, the father Osma, a Franciscan Friar, a man, avaricious, ignorant, hypocritical, envious, the sink

of every vice, placed himself at the head of the furies who swore the destruction of Don Olivades.

When Charles the Third ascended the throne of Spain, in 1759, the first act of his sovereignty fell upon the unlimited power of the Inquisition. At that time, that monarch was surrounded by wise men. They convinced him, that this independent power, within a state, contrary to his authority, was the source of prejudices, of terrours, and of national imbecility. In consequence of these representations, he prohibited the inquisitors to determine definitively upon any object, without having first obtained his approbation. And Don Quintano, bishop of Pharsalia, was banished for several months for having proscribed, I know not what work, without the consent of the monarch. The priests were compelled to have recourse to submissions, often repeated, and very humiliating, to obtain his recall. Liberal men now hoped, that reduced to the condition of Venice, where three senators assist at the trials, pronounce their opinions first and give the ton; the terrible tribunal would be no more in future at Madrid than a scarecrow.

In these critical circumstances for Don Olivades, the inquisitor general died. Who should be appointed to that place? Osma, the king's confessor, solicited it for himself, well knowing that it would be refused him, because he was necessary for the king's amusements, which were not always the most laudable. He expected however, that he should be allowed to confer the office upon whom he saw fit, and in this he was not disappointed. Osma represented to the sovereign, that no man in the church or the empire, appeared to him so worthy of occupying the office as the Bishop of Zamora. But he had given notice to the Bishop, and counselled him to reject the offer with contempt, and resolutely say to the king, that in the actual state of things, when the grand Inquisitor could not separate the tares from the good grain, without exposing himself to the rigour of the laws, he could not, in conscience, preside in a tribunal almost annihilated and entirely dishonoured; and that a prince who had so far forgotten the interests of christianity, would answer one day for all the crimes, occasioned by his culpable indulgence, and would suffer before God, the severest of his judgments. The monarch intimidated, revoked the edict which he had given in 1760, and the inquisi-

tion arose out of its ashes, and as might be expected, more ferocious than it ever had been.

The old age of a king, is always a great misfortune for his people, especially in Spain. Whether it be the etiquette of that court, which will not permit him to instruct himself in his youth; or whether he sucks the milk of superstition with his first breath; or whether, in proportion as he declines in years, the religious mummeries in which he was rocked in his cradle, become more imperious over his mind; or whether the heat of the climate gives more activity to these causes; or whether the races of men degenerate there with more rapidity.

The new inquisitor must have a victim, and he must be a great victim. Such an one was indicated to him in Don Paul Olivades. He is seized. His condemnation was pronounced before his detention. They examine, and they empoison all the actions of his publick and private life. They search his library and his manuscripts. They there found the works of Montesquieu, of Voltaire, of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the Dictionary of Bayle, and the Encyclopedia, and translations of some of those works. It was then that they vociferated the cry of scandal. He was dragged into the prisons of the court, and into the dungeons of the inquisition, and they seized his property, moveable and immoveable. This tribunal will not suffer men to learn to think; but it compels them to believe and to be ignorant of every thing but its own power and prerogatives. Don Olivades was attainted and convicted of a philosophical spirit, condemned to make the *amende honorable*, covered with *san benito*, and to be hanged till he was dead. The rigour of this sentence, after some time, was committed into two hundred stripes with rods, through the cross streets of the city, and a perpetual enclosure in a strong prison; and after a second delay into a degradation from his nobility, the interdiction of a horse, a cloathing of hair cloth, and a confinement in a convent, where he should be subject to all the duties of the monastick life.

Don Miguel Gigon, the friend and associate of Olivades, solicited of his gaolers an attestation of his good conduct. They compounded with the inquisitors, and the prisoner, at the price of money, obtained the release of his property, his reestablishment, and his liberty.

We have written this abridgment of the misfortunes of Olivades, to convince mankind, how dangerous it is to do good against the will of the inquisition, and to be circumspect in their conduct, where that tribunal subsists.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Venner on Tobacco.

There is a work by Dr. Venner published in quarto, in 1637, entitled, *Via recta ad vitam longam, or a plain philosophical demonstration of the nature, faculties and effects of all such things as by way of nourishment make for the preservation of health, &c. &c.* This contains some sensible things, and many opinions that the improvement of medical science has rendered obsolete, the whole written in a quaint style. The author has added to his work a treatise on Tobacco, of which the following is the title: *A brief and accurate treatise concerning the taking the fume of tobacco, which very many in these days do, too licentiously use: in which the immoderate, irregular, and unseasonable use thereof is reprehended, and the true nature and best manner of using it, perspicuously demonstrated. By To. Venner, Doctor of Physick in Bathe. London, printed* 1637. The use of Tobacco is permitted to persons of particular constitutions under certain circumstances. One of the directions for making it useful is, "a detaining of the fume only in the mouth, and thrusting it forth again at the nostrills, for heating and drying of the braine, and for dissolving and dissipating of cold humours and superfluous vapours that reside in it." The author's opinions advert only to the use of this plant in smoking; the polished practice of chewing, and the fashion of snuff-taking, were probably introduced later, at least he says nothing about them; on the whole, he speaks very unfavourably of it. The treatise concludes with the following summary:

"Now that I may impose an end to this businesse, I will summarily rehearse the hurts that Tobacco inferreth, if it be used contrary to the order and way I have set

down. It drieth the braine, dimmeth the sight, vitiateth the smell, hurteth the stomack, destroyeth the concoction, disturbeth the humors and spirits, corrupteth the breath, induceth a trembling of the limbes, exsiccateth the wind-pipe, lungs, and liver, annoyeth the milt, scorcheth the heart, and causeth the blood to be adusted. Moreover it eliquateth the pinguie substance of the kidnies, and absumeth the geniture. In a word, it overthroweth the spirits, perverteth the understanding, and confoundeth the senses with a sudden astonishment, and stupiditie of the whole body. All which hurts I affirme, that the immoderate and intempestive use of Tobacco doth effect, both by reason of its temperament, but especially, through the property of its substance: wherefore the use of it is only tolerable by way of physick, not for pleasure or an idle custome."

"To conclude therefore, I wish them that desire to have *mentem sanam in corpore sano*, altogether to abandon *insanum præposterumque Tobacci usum.* This is all which seemed good unto me to be written of Tobacco's fume partly for shewing the right manner of using it, but especially for reproving the too licentious, liberall, and intempestive taking of it, which very many in these dayes, do to their own ruine lewdly, and for want of better employment foolishly effect."

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Sir,

In offering for your Journal the following piece of biography, I should assign to you some of the reasons which induced me to take up what may be considered a singular subject. A professor of Astronomy at Bologna, had made a prophecy that the world would come to an end on the 18th of July last; and this fanatical prediction being noised abroad, found many believers among the ignorant and credulous, in various countries of Europe, and gave rise to some extravagances. While this was a topick of conversation, I happened to be engaged in

perusing some volumes of Luther's works, in which I found several passages relating to a similar extravagance, though carried to much greater lengths of this Stiefel, who was celebrated among the early reformers for his zeal, and was also eminent for his skill in Mathematicks. Having taken some notes, and finding that Bayle had given a very imperfect account of him in his article Stiefelius; I was induced to compose the following sketch, founded on the mention made of him in different works. A case of similar fanaticism resembling this in several particulars, occurred a few years since in Hampshire county, Massachusetts.

To the Editor.

Michael Stiefel, one of the first German reformers, was born at Esseling, in the year 1496. His education was of course catholick; and he seems early to have been entered in some religious house, for he was early a professed Augustine.* It was his misfortune, however, to live in very troublesome times, and to have at once talents, which urged him to take an active part in them, and a temper which prevented him from behaving with the coolness and consistency they required. While he was still in the flower and fervour of his youth, the reformation which shook all Germany to its centre, first broke out, and he was not of a disposition or an age to look quietly on. How soon he began to engage in the controversy, or what was the progress of his opinions, is no longer to be ascertained: but his discipleship to Luther's doctrines was so prompt,† that the editor of Weiler's letter speaking of the early converts of the reformation adds, "quorum quoque primus fuit Michael Stiffelius"‡—and it was so bold and decisive, that in 1522, he had been already called

* Buck's Geschichte des Mathematick in Preussen, p. 34.

† It seems, that he changed so early as to lie still under the civil power of the Catholicks, for Luther tells him, "you were able to remain silent *a long time* under the Catholicks," &c. Works of Luther, Halle edit. xxii. p. 1974. He must therefore have changed very early, for it was only in 1519, that the Reformation, properly speaking, was commenced, and in 1522, he was already a protestant preacher.

‡ Acta Borussica ii. 686.

as an evangelical preacher to Mansfield.* His talents were considerable, his learning probably still greater, and his zeal certainly beyond both; so that he was a man well calculated to make an impression in times of change and confusion like those in which he lived. We accordingly find him early mentioned with great kindness and confidence by Luther;† and what is still more remarkable, and not a little to the credit of Luther's character, which has sometimes been called in question in this respect, this kindness followed his friends, after his confidence in them must have been lost. But though he was calculated to make an impression, he was not calculated long to support it; and it is not therefore surprising, that he soon left his people, and for a time his profession. When this change took place, is as uncertain as most of the other circumstances of his early life; but in 1527, he had already been a private teacher in the family of some Austrian Nobleman,‡ whose name is not mentioned; and in 1528, he was again a preacher of the reformed doctrines, with a parish and a support at Lochau, which Luther thought very good,§ and where he married the widow of the Bishop of Lochau.‖ This situation however, he also abandoned, partly perhaps, from his natural fickleness, and partly from a desire of being nearer to Luther, whom he loved, and in the heat of the controversy, which he loved still more—and was settled again in Holzendorf, in the neighbourhood of Wittemberg, the head-quarters of Luther and the reformation.¶

* See Luther's Letter to Wolphiango Stein, 17th March, 1522, in Schülze's collection of Luther's Letters ii. 44.

† See Luther's Letters to Stiefel in the collectionora, etc. T. F. Buddei Epis. lxxxii. lxxxiii. lxxxiv. xcii. and cxcix. See too, his two letters to Stiefel justifying his marriage, Works x. 798. 801.

‡ Buck's Geschichte, p. 34.

§ Luther's Letter to John Agricola. Aurifaber's collection, ii. 386.

‖ See Epist. 667, in the Halle edit. of Luther's Works. Tom. xxi. p. 1125.

¶ Welleri Epistola. It is necessary here to say something of this chief document in the history of Stiefel. Peter Weller, its author, was brother of the famous Jerome Weller, the theologian, and lived now at Wittemberg. At the instance of Luther, he went to Holzendorf, to hear Stiefel preach on the 3d October, and on the 17th November. Immediately following, he wrote this letter to Johannes Brismannus, describing all he had seen and heard. It was first published with a preface, and from the Autograph in the Acta Borussica, tom. ii. 686, 697.

This, however, was a dangerous moment for a man even of a much firmer and cooler temper than Stiefel, to commence the difficult task of explaining the scriptures. The theologians, who before had known no more of the Bible than was to be found in their Breviaries and Psalters, now had the whole thrown open before them—and in a superstitious age, and among a rude people, where the belief in Alchymy and Astrology was general, the dark mysteries of the prophets and the revelations would naturally command all interest and faith. The true Anti-Christ was easily found by Luther and his friends to be the power of the Romish church, of whose approaching and fearful overthrow the visions of Patmos gave indications not to be mistaken,* and the war with the Turks was no less obviously the tremendous one foreseen by Daniel wasting the earth, the close of which would be speedily followed by the final end of all things.† These were the two chief points of biblical inquiry,‡ upon which the learning and imagination of the times were wasted, and which carried captive the judgment and good sense of nearly all who ventured into the theological or political warfare of the reformation.

Stiefel's ardour could not be expected to grow indifferent on topicks of such universal interest and such appalling importance as these. He had learnt enough from his correspondence and intercourse with Luther,‖ and the

* Luther's Works, Tom. xxii. cap. 27.

† Luther's Works, Tom. xxii. cap. 51, § 5.

‡ Among other strange discoveries of this period, it was found, that the art of Printing was the horse in the Revelations, on which the word of God rode. Morhoff Polyhist, tom. i. lib. iv. c. 2, § 6.

‖ There can be no doubt that this was Luther's firm persuasion, though he fixed no particular time for it. The following may be considered sufficiently distinct proofs. 1. Melancthon was a believer in Astrology, (Declamationes i. 110, 111, and ii. 376,) and having cast the nativity of Charles V., their common enemy, had found he would live to his 84th year. "Nay," said Doctor Luther, "that cannot be, Ezekiel is against *that*, the world standeth not so long." Works, tom. xxii. c. 70, § 4. 2. Even after the misfortune of poor Stiefel, and so late as 1536, he said, "We have got along in the Revelations as far as the white horse. The world cannot stand much longer." Ibid. c. li. § 4. 3. At another time he says, the world will doubtless come to an end at Easter, *since* it was formed then, since Pharaoh then perished in the Red Sea, &c. He does

early reformers to be fully persuaded, that the end of the world was, in the language of scripture, already at the door. He was, moreover, from genius and habit, an adroit mathematician; and being, therefore, dissatisfied with conclusions so vague as those of his more cautious friends were, and thinking it, at any rate, not well in such critical times to bury the talents which had been committed to him, he began to inquire with more precision exactly when this time would come. Partly by a calculation of the squares of some numbers which he imagined he had found in the scriptures; partly by the easy method of translating important words of the New-Testament numerically, in which he has been followed with singular success by many more recent theologians, and partly by twenty other arguments,* which an unbelieving age has suffered to be forgotten, he at last discovered, a short time† only before the decisive moment, that the final end of all things would happen on Monday, 3d October, 1533, at 8 o'clock, A. M.‡

As soon as he had made this fearful discovery, he hastened to announce it to Luther, not doubting that he would receive it as a revelation, since he had so often and so decisively predicted the speedy destruction of the

not, however, say positively the Easter then next following, though it is apparent he thought so. Ib. § 9, and § 1. Bayle seems to have doubted whether Luther ever said this. See his article Stiefel C——. Indeed it was the universal opinion of the reformers of that time, that the day of judgment was very near.

* Luther's Works, xxii. p. 1973. See the list of Stiefel's Works, post.

† How short a time, I do not know. The earliest notice with a date that I find, is a fragment of a letter of Luther, written August 26, 1533, when Stiefel was first brought before the magistrates. It begins;—Nihil hic novarum nisi quod Michael Stiefel, *cum sua tuba septima* nobis prophetat diem extremum hoc anno, etc. Schültze's collection, tom. ii. p. 292.

‡ He seems to have had no difficulty in determining the year, day, and hour; but was in doubt, whether it were A. M. or P. M. This he settled as follows:—Christ chose to rise on the first day of the week, *because* it was the best day, and in the same way he chose the morning, because it was the best part of the day. The morning, therefore, is the more worthy portion of the day. Ergo, the judgment will come in the morning. Welleri Epist. p. 696. Does any body say, this is the reasoning of a crazy man? It is as good as Luther's to prove the judgment will come in the *Spring*. See ante.

world, and, indeed, gone so far as to pray for it himself, and bid others to pray for it.* The sturdy reformer, however, was not so easily satisfied with a mathematical exegesis of the Revelations, and took some pains to persuade his vehement disciple, that he was not so much of a critick or prophet as he imagined.† Stiefel was at first grieved,‡ and then angry, and finally left him, telling him that the spirit of God had gone out of him, and calling him a Herod and a Pilate.‖

At Holzendorf, however, he found easier converts. His learning was sufficient in his village,§ and of his zeal and honesty, there was no doubt any where. He had, therefore, the confidence of his people, and did not fail to persuade them. They received his awful annunciation as the last solemn warning of their spiritual friend and instructer; and bent before the coming judgment of heaven in simple faith and penitence. Indeed, their persuasion was so perfect, that, in the tumult of their fears, they abandoned all secular occupations—left their families and their farms,¶ and gave themselves up entirely to a suitable preparation for their approaching change. Doctrines like these, appealing to passions so deep and dangerous, must at once succeed, or at once fail. Unfortunately Stiefel's succeeded. The report and influence of his preaching extended rapidly, and brought him hearers and converts from all the neighbouring towns;** a small tract, which he immediately published, containing his twenty-two articles,†† with an explanation and proofs, spread the infection still further, and in a very short time,

* He commanded a preacher by the name of Jonah, "teach your church earnestly to pray for the day of the Lord, for the world will never be any better." Works xxii. p. 1981. He himself often wishes and prays for it. Works xxii. c. 51 passim.

† Works of Luther xxii. c. li. § 2.

‡ Ibid.

‖ Causabatur spiritum in eo extinctum esse, interim Pilatum et Herodem appellans. Welleri Epist. p. 689.

§ Luther bears testimony to this by saying, he now gave away his books, furniture, &c. as things he should no more want. Works xxii. p. 1977.

¶ Moehen's Geschichte ii. 427.

** Confluebat enim eo ingens multitudo, eaque promiscua. Welleri Epist. 689.

†† See the list of his Works, No. 1.

the whole country about him was in commotion. It at last went so far, that the government became alarmed, and he was arrested and brought to Wittemberg, August 26, as a disturber of the peace.* Here it would probably have gone hard with him, if justice had been left to take its natural course; but Luther, whose charity, though offended, had not been exhausted, interceded for him, and he was released on a promise that he would not again preach such distempered doctrines.†

At first, he was faithful to his promise; but, as the decisive day approached, he began to feel that silence was a culpable dereliction of duty.‡ He had, moreover, discovered, that he was the seventh angel mentioned in the revelations;‖ and after discussing the whole matter again with Luther, at Wittemberg, on the 28th September,§ he returned home, declaring that no power on earth should prevent him from blowing his trumpet.¶

On Friday, the last day of September,** he, therefore, began his preaching again, with the double merit in the eyes of his hearers, of having already withstood one persecution, and now braving another. On Saturday, the whole country was again assembled at Holzendorf,†† to listen to the final exhortations of their prophet to repentance, and confession, and communion. The whole of Sunday was occupied in hearing the confessions of the multitudes who resorted to him from all quarters to the distance of forty miles.‡‡ Early the next morning, the congregation again assembled in the church,‖‖ which was solemnly prepared for the occasion.§§ Stiefel again ascended the pulpit

* See Luther's Letters, Schültze's collection, ii. 291, 292, and Welleri Epist. 689, 690.

† Welleri Epist. p. 689.

‡ Welleri Epist. 690.

‖ Luther's Works, xxii. 1977.

§ Luther's Works, xxii. p. 1973–75.

¶ Moehsen Geschite der Wissenschaften in der Mark Brandenburg, ii. 427.

** Welleri Epist. 690.

†† Ibid.

‡‡ Ibid.

‖‖ There were now converts present, who came even from Silesia. Ibid. 689.

§§ Videmus omnia satis solenniter esse instructa. Welleri Ep. 692.

in unhesitating confidence—explained, for the last time, his doctrine, and, for the last time, convicted his opponents of their errour and obstinacy. He divided the scripture generally into two parts, verbal and mathematical;* and proceeded, in a regular discourse, to prove, what a few moments would decide, that this day had been distinctly pointed out in both parts as the day of final judgment.† As the hour approached, his tone changed from argument to exhortation. He bade the people be of good cheer—administered the sacrament—and, when the final moment had arrived, cried out with a kind of prophetick confidence and exultation!—veniet! veniet!—and descended from the pulpit.‡ He was answered, amid the solemn silence that followed, by the broken sobs and cries of the multitude, who stood in dread expectation of the coming event.‖ The hour, however, which had been so precisely designated, passed, and the prophecy was still not fulfilled. The people began to gather courage, and Stiefel began to be uneasy. At this critical moment, a thunder-storm happened to come up, which he instantly announced as the precursor of the Judgment, since Christ had declared he should come in the clouds.§ The congregation were again thrown into their fears and lamentations; but this, too, passed by. Still they remained in anxious expectation, till the hours grew wearisome from the abatement of their apprehensions, and their appetites importunate, from their long fasting. Some of those, who were the most bold and the most hungry, now ventured out of the church, and the rest soon followed; but as they had literally taken no thought for the morrow, from a sincere persuasion that the morrow would never come, they found themselves absolutely without means to satisfy their immediate appetite.¶ In their rage and mortification, they were as unreasonable as

* Duo sunt in scripturis sanctis, verbum et numeris mathematicus. Ib. 695.

† His only considerable difficulty was in the words, "Of that day and hour no man knoweth;" but, as he well answered, it is not said no man *will* know. Welleri Epist. 693.

‡ Welleri Epist. p. 696.

‖ Tum demum coorta est vociferatio et clamor muliercularum ejulantium et plorantium, etc. Well. ib.

§ Moehsen's Geschichte, ii. 247.

¶ Moehsen, l. c.

they had just been in their fanatical confidence. They seized Stiefel, and carried him to Wittemberg, where he was obliged publickly to confess his errours;* but Luther's kindness did not yet forsake him; and, partly by his influence, and partly by the persuasions of the publick authorities, the people of Holzendorf were induced to receive him quietly again, till he should be suitably placed elsewhere.†

After this, the notices of him again became rare. In 1534, he received an appointment at Jena,‡ on account of his talents in mathematicks, but does not seem to have remained there long, for we soon find him preaching again at Halberstrahm,‖ near Königsberg. The famous controversy of Osiander,§ which Luther had predicted from his restless temper,¶ excited Stiefel once more, and carried him so far, that he was obliged to leave this parish, and take one less considerable, but more quiet, at Pruck, where he lived in 1557. At last, to withdraw himself entirely from the theology of the times, which had for forty years ruined all his peace and enjoyment, he returned to Jena** 1559, where he taught, either as a professor or a private instructer, till about the time of his death, which happened April 17, 1567.††

His works, as far as I have been able to discover, are as follows:—1. His famous little tract on the end of the world, of which I find two titles so entirely different, and in books of such unquestioned accuracy, that there must have been two editions.

Rechenbüchlein vom Ende Christi sive Apocalypsis in Apocalypsin. Wittemb. 1533. [*A little book of reckonings concerning the coming of Christ, or a revelation of the Revelations.*] Mylius de Anonym. No. 2259.

The other is,—Eine sehr wunderbarliche Warterrechnung. sammt einigen Merkzahlen Danielis und der Offenba-

* Welleri Epist. 696, 697.

† Moehsen ii. 427.

‡ Beyeri Syllabus Prof. et Rect. Jenae, p. 517.

‖ Praef. in Epist. Welleri, Act. Boruss. ii. 687.

§ The controversy of Osiander was on the question, whether Christ would have come into the world, if there had been no sin. Luther's Letters to Osiander and Agricola, passim.

¶ Works, xii. 1044.

** Beyer ad ann.

†† Beyer ad ann.

rung St. Johannis. Regensburg. 1533. [*A very remarkable reckoning on words, together with some signs and numbers, from Daniel and the revelation of St. John.*] Morhoff: Polyhist. T. i. L. iv. c. 2. § 6.

2. Arithmetica integra cum praefatione Philippi Melancthonis. Norimb. 1545. Voss de Univers. Math. p. 317. § 11. This was a book of very great merit for its time, and is still referred to by mathematicians. It is very remarkable too, that Stiefel here laid down the first principles of Logarithms. Wolf Element. Math. univers. T. v. p. 29. § 7. and p. 75. § 14.

3. Eine Deutsche Rechenkunst 1545. [*A German Arithmetick.*] Buck p. 37.

4. Ein Rechenbuch von der Deutschen und Welschen Praktik. 1546. 4to. [*An Arithmetick according to German and Italian practice.*] Voss, l. c.

5. Heilbronn in his Hist. Mathes. Univers. p. 786, 787, says there is in the Vatican a MS. with the title, "Mich. Stiefelii summa Elementorum Euclidis."

6. Of the German poem on the conformity of the doctrines of Luther to those of Christ, mentioned by Bayle, I find no sufficient notice.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Sir,

The following copy of some very slight memoranda, made during an excursion principally on foot, the last summer, is at your disposal. The party consisted of two; in this sketch of a journal, the pronouns *I* and *we*, are used indiscriminately—it did not appear to me worth the trouble of any alteration, to make the phraseology more consistent: at any rate, I hope you will receive this trifle, which has accidentally escaped destruction, as a slight proof of my interest in your work, respecting which, I must confess, I have hitherto felt more than I have expressed.

To the Editor.

May 30th. To Concord, 17 miles.—We left Boston at 11 o'clock, A. M. passed Cambridge, in whose classick

shades we reposed four years, and of which, for particular reasons, *we* shall say no more. This road will be ever memorable for having witnessed the first conflicts of the war of the Revolution. At Lexington, there is a rustick stone monument, to commemorate the brave men who fell in the first struggle for national rights. The Inn has still some bullet holes to be seen, that were made on the 19th of April, 1775. We felt a little tired on our arrival at Concord, but probably not so much so, as many of those who performed this march from Concord to Boston, on the occasion just mentioned. Arrived at 7, P. M.

May 31*st.* To Pepperell, 20 miles.—Left Concord at 5, A. M. and breakfasted at Acton, after walking 7 miles; proceeded thence to Groton, where we dined.—Groton has a handsome aspect, abounding with fine extensive orchards. H. had too good an appetite at dinner, became lazy after it, his feet were blistered, and could not be prevailed upon to walk more than three miles further, to Pepperell, where we supped, and took lodgings for the night. This town is named after a colonial governour of New-Hampshire—Sir William Pepperell, who also had a town named after him in Maine; Pepperellborough, (since changed.) A ship owner in this town discovered his taste in names, by calling his ship the *Pepperellborough of Pepperellborough*, which well chosen name, forming a continuous line on the stern of the vessel, has puzzled many an honest tar to decipher, as much as the famous story of "Peter Piper picked a peck," has the luckless stutterers. N. B. This day purchased of a man on the road, two cents worth of prickly ash bark, an infallible remedy for all diseases—this is the first original we have met with.

June 1*st.* To Keene, 43 miles.—Overslept ourselves at Pepperell, set off after breakfast, and walked six miles, then being tired of moving so slow from home, took the stage, and arrived here at 8, P. M. We have passed to day through a number of "clever towns," but have seen nothing worth remarking, except the Monadnok mountain, at a distance, and seven beautiful girls *en passant*, which I have observed this day; it is remarkable, and I mention it for the benefit of artists, what a fine, warm, and mellow tone, objects like these, in the front ground, give to a landscape; one of these maidens, with a sparkling, open countenance,

rose-tinted, transparent complexion, falling shoulders, and rounded arms, light elastic step, small foot, and tapering ancle, (it must be observed that,

> Brachia et vultum, teretesque suras
> Integer laudo)

formed one of the most picturesque *studies* I ever saw, and I sighed that I was not an artist. The latter part of this road is a gentle descent for two miles, shaded by tall trees, and with a fine stream running by the road side.

June 2*d.* To Bellows Falls, 18 miles.—Left Keene after breakfast, dined at Walpole, and arrived here in the afternoon; bathed in the Connecticut, and put on a clean shirt: an operation which thousands would never perform, were it not for the recurrence of this blessed day, which interrupts the progress of ambition and avarice; gives to the labouring man and the poor working beast, repose and alleviation; civilizes society, by bringing all classes together in publick, orderly and refined assemblies, and affords to the virtuous and the wretched, a common opportunity to pour out their thanks and supplications to the great Father of mercies. All this spontaneus, wide spread good, a few sour, narrow minded Sabbatists would condemn to wither under the odious tyranny of sorry tithingmen. At supper, we had a novelty; that the devil sends cooks, every man who travels in our country, must fully believe; but the mischief is likely to be perpetuated by the substitutes which these wretches prepare to make up for their want of skill; their preparations never could be swallowed if it were not for the stimulants of pickles—we here had a new one—*pickled potatoes!*

June 3*d.* To Cavendish, 23 miles.—Left the Falls between 5 and 6 o'clock, and walked six miles, before breakfast, to Rockingham; drank coffee made of parched beans, and black pepper; walked nine miles further to Chester, before dinner; started again at 3, P. M., and proceeded eight miles to Cavendish, where we passed the night. Part of the road from Chester to Cavendish is very beautiful, lying between two ranges of hills, from two to four hundred feet in height, with a little stream running along within fifty feet, for about three miles of the distance. We are less

fatigued to night, although we have walked further than any time before, and begin to enjoy ourselves very well, and are glad we did not come on horseback; for a horse, like patience, tires in using, but a man is like Fame, *vires acquirit eundo.*

June 4th. To Rutland, 27 miles.—Left Cavendish at 10 A. M., passed through Ludlow, and stopped at Mount Holly, nine miles from Cavendish, to dine. Being here caught by the rain, we waited for the stage, and in the afternoon, set off for Rutland, which we reached at 9, P. M. and slept there. Upon the whole, the road from Rutland to Mount Holly is the worst we ever travelled.

June 5th. To a point on Lake Champlain, 85 miles.—We left Rutland, at 5 o'clock this morning in a stage waggon, in which we suffered twenty-four miles to Whitehall; which place presents a curious spectacle, to one descending from the Green Mountains. It looks like a sea-port, and the waggons of true blooded Yankees coming in, and mingling with the foreigners, negroes, &c. is very strange. Whitehall has as many houses building, as are already built, which shows it to be a flourishing place. At 2 o'clock, we embarked in the steam-boat Phoenix, a noble machine, and moved at the rate of seven miles an hour. We passed through the English and American fleet of Macdonough, which are moored in line, below Whitehall. We then moved twenty-six miles to Ticonderoga, where there are some remains of stone barracks and forts, quite picturesque, thence fifteen miles, to Crown Point, which we passed at the close of twilight, and the "ruins gray" were faintly visible; we are now moored about twenty miles beyond them. This boat is remarkable for elegance of equipment and accommodation. Since we left Whitehall, we have passed by a barren and miserable country. It is a most delightful night, and much might be said about the moonlight scenes, &c. which we are passing through, if other writers had not sufficiently described these kind of things. The object which struck me most to day, was Whitehall. The passing in an hour from the essence of yankeeism, to that of cosmopolitanism, the descending from the regions of eternal veal, to that of roast beef and mutton, is very striking.

June 6th. To Vergennes, 40 miles.—We slept soundly on board the Phoenix, and waking at 5 o'clock, found ourselves opposite Burlington, went on shore, breakfasted, and walked twenty-one miles through a snow-storm to this place. This is a valuable fact for writers on the progressive amelioration of our climate.

June 7th. To Addison, thirteen miles. Left Vergennes at 10, A. M., passed the falls in Otter Creek, which are said to be forty feet, *sed de hoc quaere*, turned off to the west, and walked four miles through a dismal swamp, reached the borders of the lake, and continued our route southward through a wretched country; arrived at 3, P. M. at Chimney point, where we were prevented from crossing the lake by a violent west wind.

June 8th. To Ticonderoga, sixteen miles. Crossed the lake after breakfast to Crown Point, examined the forts and extensive ditch and ramparts, inclosing three stone barracks, each about one hundred and fifty feet long, the walls entire, but wood work burnt out; losing our way, we wandered about two or three miles, found the road, and marched on to *old Ti fort.** This is situated at a point where the waters of lake George mingle with those of lake Champlain: it must have been a very fine fortification, a wall on a level with ground, from this a glacis to a fosse, from the fosse a wall twenty feet high, with an internal embankment of earth inclosing the remains of barracks, &c.; we descended into a mine about twenty feet under ground, with two others diverging from it, a covered way leading to the shore of the lake, &c. We stood on a salient angle which overhangs the lake, and which rises from the water about sixty or seventy feet. Time has been anticipated in ruining these works by the neighbouring inhabitants, who have pulled down many parts to build stone fences. In turning up the soil many utensils have been found, among others, about four years since, a number of men on a squirrel hunt, found a watch, under a stone. The squirrel ran under this stone for shelter, they raised it up with a lever, and found the watch, which they wound up, and after suffering thirty-three years to pass over unmeasured, it immediately went to its old employment of marking the hours, "as though nothing

* Ticonderoga is always abbreviated in this way.

had happened." How many heavy moments, tedious hours and insupportable days, has this little machine escaped the burden of recording—since it had been in this snug, inglorious repose, how many wonderful events have marked the passing generation! never has there occurred such a period, since this planet was hurled into the infinite void, to whirl its ceaseless course among the constellations. How many exquisite machines of the most brilliant parts and admirable organization, have been in this interval hid under stones, but from which they never will again be taken, to be wound up, and "take a note of time." From the fort we retraced our steps a mile and a half to the main road at the lower falls of lake George, which before they were covered with saw-mills and slabs, must have formed a very picturesque spot; from these we walked one mile to the upper falls, where we now are.

We are now out of New-England. Those who live in the sea-port cities, are apt to suppose, that as they recede from the coast, they retire from civilization and comfort, and when two hundred miles from home, that they shall be obliged to travel thirty or forty miles perhaps, to find a house or a log-hut. Through our whole journey hitherto, we have passed a thickly peopled region, with a handsome village every six or eight miles, good roads, tolerable inns, a well cultivated country, growing orchards, an intelligent people, and all the good things of life. The poorest district we have seen is on lake Champlain. We are now about ascending the west side of lake George.

June 9th. To Bolton, west side of lake George, twenty-seven miles.—We walked from "Ti." to Sabbath-day point, fifteen miles, and arrived there about six, P. M.; this place presented to us a beautiful view, and is probably the finest on the lake. Here we took a boat and were rowed twelve miles to Bolton, where we arrived at eleven in the evening. There were many things in this sail, for skilful hands to make a beautiful description of. At sunset we passed under a precipice three or four hundred feet high, called Buck mountain, because a year or two since a deer pursued by dogs had leapt from it—a placid lake—high cliffs, with dark overhanging woods—moon rising in nearly total eclipse—which passing away, its light silvered

the surface of the lake, and "slept sweetly" on the fairy little islands which chequer its surface—profound silence, except the screams of loons, and their echoes, and the solitary Whip-poor-will, sublime—beautiful—cold and hungry—glad to get by a fire and eat some brown bread and milk, and fried pork, and go to bed. In the first part of our walk from Ti, in a by-path, we met with a cottage and one John Stone in it, who showed us specimens of tin, copper, and silver ore, pointed out the mines from which they came, and offered us one third part, if we would work them. He makes a good deal of copperas.

June 10*th.* To Fort George, ten miles.—Walked from Bolton to this place to dinner. We have now seen the whole of lake George, and its appearance is very uniform, its environs just as nature made them, a beautiful spot for man to cultivate and embellish. The water of the lake is remarkably clear, and is full of what a young girl would call the *sweetest* little islands; these seem made for the residence of fairies; some of them with only a single tree or shrub upon them, look like a wedding-cake with a sprig of myrtre on the top—there wants only animation and contrast, houses, gardens and boats, to make an Elysium; these will not be wanting long; cultivation and villages seem to be created with almost magical rapidity. I tried my hand at verse on this occasion, but the muse was not propitious, and I could produce no more than the following fragment:

> Still many an oak its hoary head sustains,
> On which a sapling tree the eagle stood,
> And saw no tenant of the wild domains,
> Save the rough bear or wolf that proul'd for food:
> No shadow trembled on the limpid flood,
> But of the passing cloud, or rolling star,
> Or thirsting deer, or darkly waving wood,
> And all the sounds which echo roll'd afar,
> Were sighs of whispering groves, or ocean's solemn roar.

The banks of the lake from Ti to this place, are almost uninhabited; there is a bad road down the west side, and perhaps a dozen huts in the distance of thirty-six miles; on the east side, nothing but woods and rocks. The land is

principally owned by the state, and is worth from thirty cents to twenty dollars per acre.

After dinner, while laying our plans for the future, the outline of which depended on our stock in money, B. putting his hand in his pocket, found his pocket-book missing; he immediately walked back to Bolton, where he found it with its contents safe in the inn-keeper's hands; he had left it on the chimney-piece in the morning. He came back quite smiling, relieved from the fears of what might have been to us a vexatious accident. Fort George is a very pretty village, has a fine large tavern, the resort of much company from the Springs—it was very pleasant to come out of the woods to such a place, one of the many contrasts which are presented by our rapid growing country.

June 11th. To Moreau, fifteen miles.—Left Fort George in the morning, and arrived at noon at Glenn's Falls, after walking nine miles through a sandy road and pine woods. There was nothing on the road to this place after leaving Fort George half a mile, to afford pleasure of any description, until you get within sight of the houses at Glenn's Falls—this is rather a pretty village, appears flourishing, situated on an eminence about seventy feet above the river. The falls are about forty feet in height, the stream, before it gets to the falls, runs nearly north, it there takes an easterly course and is precipitated over a bed of rocks which divides the river near the middle, making two distinct falls. The river which was previously a hundred yards wide, is at the falls, forced through two narrow passages, one not more than twenty, the other about thirty feet wide. We have at length arrived again in a land of meeting-houses, having travelled a hundred miles, without seeing a building, which was obviously of that description. Walked in the afternoon six miles further to Moreau.

June 12th. To Saratoga, twelve miles.—Left Moreau at 11 o'clock, having overslept ourselves, and arrived at Saratoga between 2 and 3, P. M., having met nothing worthy of remark on the road. Saratoga appears to be as flourishing a town as any we have passed through. Its celebrity is owing to its mineral springs, fourteen of which have been discovered, and doubtless many remain to be. They all contain a very considerable portion of carbonick acid gas;

what metallick substances they hold in solution, I know not. The Congress Spring is very strongly impregnated with glauber salts. The Rock Spring here, is an object of very considerable curiosity, for an account of which, see the Gazetteer of New-York.

June 13*th.* To Ballston Spa, eight miles.—Walked here in the forenoon, and having pulled out a piece of white shirt at the neck, (we have generally been taken for pedlars on the road,) we walked into the Sans Souci hotel, an immense building and admirably administered. At Saratoga we were in a very different house. We there sat down to table with teamsters, and dined on bacon and eggs, from a dirty cloth, after dinner smoked a dirty pipe, "argufied the topick," whether the crops were likely to be spoilt by the late cold weather—threw ourselves both on one dirty bed. At Sans Souci, "show these gentlemen to their rooms," water, towels, sheets on the beds, fine dinner, puddings, pies, dessert, bottled cider, Madeira, Spanish cigars, &c. &c. These sudden changes from *travelling merchants*, to gentlemen travellers, according to the houses we happen to enter, is very amusing to us. Ballston is an older and larger village than Saratoga, its waters are nearly the same, they consist of what they call the Iron Spring and the Sulphur Spring.

June 14*th.* To Broad Albin, eighteen miles. Left B. and Ballston at 11 o'clock this morning on foot, and arrived here at sunset, just as it began to rain.

June 15*th.* To Stone Arabia, twenty-two miles.—Left Broad Albin; reached Johnstown to dinner; a busy village with a paved street, and arrived here at sunset. I have now got into the region of Dutchmen.

June 16*th.* To Utica, forty miles.—Descended four miles from Arabia Petrea, to something like "Araby the blest," on the Mohawk river, on whose banks walking fourteen miles further, through a rich and beautiful country, I took the stage and arrived here twenty-two miles.

June 17*th.* To Onondago hollow, fifty miles.—Left Utica in the stage and came in it to this place, which is one hundred and fifty miles from Albany, and the same distance from Buffalo; here are four or five hundred real Indians—Oneida Castle—Oneida and Onondago lakes at a distance on the right, a curious spring, &c.

June 18*th.* To Canandaigua sixty-two miles.—Came in stage through sundry lands and lakes, for a particular description of which, reference may be had to the Gazetteer of New-York. I here found in the phiz of a waiter, the first face I have known since leaving Boston.

June 19*th.* To Batavia, forty-eight miles, in the stage.

June 20*th.* To Buffalo, thirty-nine miles, in stage, a sorry little port on lake Erie.

June 21*st.* To Niagara falls, Canada side, twenty miles. —Left Buffalo after breakfast, crossed the ferry at Black Rock, and walked down to this place half a mile below the falls, which I just gave a glance at, and shall examine tomorrow.

I am in the humour to remark here, that countries subject to the Inquisition or a French police, enjoy a greater degree of real freedom, than those in which a man cannot move from one place to another, without being minutely examined and questioned four or five times a day, about all his pursuits and concerns. I have learned more during this tour, of the pitiful disposition of the *ignobile vulgus*, than I have ever done before.

June 22*d.* I have passed the day in viewing the falls at different points. In the morning I went down the ladder, and walking along under the cliff, about a quarter of a mile, through a thin spray, I came to the edge of the sheet of water, between which and the rock, is a space of fifty or sixty feet, and which of course extends with greater or less breadth under the whole fall. I ran in about ten steps, and out again; bringing away on my person, no small portion of the waters of lake Erie.— Table Rock and other shelves, hang directly over your head at the edge of this cave. I spent the afternoon on Table Rock and its environs, which form the best situations for seeing the falls. I have now seen the greatest cascade in the world, and as *omne majus in se continet minus*, I am satisfied on the subject of water falls.

The inn where I am was the centre of the battle of Lundy's Lane, and all the road from Buffalo is marked with desolation, and the people retain a strong hatred against the United States. Indeed, I have observed on both sides the line an animosity stronger than I have seen any where else, and very unbecoming such near neigh-

bours. I have now reached the object of my journey, and like other objects of ambition, there was more pleasure perhaps in the pursuit, than in the attainment. I turn my steps homeward to-morrow, with strong feelings of delight.

June 23*d.* To Lewiston, eight miles.—Came down in a waggon to Queenstown, passing by the great whirlpool; crossed from Queenstown to Lewiston in a ferry-boat. This place is at the head of lake Ontario.

June 24*th.* To Four Corners, sixty miles in the stage.

June 25*th.* To Canandaigua,forty eight miles in the stage. —I have now arrived at the place where the roads divide, having from this point described a triangle. I have returned by the ridge road, a great curiosity. The western country of New-York, from Albany to Erie, on the great road, which is three hundred miles long, was twenty years since a wilderness—in twenty years more it will be a garden, covered with villas and villages. It is now peopled and peopling with an active, overreaching, bustling race, whisky-makers and drinkers, store-keepers, millers and traders, all growing rich, who are to be the ignoble founders of future elegance. The most beautiful natural scenery is that which is soonest destroyed by these invaders. It is a cruel thing, that nature cannot adorn a spot for her admirers, with waterfalls, and cliffs, and beechen groves, but Yankee enterprise finds it out, brings in its saw-mills and slabs, its red and yellow paint, and "English Goods, and W. I. and N. E. Rum." Every one looking at it in the same spirit that the tailor regarded the falls of Niagara, who observed, "that it was a capital place to spunge a piece of cloth."

June 26*th.* To Onondago Hollow, sixty miles. 27*th.* To Utica, fifty-two miles. 28*th.* To Albany, ninety-six miles. 29*th.* To West Springfield, eighty miles.—These four last days travelled in the stage. *June* 30*th.* To Palmer, eighteen miles on foot.

July 1*st.* To Leicester, twenty-six miles on foot; called on an old acquaintance at Brookfield, and ate some gingerbread with him.

July 2*d.* To Boston, forty-six miles.—First thirty on foot, remainder in the stage. Distance travelled, three hundred and fifty-five miles on foot: eight hundred and

twelve in steam-boats and stages. Total, 1167 miles, in thirty-four days.

Advice to travellers.—The least fatiguing, the most amusing, and happiest way of travelling, is on foot: it must not be concealed, however, that as this will at times place you in transient intercourse with plebeians, it of course exposes you to impertinence, which you must be proof against. That you are a gentleman, it will be well to discover by your dress and other externals; take a servant to answer questions and bear other burdens, and do not go without a companion. Merit under a mean garb is slow in being discovered, and a handsome coat has more effect, not on the vulgar only, but upon all men, for a long time, than manners, or knowledge, or virtues. My old straw hat, shabby dress, and black cravat, caused such questions as these:—"You are a pedlar ar'nt you?—or a soldier.—well here you come fresh from *Varmount*, I guess I should'nt like to play a game of cards with you"—(this insight into character was exhibited with a good deal of self-satisfaction by an old soldier). "Did'nt I see you on the mountain, looking out for work last week?" add to this the continual stare and interrogations of suspicion. All this to *two* persons who are travelling incog. is amusing by way of variety, but to a modest, silent man, *alone* among impertinent strangers, is very disagreeable.

Take more money than enough—calculate that your journey will exceed your first intentions—let all your clothes be new, and enough of them, or you will return in rags. The best way for two or three persons intending such an excursion, will be to have a light covered waggon, with an active lad to drive it. This will carry their baggage and some few stores they may occasionally want. Instruments for sporting, fishing, &c.: if they have a taste for botany, or mineralogy, it will contain their specimens. Those who are not frightened at the idea of walking, and are not travelling for the mere purpose of display, will find that arrangements of this kind properly made, will enable them to make a pedestrian excursion with great comfort and satisfaction, and give a much more thorough knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, than they can ever else attain.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Sir,

Though the subject of this paper is more particularly the province of those journals, which are exclusively devoted to religious intelligence; yet in addition to its religious interest universally felt, it has also an historical one, which induces me to offer it to you. The relation of the present state of the seven Churches mentioned in the Apocalypse, is extracted from a letter, addressed to the British Bible Society, and recently published in their twelfth report, from the Rev. H. Lindsay, Chaplain to the English Embassy at Constantinople. To throw more light on this relation, I send you an extract from Woodhouse's Translation of the Apocalypse, where he is commenting on them.

To the Editor.

"This book, (the Apocalypse,) being written in an epistolary form, begins like other Apostolick epistles, with a salutation, followed by a doxology. It is addressed to the seven churches, which are afterwards mentioned by name. They were situated in the proconsular province properly called *Asia*, which at the time when the Apocalypse was written, is reported by historians to have contained five hundred great cities. Of these, Ephesus, Smyrna, and Pergamos, (being three of the seven,) long contested for the pre-eminence. And when a heathen temple was to be erected in this province, in honour of the Emperour Tiberius and of the Roman Senate, eleven cities contended for the possession of this temple; and among these were five of the seven; for Sardis also and Laodicea entered the lists on this occasion.* They were certainly, therefore, cities of great account. The order in which they are here named, (in the Apocalypse,) is that probably in which they were visited by the apostle, Saint John; who, both before and after his banishment to Patmos, superintended them all; residing principally in

*Tacit. Annal. iv. 55. Gibbon's Hist. i. 60. Inscriptions upon medals still extant and relating to this account, may be seen in a note of Michaelis to sect. 1. of the 20th chapter of his Introduction to the New Testament.

Ephesus.* It is the order also, in which epistles written by Saint John from Patmos would be most conveniently distributed through the churches, by a messenger making a circuit of about three or four hundred miles; as may be seen in the most correct maps.

"These churches of Asia continued their bond of Christian connexion long after the time when they were addressed by Saint John. For it appears, that when toward the close of the second century, the contest about the time of keeping Easter, grew warm between the eastern and western parts of Christendom, Polycrates, who engaged in that controversy, "*presided over the bishops of Asia.*"† And the famous epistle from the Gallick churches, written somewhat earlier, is addressed to the *Churches of Asia and Phrygia!* Now Phrygia lay contiguous to the province of Asia, (of which it was sometimes accounted a part;) and Laodicea, one of the seven churches, was the capital of Phrygia.‡ *Woodhouse's Apocalypse.*

"When I last wrote to you, I was on the point of setting out on a short excursion into Asia Minor; travelling hastily, as I was constrained to do, from the circumstances of my situation, the information I could procure was necessarily superficial and unsatisfactory; as, however, I distributed the few books of the Society which I was able to carry with me, I think it necessary to give some account of the course I took.

"The regular intercourse of England with *Smyrna* will enable you to procure as accurate intelligence of its present state as any I can pretend to offer. From the conversations I had with the Greek Bishop and his Clergy, as well as various well-informed individuals, I am led to suppose, that, if the population of Smyrna be estimated at 140,000 inhabitants, there are from 15 to 20,000 Greeks, 6,000 Armenians, 5,000 Catholicks, 140 Protestants, and 11,000 Jews.

"After Smyrna, the first place I visited was *Ephesus*, or rather, (as the site is not exactly the same,) Aiasalick,

* Euseb. Eccl. Hist. lib. iii. c. 20.
† Ibid. lib. v. c. 24.
‡ Ibid. lib. v. c. 1.

which consists of about fifteen poor cottages. I found there but three Christians, two brothers, who keep a small shop, and a gardener. They are all three Greeks, and their ignorance is lamentable indeed. In that place, which was blessed so long with an Apostle's labours, and those of his zealous assistants, are Christians who have not so much as heard of that Apostle, or seem only to recognise the name of Paul, as one in the Calendar of their Saints. One of them I found able to read a little, and left with him the New Testament in Ancient and Modern Greek, which he expressed a strong desire to read; he promised me that he would not only study it himself, but lend it to his friends in the neighbouring villages. My next object was to see *Laodicea.*

"In the road to this, is Guzel-hisar, a large town, with one church, and about 700 Christians. In conversing with the Priests here, I found them so little acquainted with the Bible or even the New Testament, in an entire form, that they had no distinct knowledge of the books it contained beyond the four Gospels, but mentioned them indiscriminately, with various idle legends and lives of Saints. I have sent thither three copies of the Modern Greek Testament, since my return.

"About three miles from Laodicea is Denizli, which has been styled, but, I am inclined to think, erroneously, the Ancient Colosse; it is a considerable town, with about 400 Christians, Greeks and Armenians, each of whom has a Church. I regret, however, to say, that here also, the most extravagant tales of miracles, and fabulous accounts of Angels, Saints, and relicks had so usurped the place of the scriptures, as to render it very difficult to separate, in their minds, divine truths from human inventions. I felt that here that unhappy time was come, when men should 'turn away their ears from the truth, and be turned unto fables.' I had with me some copies of the Gospels in Ancient Greek, which I distributed here, as in some other places through which I had passed. *Eski-hisar*, close to which are the remains of ancient Laodicea, contains about fifty poor inhabitants, in which number are but two Christians who live together in a small mill; unhappily, neither could read at all.

"The copy, therefore, of the New Testament which I intended for this Church, I left with that of Denizli, the offspring and poor remains of *Laodicea* and *Colosse*: the prayers of the Mosque are the only prayers which are heard near the ruins of Laodicea, on which the threat seems to have been fully executed, in its utter rejection as a Church.

"I left it for *Philadelphia*, now *Alah-shehr*. It was gratifying to find at last some surviving fruits of early zeal; and here, at least, whatever may be lost of the *spirit* of Christianity, there is still the *form* of a Christian Church, —this has been kept from the hour of temptation, which came upon all the Christian world. There are here about 1000 Christians, chiefly Greeks, who, for the most part, speak only Turkish; there are twenty-five places of publick worship, five of which are large, regular churches; to these there is a resident Bishop, with twenty inferiour Clergy. A copy of the Modern Greek Testament was received by the Bishop with great thankfulness.

"I quitted Alah-shehr, deeply disappointed at the statement I received there of the Church of *Sardis*. I trusted that, in its utmost trials, it would not have been suffered to perish utterly; and I heard with surprise, that not a vestige of it remained.—With what satisfaction, then, did I find, on the plains of Sardis, a small Church Establishment! The few Christians who dwell around modern Sart, were anxious to settle there, and erect a Church, as they were in the habit of meeting at each other's houses, for the exercise of religion; from this design they were prohibited by Kar 'Osman Oglu the Turkish Governour of the district, and in consequence, about five years ago, they built a church upon the plain, within view of ancient Sardis, and there they maintain a priest. The place has gradually risen into a little village, now called Tatar-keny; thither the few Christians of Sart, who amount to seven, and those in its immediate vicinity, resort for publick worship, and form together a congregation of about forty. There appears then still a remnant 'a few names, even in Sardis,' which have been preserved. I cannot repeat the expressions of gratitude with which they received a copy of the New Testament, in a language with which

they were familiar. Several crowded about the priest, to hear it on the spot; and I left them thus engaged.

"Ak-hisar, the ancient *Thyatira*, is said to contain 30,000 inhabitants, of whom 3000 are Christians, all Greeks, except about 200 Armenians. There is, however, but one Greek Church, and one Armenian. The Superiour of the Greek Church, to whom I presented the Romaick Testament, esteemed it so great a treasure, that he earnestly pressed me, if possible, to spare another, that one might be secured to the Church, and free from accidents, while the other went round among the people, for their private reading. I have, therefore, since my return hither, sent him four copies.

"The church of *Pergamos*, in respect to numbers, may be said to flourish still in Bergamo. The town is less than Ak-hisar, but the number of Christians is about as great, the proportion of Armenians to Greeks nearly the same, and each nation also has one Church. The Bishop of the district, who occasionally resides there, was at that time absent, and I perceived, with deep regret, that the resident Clergy were totally incapable of estimating the gift I intended them; I therefore delivered the Testament to the Lay Vicar of the Bishop, at his urgent request; he having assured me, that the Bishop would highly prize so valuable an acquisition to the Church: he seemed much pleased that the benighted state of his nation had excited the attention of strangers.

"Thus, sir, I have left at least one copy of the unadulterated word of God at each of the seven Asiatick Churches of the Apocalypse; and I trust they are not utterly thrown away; but, whoever may plant, it is God only who can give the increase; and from his goodness, we may hope, they will, in due time, bring forth fruit, 'some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold!'

"Believe me, sir,

"Ever yours most truly,

"HENRY LINDSAY."

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Sir,

THERE are few books that have been more popular than the celebrated "Miseries of Human Life," by Mr. Beresford, because it gave an opportunity to the *wretched*, to see the calamities they endured, minutely described; a task which had never before been attempted, and which afforded them much solace. The efforts of succeeding philanthropists can only add to the catalogue, without ever making it complete. I inclose a slight tribute in this way, which will place two more on the list.

To the Editor.

A misery in winter.—Being present at a great ball—having no great passion for dancing—the lady you would wish most to dance with being away—after careful reconnoitring,—making up your mind to wear out the tediousness of the evening and to lead a particular lady to supper,—anticipating, from her vivacity and brilliancy, one pleasant hour—in the mean time, being requested to take a hand, in order to complete a party at whist—having a partner whose temper is not even proof against the vicissitudes of a game at cards—losing five points to a man whose income every hour is more than yours for a year—and who plays with such slow, hateful, inexorable prudence, that when you hasten away to retrieve the fortune of the evening—you find the supper has already commenced, the places all full—and the lady you like most, fairly seated by the man you like least, in the whole assembly!!

A misery in summer.—Making one of a party on the water—the finest month in the year being selected for the purpose—uncommon preparations having been made, the excursion is a matter of notoriety and almot of envy among all your acquaintance—on the appointed day you set off, with the weather doubtful, and the doubt (not the weather) is cleared away, by its proving to blow the hardest gale of wind and the coldest weather that had been experienced within the memory of man, at that season; after laying at anchor all day and catching only a few sculpins,

——————you esteem yourself very fortunate, by the great exertions of an excellent crew, to get under shelter of some island to pass the night; your male friends on shore, all laughing in their sleeve, and your female, trembling in theirs; being obliged to worry out the night on a chair without sleeping, and without a book to read, while a half dozen of your companions are snoring in the small cabin around you in such tones, that they would be sent to the rear of an army which was meditating a surprise, if the enemy lay within three miles; next morning to be landed before sun-rise, cold, cramped, sleepy, full of sea qualms, and when hastening home *incog.* at an hour when none but day-labourers should be stirring, to meet a person, who, from his weather-wise sagacity, had perfidiously pretended some inevitable, sudden engagement the day before, not to be of the party, out of whose way you meant to have kept for a week at least, and who inquires with an insidious grin, "What kind of a time have you had?"

The Abuses of Political Discussion.

Look at the examination of political questions in our own land, (for we need not go one step further,) and you would hardly suppose, that writers for the publick, had any settled feelings of their responsibility, or stopped to ask themselves, what influence they were exerting, or what might be its consequences. I am not speaking now of the careful knave, who has his eye upon preferment, and abuses the judgment and confidence of those who are to help him on. He measures his power very well, and looks distinctly to its effect. There are mischiefs and abuses in the discussions of men, who are honest and intelligent enough for the best cause; of men who are too ignorant for the wholesome support of any; and of others, who hope to make up in selfish prudence and acquiescence, what they lack in strength, decision, and independence. We have the resolute partisan, bound hand and foot to his old friends, and a few old favourite measures—monopolizing truth, and yet shaming her spirit. We have the ignorant and vain, blustering in the

newspapers and publick meetings burning for notoriety; and what is worse, finding readers and listeners as proud and prodigal as themselves, of the abused privilege of saying every where, whatever one thinks.

If we go to a higer class of teachers, we shall meet the rash and decided politician, who would as soon part with his integrity, as keep back or mitigate a single article of his stubborn system. He is separated, perhaps by a few peculiarities of sentiment, from the calmest and most deliberate men about him—men too, with whom he mainly agrees and commonly acts; but he will not stop to advise with them; he plunges into the multitude with his novelties or eccentricities; a most conscientious oracle truly, who would set the people in an uproar, when there is no safety but in calm cooperation, merely that he may send out his own opinion, or perhaps establish his speculative singularities. He will take little pains to acquaint himself with publick feeling, or to humour men's infirmities. He is too honest for that. It is enough for him that he is right; and if others cannot relish the coarse or ill-timed truth, they must look to it themselves. In times of dismay and confusion, when sacrifices, not of truth but of pride, are to be made; when honest conciliation should mingle with uprightness, he will, with the best purposes in the world, harass and thwart the united efforts of men no less sincere and intelligent than himself.

But rash and stern teachers are not the only ones who are censurable. There are men of a timid, selfish cast, who go for honest men, and would make you think they are only prudent and busy for the Commonwealth. And it is sad, that the most successful school for prudence here, is that of popularity; of getting and keeping office. Such teachers are rarely out of fashion with the times. Their patriotism is exceedingly flexible, and almost as easy as their unwearied smile. They lead a life of apologies, and retractions, and new resolutions, so that the ignorant might take them to be as rash and erring as the lightning, though fair, honest, and repentant withal; while those who see things better, believe that they are not loth to seem in errour, for the sake of putting on the charm of penitence and of respectful deference to the wisdom of the people.

Such teachers as these adopt popular and accomodating rules of political judgment and action. To day you will hear of *measures not men*, with an understanding, however, that the rule may be turned about with the changes of to-morrow. Again, we must fall in with the majority, either because it never errs, or because it is the safer side, or because you may rescue something from popular violence, by appearing to humour it. They have no indignation at guilt, unless it be unpopular; no eloquence in urging duties which men are backward to perform. They love to see their fellow-citizens good humoured, satisfied with themselves; and to be, in some humble measure, the source of their happiness. Such guides are the very last to inspire honourable confidence, or give stability to public opinion. They may keep things tranquil and gay about us, at least for a time, but they will add nothing settled or awful to the character of a nation, and nothing permanent to its welfare.

The main thing is, for every political teacher to know his responsibility. A great man will, without vanity, feel somewhat in awe of his own influence; especially when he sees that men are readier to adopt errour than detect it: that in the heat of political strife, they are eager after sympathy, and willing to fall in with the suggestions of any one, who seems interested and zealous for them, and who lends his reputation and powers to their support and direction. It is the duty, then, of those who think they owe their opinions to the publick, to understand publick sentiment and direct it wisely; not only to be satisfied as to the honesty of their motives, but to look well to the probable effect of what they are publishing. They must use their influence prudently, for none can be stronger, more beneficial, nor more fatal.

Some, indeed, hold, that in a free country, there should be a full expression of opinion, no matter how much it may differ from common or ancient notions and prejudices. We are told, that there are remedies enough for all errour, in general intelligence, and in the habits of inquiry and controversy, in which all have been brought up. The danger then of doing harm by publishing the wildest, the most portentous errours, is really so slight, that it ought not to be once thought of, when the advantages of unrestrained

communication are considered: such as a spirit of honest crutiny, independence of character and self-respect, a sense of one's own importance in society, the chance of getting at all political truth, and thus making the state sounder and happier.

There is certainly something in this, and perhaps a good deal of extravagance. It goes too much on the supposition of human perfection, of the fairness and considerateness of men. It supposes that they have leisure, inclination, and ability to examine political questions thoroughly; to sit down and make a business of growing wiser. This will hardly do, at least with respect to the generality of men. They should be jealous and enlightened, for they have much to do for the state; but they cannot be schoolmen, for their condition requires them to be in action. Their school is out-of-doors, under the hot sun, in the very stir of the world. They cannot retire to sheltered porticos, to argue about the rights of man; the blessed level of society; the uses of fresh experiment or whimsical theory; all which have at times made fools or knaves of the wisest, and surely can have no better luck with the unlearned.

It should be remembered too, that where government, as in a free state, is to be affected so nearly by the great body of the people, they must have some settled principles, some common feelings and opinions, which shall bring them to act in concert, and depend on each other. And these are not generally the result of any great reflection or inquiry; but may often be referred to safe attachments and prejudices which we cannot easily explain, or have had no time to look into. But for all this, we should hardly think men indebted to the teacher, who should, in his rage for improvement and free discussion, break up their earliest principles of action, undertake to scour off the rust of their old sluggish faith, and to make them ashamed of owing their safety to what he calls their ignorance. Such a teacher has to learn that there is a half-gotten wisdom, which is much worse than none, making deplorable havock among men, whose minds were sober and clear, till they were perplexed by truths they could not fathom, or were tempted to form to themselves glorious and fatal illusions, out of other truths which they had perverted. The surest way

is to fix attention upon principles that are obvious, practical, and essential; such as a plain man wants to keep him safe and consistent in the discharge of his civil duties; such as may be recalled without effort, and applied with almost instinctive promptness. When he sees intelligent men earnest in holding out and illustrating such truths and principles, he will feel some confidence in their powers and sagacity; he will be sure of their honesty, because they address him in a way he can understand, and one that lays every passion asleep, which can clog or darken his judgment. He will be shy of teachers who presume to perplex him, or counteract the effect of sober instruction, by throwing out their opinions at random.

But political discussion should be calm as well as practical. Our institutions and privileges are too costly to be the prey or theme of stormy and troubled eloquence, such as kindled the old republicks to madness, and led them to deal with the state and its glory as playthings for their passions. It is not now considered as an insult to the free, to tell them that they must respect deliberation, order, and settled habits; and be content to keep their sympathies and ambition at home, under the control of good sense and sound morals. Still there are dangers of false excitement and corrupt eloquence even now. Men have not yet got over their love of being moved, of coming to their duties with feverish preparation, rather than with calm and brave resolution. And if you want bad men to succeed, the best thing you can do for them is to form and cherish in the people a habit of excitement, of approaching their interests with heated minds, of looking upon truth as cold and spiritless, unless it is fairly on fire, or relieved and garnished by eloquence. Once get up this taste, in support of the honestest principles, and by and by you will find other teachers in your places, turning your weapons to most admirable uses, and lighting the torch of hell at your pure vestal flame of truth.

I would not be misunderstood, nor considered as cold to the passion of eloquence, when it pours fresh and in torrents from a warm and full heart. I know that imagination was not given us in vain, to be derided by the half-starved, calculating, frozen thinkers, who are too economical of intellect to

spare one needless thought; too strait and puritanical in their rhetorick to admit illustration, if it come in ornament and magnificence. Let truth have all its natural lights and helps. The teacher of religion or politicks should bring to his aid all the force and riches of his genius. And if his heart is in the act, he will not fail to express his zeal, to pour life and glow into his thoughts, and stir up in others, the deep and solemn interest that is working in his own heart. But there is nothing unnatural or forced in this; no attempt to produce excitement beyond the importance of the subject, or out of the subject; to make men feel violently, because they love the luxuries of strong passion, or because it delights the vanity, or advances the selfish purposes of the teacher, to hold the hearts of others in his hand, and play on them as pleases him. The interest that is excited grows up naturally; the attention is fixed and sharpened; a manly, discriminating taste is formed, and our moral perception is quickened.

Another thing which deserves consideration, is the practice among our every-day political writers, of dwelling mainly, if not exclusively on popular topicks; and rarely, or never entering on any discussion, independently of passing events and present excitement. The temptation is, indeed, strong to take men at the very moment they are formed to your hand. The writer is most willing to go through his drudgery, when the world is as eager to listen as he can be to impart. He longs to be felt and admired to-day. He tells you, that it is not for him to start inquiry and interest, and lead men coldly along to conviction, when the state is quiet, and has no thought nor care for any thing but thrift. He is to throw himself into the crowd, and wait till the pressure of events has touched and moved them, and opened their minds to deep and immediate impressions. He will find listeners enough, when he talks to men about their own thoughts and alarms. He will lay his hand on the heart with power, when it is warm and tender. His instructions will go nearer home, when supported by present experience, and the uses of experience will be wider and surer, if explained and enforced, when the remembrance of what we have past through is yet unworn.

There are sprightly declaimers, who entertain themselves with this pretty talk about popular excitement. They seem to be as ignorant as children of the dangers to which it exposes the teacher as well as the multitude; that his mind, his calm judgment may be swept away by the tempest about him; or that it may become so buried in the present, as never to stretch into other times; never to regard evils and dangers as if they had causes, bearings, or connexions; as if they might return, or be followed by worse than themselves. The fact is, we have talked about the wholesome agitations of society, till we are come to look upon peace as a state of intellectual sluggishness; to think that men will not consent to listen till they have begun to burn; that the mind gets its healthiest spring from popular turbulence, and will acquire best, when it is most troubled. Think, for a moment, what hopeful progress will be made by men, who are hurried, raw and unprepared, from their regular industry, into the school of faction or revolution, to study their duties and rights, and lay up the lessons of experience. We see events crowding upon each other in a sweeping and wasteful tide. The crimes and wonders of yesterday are lost in the vaster ones of to-day. The wave that now rolls on the shore, is washing away even the desolations of the retreating one. And yet, in all this hurry and alteration, you would set men to studying facts; you would initiate them in their duties, and form in them habits of calm reflection! Much of this might indeed be effected, if political excitement were only a strong, generous desire, in the whole state, to bring about some definite good. But we know it to be contentious, blind, selfish, and bitter, laying men naked to all sorts of influences. And the wicked may thrive then; for every office is held out to every man, and what should be deserved only, may be stolen or bought. They may make profit of treachery. They will work craftily upon the same passions which you are trying to feed with virtue. And the poison will travel as far as the blood, and through the same vessels too.

No doubt, it is all right to make a fair use of opportunity, of general attention and warmth. But the writer, who waits till excitement comes, wastes the best hours which the people have for learning and preparation, and en-

courages them in shameful indifference to the state, when its course is tranquil. This indifference is one of the plainest of all publick mischiefs. Even in a despotism it is an evil; for even there the power of opinion is felt and respected. Let the soverign say, if he chooses, that his authority is his own; that he owes no account of its exercise to any constituent. Let him plan and resolve by himself, and feel the web of his policy shaking and going to pieces, if the people but approach him. For all this, he is looking about for ever to know what is thought of him, and how far he may presume upon the forbearance, or build upon the affections of his subjects. In the government men live under, and in its administration, we may always read their character and influence; and how important is this truth in a free state, where publick opinion is every thing, and its full and just expression, at the very foundation of freedom and security; where honest discussion saves the ruler from errour and presumption, and the people from trusting him too far.

I shall hear, perhaps, that this supposed indifference to the state is all a dream of my own; that men are always fond enough of meddling with government; of touching it, however faintly, by an opinion or a vote. But take them in ordinary times; the best and soberest men in the community, and you will see how willing they are to forget past oppressions and insults, and to leave the country and the rulers to themselves; how slowly they are startled by the early encroachments of power; how content they are to give up elections to those, who have more leisure for the state, or more eagerness for their own preferment. There are dangers of indifference then, as well as of passion, And the guides of society can do no better nor more honourable service, than making men intelligent and watchful when there is no fever in the blood. If the people will presume to take upon themselves the vast and solemn charge of their own government, they should know that they have work upon their hands. They should be constrained to think, when there is time for it, for they have much to learn. Their only excitement must be a deep concern for their own welfare. Their zeal must be given only to their duties; and they must take good care, that

they do not justify by their indifference, the rough reproach, which some one has cast upon their ignorance; that the bulk of mankind have nothing to do with laws, but obey them.

The safety of a free people is in the principles, taste, and calm habits of thinking, which they acquire when the mind is sober, and looks widely and fairly. They can then learn the worth of their actual blessings, and will grow more and more fond of what is settled and venerable, by associating it with their long happiness. They will thus be less subject to sudden changes of sentiment or condition. There will be something like natural growth in their alterations and improvements. And if called into unexpected shocks or trials, they will not be shaken out of their old feelings and principles, but will apply them as guides and restraints. And when the calm and level have come again, they will not sink into lethargy for want of excitement, but will return to their former state, with new wisdom and stronger attachments than ever. In such a nation, you will see every thing brisk, healthy, and conscious. A man moves there with an assurance of his dignity, with no sluggishness or wantonness in his freedom, and looking upon his duties as upon his happiness.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

The following song has come into my hands, as a translation, by a celebrated English bard, from the German of Goethe. I vouch for nothing except that it has never been published, and place it at your disposal.

SONG.

"Italiam quœro patriam."

Know'st thou the land? where stately Laurels bloom,
Where Orange groves exhale their rich perfume,
Soft breezes float along the lucid sky,

And all is peace, and joy, and harmony.
Know'st thou the land?———
O, thither flee,
And dwell for ever there, my Friend, with me.

Know'st thou the hills? whose towering heads of snow
Frown o'er the Fairy land that smiles below,
Now wrapt in clouds the gaze of mortals shun,
Now freeze and glisten in the summer sun.
Know'st thou those hills?———
Be our retreat
The fertile Eden blooming at their feet.

Know'st thou the clime? whose sons have souls of fire,
Which feel and prize the raptures of the Lyre;
To which those finer sympathies belong,
That thrill and tremble at the voice of song.
Know'st thou the clime?———
Come, thither flee,
That is the fittest home for you and me.

Though some lov'd names this dreary land endear,
Where Winter triumphs o'er the torpid year,
And shivering Summer hurries through the sky.
As if to tantalize the longing eye.
Quit the cold soil.——
No thought sublime
Was ever kindled in this icy clime.

Here hate and slander fan the coals of strife;
Cast foul aspersions on the fairest life;
Spy out each speck, that clouds a brother's fame,
Shout o'er his faults, and feast upon his shame.
Spurn the vile herd.——
Indignant fly
To some more corteous land and milder sky. B.

A REFLECTION.

I've seen the dark ship proudly braving,
With high sail set—and streamers waving,

The tempest roar and battle pride ;—
I've seen those floating streamers shrinking—
The high sail rent—the proud ship sinking
Beneath the ocean tide ;—
And heard the seaman farewell sighing,
His body on the dark sea lying—
His death-prayer to the wind !

But sadder sight the eye can know
Than proud bark lost and seaman's wo—
Or battle fire and tempest cloud—
Or prey-birds shriek and ocean's shroud—
The Shipwreck of the Mind.

W . . . . r.

Brunswick, ——

Lines addressed to——— ———, Esq. Court-Sqare, who complained of the disadvantage of weak eyes in the profession of the law.

Weak eyes are best, be rul'd by me,
To view the joyous omen right,
Since able lawyers, all agree,
Must often have the *fee*-blest sight.

Court-Street.

———FOR THEE THE TEAR BE DULY SHED !

Fresh blew the breeze, and the wide swelling sail,
Impell'd the swift vessel that bore it above,
Which return'd to her home on the wings of the gale,
As if eager to meet the embraces of love.

All hie to the mart where her packets are given
And hastily break the frail seals which they bear,
Politicians and merchants are equally driven,
To seek for events with the visage of care.

And I too—who reck'd not of Europe's relations,
And still less of Commerce, its losses or gain,

But who hop'd to receive from a far distant station,
Some news of a friend, long expected in vain—

Nor was I deceiv'd, when impatient at last,
That writing familiar which oft could beguile,
The tedious hours in chill solitude pass'd,
Excited at once its habitual smile.

The letter was open'd with pleasing emotion,
And secret delight that of her I should hear,
Who had long since excited my warmest devotion,
Devotion of friendship, as pure as sincere.

It told me of her—what a chill to the heart,
Was suddenly sent, by the first words I read;
It told me of her—what I dread to impart,
It told me, alas! that bright spirit had fled!

How crushing the blow which thus comes by surprise,
To friends afar off, who hear at one breath,
That all is completed!—at once to their eyes,
A blank void is shewn—no sound echoes but death.

When sickness invades, or when grief undermines,
Affection is slowly prepar'd for the blow,
Apprehension is calmed while hope alternate shines,
And we slowly approach the infliction of wo.

But when far remote from the friends we have lov'd,
Whom we left mid the pleasures of youth and of health,
The sad tidings are brought us, that death has remov'd,
The person we valu'd beyond the world's wealth:

No warning is given, no sickness is seen,
No funereal rites to impress on the heart,
That the fate which was hardly believ'd could have been,
Has thrown its irrevocable, withering dart.

We imagine at times, 'tis some horrible dream,
And struggle, though vainly, the mind to persuade,
That the gloom intervening only should seem,
Of distance the veil, not of death the black shade.

And can it then be I shall ne'er see again,
One whom I ne'er saw except with delight,
That I never shall hear that enlivening strain,
Which was varied and soft as the songster of night:

Shall I ne'er again bask in the beam of that eye,
Which was brilliant, and speaking, soul-thrilling, yet soft,
Ne'er breathe forth again the heart-issuing sigh,
Which thy ravishing smiles have caused me oft?

Is that exquisite person suffused with grace,
That mind where vivacity constantly shone:
That sparkling good nature which couch'd in thy face;
That feeling and taste which ne'er left thee alone?

Are these favours of heaven, these triumphs of art,
Which envious Fortune so vainly assail'd,
And more than all these, is the warmth of thy heart,
All quench'd in the grave to be deeply bewail'd?

If that land where I left thee no longer contains,
That form and that soul which I vainly regret,
If the dark ocean which now between us remains,
Is eternity's sea, ne'er retravers'd as yet!

Then farewell to thee! and the land that contain'd thee,
Farewell to the place where I lov'd thee so well,
Farewell to *the* castle—*the* garden—*the* city—
Dear angelick spirit! a solemn farewell!

THE PEACOCK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A Peacock met in silvan dale
That tuneful bird, the Nightingale.
To praise one's self is not so wise,
Though many do it to the skies
Says Pea, "thy talent much assumes,
But what are songs to matchless plumes?"

The bird of note with less of pride,
In softest melody replied;

"Musick the soul can soothe and feast,
And equals gaudy plumes at least."

The sober night advancing mute,
Came on to settle this dispute.
At eve the Peacock's bright display
Was lost: all birds by night are gray;
While musick floating o'er the farms,
Acquired by night, uncommon charms.
Intrinsick talents worth can raise
Above mere beauty's brightest blaze:
Beauty at times, some men adore,
Talents, all men forevermore.

ARMORICUS.

SIR,

I OFFER you the following attempt at a translation of the third Satire of Boileau, who must always be a favourite with the readers of French literature. Lord Lyttleton in his "Dialogues of the Dead," has drawn a parallel, ingenious enough, between him and Pope, in which he accords the superiority to the latter. But this was national partiality, of which if other proof was wanting, the opinion of Johnson, (and who was sufficiently sturdy in his national prejudices,) would be sufficient to shew it to be unfounded. There is no modern writer in any language, who has so many claims to the perfection of a classick model, and he has perhaps gone to the utmost limits of the French language to attain it. His *Lutrin* and his Satires are in point of taste, energy, harmony, and exquisitely appropriate versification, an object of admiration to all those who know the difficulty of excelling in these.—It will be seen that Goldsmith was indebted to this satire, (as Boileau was before indebted to Horace,) for the spirit of his verses entitled the "Haunch of Venison." Leigh Hunt also in his "Feast of the Poets," has shewn many traces of a similar imitation. The French poet, however, rises beyond comparison over these and all his other imitators, in that genuine caustick wit, which it is as difficult to describe as it is to imitate, and in what may be called a pure, *old fash-*

ioned, classical taste. The following is a part of a preliminary note by one of the French editors, it will give a sufficient clue to what succeeds.

"This Satire was composed in the year 1667. It contains the recital of an entertainment, given by a man of a false and extravagant taste, who prided himself, nevertheless, on his superiour refinement in the art of living."

Translation of the third Satire of Boileau.

* What shocking mishap has come o'er thee to day?
Why lengthens thy phiz in that dolorous way?
Thy features discover as dismal a shock,
† As a fund-holder feels at the falling of stock:
And whither has fled the bright tinge from thy cheek,
Which from soups and from ortolans seem'd to grow sleek,
‡ Where fun in its glory attracted our sight,
And the grape and the ruby shone thickly and bright.
Why how now? come tell us the source of thy huff;
Has the cause of good eating received a rebuff?
§ Has the State in thy kitchen employ'd a reform?
Are thy vines and thy melons o'erwhelm'd in the storm?
O well, if thou grudgest a civil reply,
I will question no more, but must bid thee good-bye.

Good heavens! do let me one moment respire,
And soon I'll explain to you all you desire.

* The poet here addresses an epicure friend, whose answer, commencing a few lines below, reaches to the end of the piece. We have introduced the solemn style into this preliminary address, in order to render his interrogatories a little more taunting and satirical.

† The original idea is stronger, the lines are:—

Et ce visage enfin plus pâle qu'un rentier
A l'aspect d'un arrêt qui retranche une quartier?

Stockholders in France are called *rentiers*, and the king had recently by one of those edicts which can only be made in despotick countries, retrenched a quarter's payment of interest.

‡ *La joie* is the word which we have rendered *fun*. Perhaps the French have no expression for this English word, any more than for *comfort*. They make too constant a business of trifling, to be real lovers of fun.

§ "Several sumptuary edicts had been passed about that time."

I have just come away from a finical swine,
Who to poison me, sure, must compel me to dine,
A whole year have I dreaded his teasing pursuit,
And though I'd eluded the obstinate brute.
But yesterday, coming and squeezing my hand,
He whispers—"Dear Sir, the whole matter is planned,
"Without fail you'll be with us to-morrow to dine,
"I have more than a dozen of famous old wine,
"* Boucingo, I know, couldn't furnish us such,
"And stake what you will, I will wager as much,
"† That Villandri would praise both its flavour and spirit,
"Though he dines at the General's—a table of merit.
"‡ Moliere will be there to recite his Tartuffe,
"§ And Lambert has given his word—that's enough—
"If Lambert is there, sure you can't stay at home."
"What! Lambert?" "Yes, Lambert, to-morrow;"—"I'll come."
To-day then, seduced by a promise so fair,
|| After Mass and at noon, to his house I repair,
I arrived, and no sooner had entered the door,
Than mine host with embraces quite cover'd me o'er;

* "Boucingo was a famous wine-seller."

† "Villandri was a man of quality who frequently dined at the house of General de Souvre."

‡ "The comedy of the Tartuffe or The Hypocrite, had been forbidden to be acted, and every body invited Moliere to their houses, in order to hear him recite it."

§ "Michael Lambert was a famous musician, and a great favourite every where."

|| The hour of dining in France, in Boileau's time, and till within a short period of the Revolution, was at noon, a practice which is still maintained in some of the southern countries of Europe, and among the labouring classes every where. In England, the fashion of dining late was earlier introduced, and the progress has been there and in higher circles at Paris to bring things round to nearly their former standing. A fashionable dinner in London is at seven, eight, or even nine in the evening. Most of the merchants and the middling class generally dine at four or five. But this late dinner is, in reality, only a splendid supper. The real dinner under the name of LUNCH, is eaten at one o'clock, it is a hasty, unceremonious, simple meal. A minister, a member of Parliament, and all of the class of fashionable people who are almost all, directly or indirectly, connected with publick life, eat their dinner in the middle of the day, and without ceremony. In the evening the ceremonious dinner, which was formerly

With the calmest of faces the villian could say,
"* Moliere can't be with us, nor Lambert to-day;
"But *you* are the man, so without more ado,
"Walk in, my sweet fellow, we're waiting for you."

Perceiving too late the whole weight of my doom,
I followed the wretch to a small upper room,
Which in spite of the blinds on the windows, by Jove,
It being midsummer, was hot as a stove.
The table was spread in this bower of delight,
And who do you think first saluted my sight,
But a couple of gentry from far out of town,
Great readers of novels, and lately come down.
When they paid their respects, to my solemn belief,
† They quoted all Cyrus, by chapter and leaf.
I was *bursting*. However a soup soon appeared,
Where a large brawny fowl was in splendour uprear'd,
Which mistaking at once both his place and his name,
To the eye of all present a capon became!
Next succeeded two dishes, on one of which lay
A tongue *en ragout*, deck'd in parsely array:
On the other, a pasty, whose outside was brown'd,
In a rank clammy butter was swimming around.

When each of the guests crowded into his seat,
We were wedg'd there so closely, that no one could eat.
So that what could we do, but twist round to the left
And manœuvre flank-fashion, of comfort bereft;
Yes, imagine, dear sir, your poor friend's tribulation—
I who—dote upon nothing like enlargement of station,
And who care not a fig for good meat or good wine,
If I cannot procure me wherever I dine,

called a supper is given. The order of nature makes a dinner in the middle of the day the most salutary; the natural tendency of society is to make the sumptuous and principal meal, whether under the name of dinner or supper, be put off till the evening, and with all others, but mechanicks and labourers, this practice being by far the most convenient, and economical of time, will gradually be introduced into every country. Some curious remarks on the changes of manners, in this respect, may be found in the fourth volume of Hume's History. Note D. in the appendix.

* The parallel passage in the Haunch of Venison is noticeable:

"My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
"With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come.

† "Cyrus, a romance in *ten* volumes, by Mademoiselle de Scuderi."

Quite as empty a space to indulge myself in,
* As Cassagne has at church—or the Abbe Cotin. †

Our Host the meanwhile looking round on the troop,
" What think you," says he, " of the taste of this soup?
" Do observe now the juice of the citron, I beg,
" And the verjuice mix'd in with the yellow of egg;
" Ah, Mignot's the boy to cook after your heart,
" Yes, Mignot forever, the prince of his art!"

At the sound of this word I was dumb with affright,
And the hair on my head stood with horrour upright.
For of all who by poison their living have made
This Mignot's the vilest adept in his trade.
Yet I prais'd all his mixtures by nod and by sign,
And expected at least to be paid in the wine.
For the wine then I call'd—when with forehead of brass,
Such a compound a lackey pour'd into my glass!
‡ *Lignage* and *auvernat* together, I am sure,
Such as Crenet exposes for *hermitage* pure.
Its colour was red, and its taste sweet and flat,
And oh, what a villanous tang after that!
I was sure of the mixture and shudder'd to sip
The moment I lifted the glass to my lip
But still I had hopes the rank poison to soften,
If I pour'd in the water full largely and often.
But who would have thought it? to crown the disgrace,
Not an atom of ice could be found in the place.
No ice!—gracious heaven! 'twas a midsummer's day—
'Twas in June! I was carried with fury away:
And wishing the dinner and all to the d——
In spite of their stares and surmises of evil,
Was just on the point of betaking to flight,
After twenty attempts—when the roast came in sight.

The dish that first enter'd I think was a hare,
Flank'd round by six pullets consumptively spare,

* This merciless thrust was levelled at two French preachers, whose success in oratory was hardly equal to their pretensions.

† The English pronunciation of this word must be adopted to favour the rhyme. This apology, however, ought not to be necessary, since the first circles in England, we understand, Anglicise the pronunciation of all proper names, sounding the final letter of Bordeaux, &c. as well as of Paris and Calais. It must be a great entrenchment on the prerogatives of those, who wish to display a smattering of French.

‡ Two wines of Orleans.

Upon these were three rabbits confusedly pil'd,
That might have been eatable had they been wild.
But I know that at Paris the rascals were bred,
For they smack'd of the cabbage with which they were fed.
Around this huge meat-stack so pil'd and so press'd,
A long string of larks was in majesty dress'd.
And last, like rear-guards, for the sake of display,
Six pigeons, all scorch'd, amid scoriæ lay.

At the side of this charger two sallads appear'd,
Yellow purslain, and herbs that were wither'd and sear'd.
The rank oil from afar was a pest to our noses,
As it swam in an ocean of sour oil-of-roses.
But my gentlemen-fools chang'd their looks at the sight,
And declar'd all the feast was a trance of delight.
While my prig of a host, who felt his whole weight,
Affectedly begg'd that their praise might abate.
Most of all did I notice a certain old liar,
Whose mouth you would say was with hunger on fire;
I know not why *he* was a guest at the fare—
'Twas the steam I believe must have guided him there.
He pretended to be, and he was, to my thinking,
* A monk of the order of eating and drinking.
His actions alone might display his good breeding,
For he prais'd every dish—by abundance of feeding.
I smil'd as I gaz'd on his lank hectick look,
† His cravat that *was* white, and his antique peruke.
To flatter our host, he misnam'd the whole fare,
‡ Each squab was a pigeon, each rabbit a hare:
He watch'd all his looks and his waggings of head,
And reverently mimick'd the nonsense he said.

The host by this flattery was ravish'd with glee;
But just at that moment his eyes fell on me;
And he ask'd, "My dear Sir, do you eat nothing, pray?
"You seem to be pensively anxious to-day.
"I am sure that your appetite cannot be great,
"For the pieces lie whole and untouch'd on your plate.

*The original has it—"of the order of the *Hills*." There were several hills in France which produced Champagne, and they had their respective partizans, who disputed about the quality of the wine.

† "Ilium *fuit*."

‡ A squab being the young of a tame pigeon, and a rabbit being a tame hare, the flattery consisted in substituting wild game for domestick poultry.

"Are you fond of the nutmeg? it's every where strew'd
"Do taste of this fowl, 'tis amazingly good.
"Those pigeons are fat, Sir, come, swallow a mite,
"The flesh of this hare too is tender and white.
"In short, every dish has a notable taste,
"And Mignot this morning himself has surpass'd.
"Of sauces, to judge, none but critics should dare,
"Let the *pepper* for me fill a very great share.
"I've enough of it, faith, for I've all Pelletier
"* In parcels wrapp'd up in my buttery here."

At all this fine speech I was fix'd as a stone,
Or the statue of Peter, nor utter'd a tone;
But swallow'd some chicken before me that lay,
After drawing the larding of bacon away.

Meantime the *romancer* I mention'd before,
Had heighten'd his voice to a bacchanal roar;
And giving my two country-gentry a toast,
Was proposing the health of our worshipful host.
They accepted the challenge, and utter'd a shout,
As they lifted the bumpers and emptied them out.
Such a gallant exploit soon awaken'd the rest,
And glasses were handed to every guest;
Which glasses were faithfully clean'd, I've no doubt,
As was prov'd by the finger-marks, left all about.

And now there was heard a poor voice in the throng,
Most nasally chanting a bacchanal song.
But its melody ravish'd my very good fools,
Who struck up in defiance of concord or rules.
Imagine what bliss must have burst on my ear;
Such musick as charm'd even heaven to hear.
One voice, as it squeak'd most delightfully shrill,
Would heighten and lengthen forever its thrill.
Another, most kindly supporting, set in,
Resembling a craz'd and untun'd violin.

*The point of this passage is very keen, but it requires a little explanation. Pelletier was a wretched scribbler of sonnets. The host, however, who had a good opinion of him, wished to pay him a compliment by comparing his pungency to that of pepper. But he intimates, in doing it, that Pelletier's writings had found their way to his buttery along with the provisions for his table.

A ham was now brought, though the Lord knows from whence,
* But it went by the name of a gammon from Mentz.
It was borne by a valet, who counted his paces,
Like a rector attended with bearers of maces,
Two slovenly scullions, in aprons array'd,
And who serv'd as mace-bearers, two dishes display'd.
In the one, some mushrooms with a sweet-bread was found,
In the other green peas that in water were drown'd.
When so lovely a spectacle greeted their sight,
The whole table was doubly surpris'd with delight.
And ceasing at once their melodious yell,
With idiot-faces to argument fell.
The wine furnished tongues to each block that was there,
All must prate, and put off their nonsensical ware.
They dealt to each ruler his lesson and fate,
Abus'd the police and amended the state,
† At length on the war they profoundly begun,
And Holland was ruin'd, or England undone.

But leaving in peace all the nations at last,
From subject to subject they rapidly past,
And concluded on *verse*, when my criticks at once,
All had something to say, not excepting a dunce.
Upon authors they judg'd with so knowing an air,
You'd have thought the whole board of Parnassus was there.
Our learn'd entertainer his turn could not miss,
And instructed his guests with such maxims as this:—
"‡ Ronsard and Theophilus never depart
"From the skill of proportion, or beauty of art."
So much for a speech of such critical worth!
Then my Lord from the country prepared to hold forth.
Lifting up his mustachios, and easing his hat,
That was made of coarse felt, with gay feathers on that;
And assuming a loud preceptorial tone,
Demanded attention and hearing alone.
"By the Lord," he exclaim'd, "you may all disagree,
"§ But Serre's the author of authors for me.

* Mentz was formerly a great bacon market. The hams of Westphalia, of which we hear so much at this day, found there a ready sale.

† Holland and England were then at war.

‡ The French editor ascribes any thing to those two authors but the qualities mentioned by the host.

§ La Serre is described as a miserable writer, whose works are a continued string of nonsense.

"His verses enchantments of witchery seem,
"And his prose runs along in a beautiful stream.
"* There is likewise a piece that is call'd La Pucelle,
"It is written with spirit and pleases me well;
"But whenever I read it for liveliness' sake,
"How it is, I don't know, but I can't keep awake.
"† Le Pays is a fine pleasant writer, I'm sure;
"But what can you find that is good in Voiture?
"By my faith, all your time and your eyes you may waste,
"But in vain you will read, if you have not good taste.
"‡ Why they talk of Corneille, he is pretty sometimes,
"And may well enough please with his diction and rhymes,
"But hark, after all, I will tell you, by Jove,
"'Tis the soft and the beautiful French that I love.
"§ They praise Alexander, I cannot tell why,
"He's a fierce ruffian-hero that never can sigh.
"|| Quinault makes his heroes perfection complete,
"When they utter, *I hate you*, 'tis tender and sweet.
"¶ They say that a certain young man of the town,
"Has written a satire, and there run him down."
Here the host interrupts: "Stop, my Lord, if you please,
"I know who you mean, and the verses are these."

* La Pucelle, by Chapelain was expected by all France for thirty years; but at length it disappointed every body. "Its verses are extremely harsh, forced, and full of monstrous transpositions."

† Le Pays was a feeble imitator of Voiture, whose name is celebrated in French literature. The joke consisted in the rustick nobleman's finding beauty in the former, but none in his model.

‡ Every reader of Corneille must feel the forcible absurdity of applying the word *pretty* to that writer. It might as well be applied to Milton.

§ Alexander the Great, a tragedy of Racine.

|| These unmerited sarcasms on Quinault, have been shewn to be so by the impartial judgment of posterity. Boileau was not of a character to comprehend the beauties of Quinault, any more than Johnson could those of Gray. He probably made use of his name partly from the suggestion and urgency of the rhyme. Quinault is the most pure and perfect of the French Lyric poets, and with the exception of some odes of J. B. Rousseau, there is no other that can compare with him. His *Alceste*, *Roland*, and above all, *Armide*, are still the delight and the master-pieces of the French grand opera. Justice is done to Quinault, by Voltaire, and by Laharpe in the seventh volume of his *Lyceé* or *cours litteraire*.

¶ The allusion here is to Boileau's second satire, on the difficulties of a Rhymester, a very ingenious and humorous production.

" * *When I look for the name of a bard without fault,*
" *Dame Reason says Virgil, but Rhyme says Quinault.*"
" Yes, those are the lines," said my Lord in a huff,
" The whole piece, heaven knows, is insipid enough.
" And abusing Quinault too! Hast seen his Astratus?
" *There's* a work, Sir, that's fill'd with the real *afflatus.*
" The episode in it that tells of the Ring,
" Is, of all things on earth, the very best thing.
" The story is managed with wonderful art,
" † Why each act is a whole; you may read 'em apart!
" Whenever I close a production like that,
" All others appear most insuff'rably flat."
" I own," said a certain young prig that was there,
Who I knew by his restless retiring air,
Was a stringer of verses, " I willingly own,
" That Quinault has his merits, but stands he alone?"

" My faith!" said the rustick in accents of fire,
Who was boiling already with wine and with ire,
" My faith, Mr. Critick! and pray who are you?
" If Quinault has a rival, *you* can't prove it true."

" Perhaps so," he answer'd with countenance fierce,
" But are *you* quite at home in the judging of verse?"

" A thousand times more so than you, Sir, I think!"
" A thousand times more, my Lord? *Mingle your drink.*"

" If you mean," said my Lord, " I'm a drunkard, ye lie!"
And without farther preface his plate he let fly,
Direct at the poet, whose head dropping low,
With a dexterous foresight, evaded the blow.
The volley meantime whizzing on to the wall,
Rebounded and roll'd on the floor like a ball.
Such an outrage the man of the pen could not brook,
But darting a most diabolical look,
Compounded of anger, of shame, and of scorn,
He rose and assaulted the bumpkin highborn.

* In the satire abovementioned, the author complains that when he is hunting for Rhymes, the wrong ones will always present themselves. Among other instances, he gives that contained in the two lines in the text.

† This information must have been something like an assassination to a fastidious French critick, who values unity of action, as well as every other Aristotelian rule, as highly as his own heart's blood.

In vain by the guests were they urg'd to forbear;
Our heroes close grappled in each other's hair.
In a moment the tables were all overthrown,
And the remnants of bottles in ruins are strown;
In vain to replace them the valets combine;
While the room is o'erwhelm'd in a deluge of wine.

The efforts at length of each horrour-struck guest,
Succeeded in laying this outrage to rest;
And no sooner did mauling and fisticuffs cease,
Than they parley'd of accommodation and peace.
And as all were hard striving to bring it about,
I snatch'd my occasion, and softly slipp'd out,
Pronouncing this oath as I rush'd from the door,
"If among such a crew I am caught evermore,
"These punishments dread may I rightfully learn,
"* May the wine that I drink to vile Malaga turn,
"May the market-purveyors no venison seize,
"Nor the summer to August e'er furnish green peas!"

* The character of the fretful epicure is well preserved to the last.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

Aus meinem Leben—Dichtung und Wahrheit. Von Gœthe. From my life—Fiction and Fact, by Gœthe. III. 12mo. pp. 515, 573, 538. Tubingen, J. G. Cotta, 1811, 12, 14.

We confess ourselves a little alarmed, at the title page of this work, nor do we certainly know what idea we should attach to the "fiction and fact." We should be most loath to consider them as indicating, that nothing was to be expected but an autobiographical romance, a sort of self-written Robinson Crusoe; at the same time, that the work itself bears throughout the traces of authentic relation. We have heard it thus explained by intelligent Germans:—Of the early events of life, we can have but an indistinct and uncertain remembrance; nor do we, as Gœthe himself says, always know what we have received from the constant relation of others, and what we have actually retained in our memories. Any attempt, therefore, to give a regular account of these events, and of the first steps, in the formation of the character, will involve more or less, what is only probable and natural, supplied by the reason or fancy, to connect or adorn the actual; and hence the "fiction and fact." Something like this, no doubt, was intended by Gœthe, and, at the end of his preface, he says, "What else is to be remarked upon the half *poetical*, half *historical* treatment of the subject, will find its opportunity in the course of the narrative." As this historical and poetical treatment cannot easily refer to any mere variation of style, it probably is the interpretation of the *Dichtung* and *Wahrheit* on the title page. Some foundation must doubtless be allowed to the observation, of the difficulty of drawing a mere historical picture of a course of events and their effect upon the character, which passed, not only at a season of which memory makes uncertain reports, but at which also the consciousness itself is not ripe to judge and estimate what happens. It has not, however, yet been found therefore necessary to make an

avowed allowance for a fictitious mixture, in narrations intended to be true; and though no man can read these volumes with distrust, no one, we think, but feels their title rather equivocal and mysterious. Of the work itself, the notice we can take will be chiefly that of extracts. We shall only try to add enough to make the narrative intelligible, and reserve to ourselves an opportunity of making a few remarks at the close.

"August 28, 1749, at noon, as the clock struck twelve, I was born at Frankfort, on the Main. The constellation was fortunate: the sun was in the sign of the virgin, and culminated for the day: Jupiter and Venus wore a friendly aspect, and Mercury not a hostile one: Saturn and Mars were indifferent: the moon only, at that time in the full, exerted her malign aspect, so much the more as it was at the same time also her planetary hour; she, therefore, opposed my birth, which could not take place till this hour was passed.* These favourable aspects, upon which the astrologers afterwards highly complimented me, were, perhaps, the ground of my preservation. Through the unskilfulness of the midwife, I was brought for dead into the world; and it was only by the most multifarious exertions, that I was brought to discover signs of life. This circumstance, much distress as it caused my friends, proved of no small advantage to my fellow-citizens. My [maternal] grandfather, John Wolfgang Textor, the mayor of the city, took this occasion to appoint an *Accoucheur*, and to introduce or revive the instruction in midwifery, much to the advantage of many a child unborn." I. page 3, 4.

The family of Gœthe was of the middle respectable class, in the city of Frankfort, and possessed a comfortable property, inherited in the maternal line. It was in the house of his grandmother, that his parents lived, at the time of his birth, and some of the first pages are employed in describing its antique, and somewhat ominous construction, and its effect upon his infant fancy.

"In the second story was the garden chamber, so called, because, under its window, we had tried, by a few plants, to

* Not being deep in astrology, we have been obliged to content ourselves with the literal translation of the German, which we hope the reader, if an adept, will excuse, should it be incorrect.

supply the want of a garden. Here, as I grew up, was my most favourite spot. It inspired not indeed sadness, but longing. Over this garden, over the walls and ramparts of the city, the prospect extended itself to a beautiful and fertile plain, which leads to Hæchst. It was here that, in summer, I commonly studied my lessons—waited in expectation of the thunderstorms—and was never tired of gazing at the setting sun, directly toward which the window looked. As I saw, at the same time, the neighbours walking in their gardens, tending their flowers, the children playing, parties enjoying themselves ; as I heard the bowls roll, and the nine pins fall, I early experienced a feeling of solitude, and of longing caused by it, which, corresponding with my naturally serious foreboding cast of mind, exhibited an influence upon me soon, and, in the sequel, more and more visible." I. p. 10, 11.

A series of Roman engravings, and the explanations of them by his father, who had travelled in Italy, were the first occasion of the developement of his taste for the fine arts. A sort of puppet-show, with which the children were permitted, on Christmas-eve, to indulge themselves, in their good-natured grandmother's apartment, may have excited the first spark of dramatic genius, and the ancient and venerable aspect of the city, combined with the ruinous solemnity of the family dwelling-house, to confirm the turn towards antiquities. The description and developement of their respective influence upon his opening character, is extremely ingenious and pleasant, but our limits oblige us to pass it over. In like manner, we must omit the account of several of the peculiar civil and public ceremonies of the free and imperial city of Frankfort, and their connexion with the young Gœthe's imagination, as well as the account of the entire new-modelling of the family-house, after the grandmother's death, and the exchange of its dusky gravity for the airiness and convenience of a modern dwelling. In all of these little things, the reader acquires a strong interest, by the charm of the style, and the gratification felt at discerning their connexion with the unfolding of the character, which is the subject of the narrative ; and is soon as much at home in old Mr Gœthe's chamber of modern paintings, as in uncle Thurlow's or uncle Selby's parlour.

The great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, had a very lively effect upon the future poet. He was then six years old. After describing the panic, which spread through Europe, and the continual reports of the calamity, which he heard in his father's family, he adds, "The lad [himself] who heard all this many times repeated, was not a little struck. God, the Creator and Preserver of the heavens and the earth, represented in the first article of the confession, as so wise and gracious, in giving up a prey alike the righteous and unrighteous, seemed by no means to have approved his fatherly character. The boy's youthful intellect strove in vain to resist these impressions: the less to be wondered at, as sages and authors are not agreed as to the solution to be given of these phenomena." I. p. 53.

This strange turn to atheism, which the child of six years old, in the infantine thoughtlessness of his heart, seems to have taken, was confirmed by the injury done to his father's house by a furious hail-storm, the following summer. We are, indeed, a little disposed to recall "*the fiction and fact*" of the title page, and to ask whether it is not probable that the supposed feelings, at that tender and innocent period, are rather antedated and maturer speculations, upon similar events.

The education of young Gœthe and his sister, the only two survivors of several children, was undertaken by their father, from a distrust of the established schools, and the idea of conferring on them especial advantages, without remembering (and it is a fine remark) "how defective all instruction must be, given by those, who do not make a business of teaching." His father was highly gratified, with the early proofs of genius he discovered in his boy, and destined him for the law. "He could hardly wait in patience, till I should be placed at an academy [university.] He early announced his decision, that I should go to Leipsic and study law: and afterwards visit some other university to take my degree. He was indifferent, as to my choice of a second university. Only against Göttingen, he had, I know not whence, a prejudice, to my great greivance; for it was precisely upon this University, that I placed much confidence and great hope." I. p. 59.

Of the early developement of his poetical talent, and a very curious operation of his imagination, the following may

serve as a specimen. "We children had a meeting on Sundays, where each produced some verses of his own composition. Here something very strange occurred to me, and which kept me a long time in anxiety. I, of course, thought my poems, good or bad, in reality the best produced. But I soon found, that my competitors, who brought very lame things to pass, were in the same predicament, and had each the same favourable opinion of their pieces. Nay, what was a still more suspicious circumstance, a good boy, of whom I was fond, though he was utterly incapable of making verses, and got his private tutor to make them for him, was not only convinced that these were the very best, but *by a very singular self-delusion, that he himself had actually made them,* as he always very strenuously asserted to me in confidence. Now seeing this palpable delusion and deception before me, it struck me, one day, whether I might not be in the same case; whether those poems might not be really better than mine, and whether I might not, with reason, seem as foolishly vain to the other boys, as they to me? This made me a long time very uneasy, for I had no criterion of the truth: I even left off writing verses: till my lightness of heart, consciousness of merit, and finally an appointed extempore task, given out by our teachers and parents, who amused themselves with our productions, and in which I gained universal praise and credit, restored my peace." I. p. 62.

We have already seen the very singular turn of thought, which the young Gœthe took upon the occasion of the great earthquake. But the effect of constant religious instruction, and the rational manner in which religion was familiarly represented to him, by those around him, happily counteracted the effect. We imagine few authentic passages are to be found more singular than the following, in all the compass of biography. "This and similar circumstances, doubtless, had their effect upon the lad, and led him to the like opinions. In a word, he formed the resolution of approaching, in an immediate manner, the great God of nature, the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, the former demonstrations of whose anger had been forgotten, in the view of the beauty of the world, and the manifold good imparted to us in it. The way, in which he resolved to make this approach, was very singular. The

boy had always held fast to the first articles of the confession. The God, who stood in direct connexion with nature, regarding and loving it as his handy work, seemed to him a God capable also of entering into a closer connexion, as well with man as all the rest of his works, and who would provide for them, even as for the motion of the stars, the diurnal and annual seasons, the animal and vegetable orders. The lad could not devise a form for this being; he, therefore, sought him in the works of nature, and would erect an altar to him, in the good Old Testament way. Natural productions should be the image of the world, and a flame burning upon these, should signify the spirit of man as ascending up in aspirations to his Creator. From the collection of natural curiosities already made, and such others as he had access to, he selected the best specimens: how they should be arranged and disposed was the question. The father had a handsome music stand, red varnished, gilt in flowers. In form, it was a four sided pyramid, which had been useful for Quartettos, but latterly seldom used. Having gotten possession of this, the lad arranged, in gradual succession, one above the other, his representatives of nature, till the whole had quite an agreeable and sufficiently significant aspect. At the rising of the sun, the first act of divine worship was to take place on this altar, though the youthful priest was not yet quite decided, in what way he should produce a flame, which at the same time should have an agreeable smell. He at length hit upon a way of combining the two objects, by making use of some perfumed pastils,* which, if not blazing, yet smouldering, diffused the most agreeable odour. While this gentle and gradual burning and mouldering seemed even more expressive of the working of the feelings, than a positive flame. The sun had been long arisen, but the houses of the neighbours obstructed his light. At length he appeared over the roofs, the young priest seizes a burning glass, and the perfumed pastil, in a Porcelain saucer, on the top of the altar, is presently enkindled. All succeeded, and the devotion was complete. The altar

* A small pyramidical composition of odorous gum, used in rooms where pipes are smoked, to disguise the smell of the tobacco. It resembles, in appearance, a fuse of gun-powder.

remained as an ornament of the chamber, which had been cleared out for the boy in the new house. Every body considered it as a perfectly arranged cabinet of natural curiosities, and the lad kept his counsel. He longed to repeat his solemnity. Unfortunately, the porcelain saucer at the moment of the appearance of the sun was not at hand, and the pastil was placed directly upon the top of the music stand. It was kindled, and the devotion was so intense, that the priest was not aware of the injury his offering was doing, till it was too late to help it. The pastils burned sadly into the red varnish and gilt flowers, and its black ineffable traces remained, as it were the footsteps of an evil spirit." I. p. 84—88.

We must make one remark here, upon the style in which the narrative is related, and which, though the aspect of it be a little different, in the two languages, does not admit of any other course, than a literal translation into ours, viz. that Gœthe, in the first volume, calls himself *the lad*, *the youth*, &c. This sounds less strange in German, in which it was formerly a universal custom for a schoolmaster to address his pupils in the third person singular, and in which, even now, the second person singular, the second and third plural, are respectively applied, accordingly as the nature of the address varies. Something different is another idiom, of which a specimen has occurred, of unpleasant sound to an English ear. A German child does not say, *my* father, *my* mother, *my* brother, &c. but *the* father, *the* mother, *the* brother; this, however, ceases with the earlier years. For the rest, there is a philosophical ground for a mature man's speaking of his former self, under the third person, for his saying not "*I* did so and so," but "*the boy* did," inasmuch as there is no moral identity of the persons: they are not in any pscychological sense the same; and here, perhaps, as in many other cases, the real solution of the difficulty of telling, in what resides the *identity*, is to own, that no identity exists.

In the year 1756, the renowned seven years' war broke out, and the description of its indirect influence on the young Gœthe's character, then seven years old, commences the second book. We must pass over this, and over the account of a youthful society, of which he was a member, and of a tale called "the New Paris," which he produced

in it. It now appears, as it has remained in Gœthe's memory and imagination ever since; and is hardly, therefore, to be considered as a fair specimen of his powers, at this very early age. The aversion of his father to all poetry that did not rhyme, and of course to Klopstock's Messiah, which then appeared, furnished occasion to a laughable scene. A friend had lent the mother of Gœthe a copy of the Messiah, and she and her children, carefully concealing the rhymless bard from the father's knowledge, read it privately, with boundless delight. "My mother kept the book concealed, and my sister and I getting it as often as we could, in our play hours, got into some corner to learn by heart the best passages, and particularly those of remarkable tenderness or vehemence. Porcia's dream [the wife of Pilate] was a great favourite; and we divided between us the wild and desperate dialogue, between Satan and Adramaleck, who was cast into the Red sea. The first part, as being the more vehement, came to me; my sister undertook the other, as more pathetic. The alternate, horrible, but sonorous curses at length flowed glibly, and we seized every occasion to greet each other with these infernal salutations. One Saturday winter evening, the time at which the father shaved, that he might be dressed in season for church on Sunday morning, the barber was present, and in full lather, and we were sitting on a bench, behind the stove. We began to murmur softly over our customary execrations. Adramaleck was to grasp Satan with his iron hands. My sister seized me violently, and began softly at first, but with rising passion:

> 'O save me! I implore thee, since thou wilt so,
> Monster, implore thee! dark rejected traitor!
> Save me: I suffer an eternal death
> Of vengeance! Once with hot and cruel rage
> I hated thee;—alas, I cannot now—
> And this itself is agony.'

"Thus far was tolerable, but with a loud and tremendous voice, she cried out the following words:

> 'Ah—I am crushed!'

"The honest barber was frightened, and turned the water from the shaving basin into the father's bosom. A great sensation and strict inquiry ensued, particularly in consideration of what might have been the disastrous consequences, had the process of shaving been actually begun. To prevent all suspicion of wantonness, we confessed our Satanick parts, and the disasters caused by the rhymeless hexameters was new ground for condemning them to yet stricter banishment." I. p. 177—180.

The year 1759, was memorable for Frankfort, by the forcible entry of the French army, not only offensive to the citizens, as an invasion of their privileges, and dangerous to them, as exposing them to a siege or bombardment from the allies, but irritating in a high degree, inasmuch as Frederick was very popular among them. An officer of high rank was quartered on Gœthe's father, and much interesting anecdote is related of him, which, however, we must omit.

The young Gœthe had early learned Italian from his father, and took advantage of the throng of Frenchmen, with which he was now surrounded, to acquire the French. The following, is an account of a sufficiently singular work for a boy of eleven, or (for the want of dates is very great,) it may be twelve years old. "In due order, also, my father was desirous that the English should find its place among the other languages. Now I will own that it grew more and more oppressive to me, to have to find my task, now in this grammar, and then in that collection; now in one author, and anon in another; and to divide my attention as mechanically, as the hours of my lessons. I therefore pitched upon the idea of accomplishing all at once, and devised the plan of a romance of six or seven brothers and sisters, separated from each other in the world, and maintaining a correspondence, upon their respective situations and feelings. The eldest brother was to give an account in good German, of objects and events of all kinds upon a journey. The sister, in a mincing style, filled with stops and short sentences, was to answer, now him, and now her other brothers and sisters, upon domestick relations and affairs of the heart. One brother, a student in theology, was to write a very stiff Latin, with the frequent addition of a Greek postscript. The English correspondence was natu-

rally to be assigned to another, established as a clerk in a Hamburg counting-house, while a fourth, in a similar situation, in Marseilles, was to be entrusted with the French. The Italian was allotted to a fifth, a musician just fledged in the world; and the youngest, a sort of self-conceited chatterbox, being anticipated in all the other languages, was obliged to take up with German Jewish, and put the others at their wits-end, by his calamitous hieroglyphicks. To give a consistence to this curious fabrick, I studied out the geographical peculiarities of the different countries, where my heroes were placed, and devised every thing to qualify this dry locality, which was appropriate to the character of the persons, and the business on which they were employed. Thus my exercises increased in size, my father was more and more pleased, and I sooner learned the limits of my own stock and promptness." I. p. 286—88.

The addition of the German Hebrew, the villanous jargon of the Jews in Germany and the north of Europe, seems to have been made in the pure wantonness of youthful invention, though doubtless suggested by the cumbrous abundance of this nation in Frankfort. Young Gœthe soon found, that to write modern Hebrew, he must learn ancient, and thus to carry out a boyish jest, he found himself engaged in the study of another, and a difficult language. An instructor for the Hebrew, Doctor Albrecht, the aged rector of the Gymnasium, was engaged, and the work seriously begun. Our readers, perhaps, did not expect to be treated with a dissertation on the Hebrew points, from the author of the Sorrows of Werther. "I found an alphabet," says he, "corresponding sufficiently with the Greek, and I already knew the names of most of the letters. All this, therefore, I mastered soon, and thought I should come presently to the reading. I was already aware that this was from right to left. But all at once, I was encountered by a new host of little signs and letters, an army of all manner of little points and lines, the alleged representatives of vowels; a matter of the more astonishment to me, as the great alphabet visibly contained some vewels, and the others appeared with equal certainty, only disguised under different names. I was also taught, that the Jewish nation actually, during its national existence, contented itself with these latter vowels, and knew no other mode of reading or writing. Now my

heart was fixed upon the ancient commodious way ; but my old master pronounced somewhat severely, that the grammar, as once received, must be followed ; that to read without these points and marks, was a very hard thing, only to be achieved by the most learned men. I was, therefore, obliged to submit to the learning of these little marks, though the business grew constantly more and more intricate. At one time, some of the great original letters must lose their power, that their pigmy followers, forsooth, need not have been placed in vain. Again, they are to be only a light breathing, anon a guttural, more or less harsh, and in a third only a fulcrum or prop. Finally, when one flattered himself that he had mastered them all, some, both of the great and little personages, would be made quiescent, till in the end, much was left to the eyes, and little for the lips." I. p. 294—95.

The reader will anticipate the result, that when to all these difficulties, were added those of the vulgar jargon, which was the original object, the young Gœthe was soon disgusted. The lessons with his Hebrew master, passed off into an occasion of a pretty latitudinarian exegesis, on the part of the pupil. The whole account ends with a long and most remarkable abstract of the early history of the Jews, and the foundation of the Jewish religion, which, however interesting as a specimen of the mode of thinking on these points prevalent among enlightened laymen in Germany, must be omitted here. The result of all, was an epick poem on the character and history of Joseph, which, when nicely copied, with the earlier productions of the precocious bard, into a neat quarto MS. was received by the father with great complacence, who encouraged his diligent and hopeful son, to present him such a volume every year.

And now regularly commences the high fool's holiday of life. We will not defraud the gentle reader of one word of the young Gœthe's first experiences in this blessed season. Always ready with his pen for prose or poetry, he had accommodated his companious, with some occasional productions, at their request and particularly had allowed himself to join in practising upon the credulity of a young man, not personally known to him, in writing to him a poetical epistle, as if from an enamoured fair, protesting her

passion. Afterwards, by the intervention of their common friends, Gœthe furnished the young man with an appropriate answer to this supposed epistle; which the lover found so apt and appropriate, as soon to grow convinced, by a remarkable self-delusion already noticed, that he had written it himself. Upon the score of having rendered these services to the lover, Gœthe was pressed to attend a meeting of a sort of combination of their common friends, at whose request he had done it. "We came rather late together; the supper was very frugal, the wine decent; as to the conversation, it seemed to have no other object than to quiz, the not very lively, young gentleman; who, after repeatedly reading my epistle, *seemed almost convinced that he had written it himself.* My natural goodness of disposition allowed me to take but little pleasure in this wicked fraud; and I soon grew tired of harping on the same string. I should have infallibly passed a tedious evening, had not an unexpected appearance filled me with new life. At our arrival, we found the table neatly laid, and wine in plenty upon it. We were alone and without waiters. Finally, however, the wine failed, and some one called to the maid. Instead of the maid, a girl entered of uncommon, and, considering the place where she was, of incredible beauty. 'What will you have,' said she, bidding good evening with a smile, 'the maid is sick and a-bed, can I do any thing for you?'—'The wine is out,' said one, 'if you could bring us a couple of bottles, it would be just the thing.'—'Do, Peggy,' said another, 'tis but a step.'—'With all my heart,' said she,—took a couple of empty bottles from the table, and hastened away. Her form behind, was still finer than in front; her hat sat so neatly on her little head, and her slender neck was placed with such charming symmetry, upon her shoulders. Every thing seemed choice about her, and one was able the more calmly to follow her form, as the attention was no longer attracted and engrossed by the still faithful eye, and the lovely mouth. I protested to the company that they ought not to send her out alone, in the night; but they only laughed at me, and I was soon relieved by her re-appearance, for the wine shop was but across the street.—'Now take a seat with us, yourself,' said one; this she did; but alas! not near me. She drank a glass of wine to our health, and soon retired, advising us

not to stay very long, and above all, not to be loud, for that the mother wanted to go to bed. It was not her mother, but that of our host. The form of this girl followed me wherever I went: it was the first permanent impression, that had been made upon me by a female creature. As I neither had, nor could make a pretence to see her at home, I soon sought her at church, and found out her place. The comfortably long Protestant service allowed me full time to gaze upon her. In going out, I did not dare to speak to her, still less to accompany her, and I was happy enough to catch her eye, and a nod, in return for my reverence. But I was not long to be without an opportunity of seeing her. The young man, whose poetical secretary I had become, was made to believe that the letter I had written in his name, to the young lady, whom he supposed had written to him, had been actually delivered to her, and his expectation stretched to the highest pitch, that he should soon have an answer. This too, I must prepare, and they besought me to command all my wit and skill, upon the occasion. In the hope of soon seeing my fair one again, I sat earnestly to work, and thought over every thing with which I should be delighted, if Peggy wrote it to me. I thought I succeeded so far in writing every thing suggested by her form, her mien, her manner, her character, that I could not suppress the wish, that it might be real, and I lost myself in ecstasies at the thought, that something similar from her might be addressed to me. I thus imposed upon myself, while I thought I was imposing upon the young man; and much pleasure and pain was reserved for me, from this source. After repeated inquiries, if I were ready, I promised to make my appearance, and was punctual to the hour. One only of the set was there, Peggy sat spinning at the window, the mother was going in and out. The young man asked me to read it to him, and I did it; not without emotion, as I cast a look from my paper, at the pretty girl by the window; and thinking I discovered a little agitation in her air, a slight blush on her cheeks, I delivered with so much more vivacity, the sentiments which, as I have said, I would gladly have heard from her. Her cousin, who often interrupted me with his applauses, begged me, at the end, to make a few alterations. They were things, to be sure, which applied better

to Peggy than to the lady in question, who was of good family, rich, known and respected in the city. After the young man had proposed the corrections, and produced pen and ink to make them with, he left the room, upon some call abroad. I sat down to the table, with a great slate before me, and tried to make the alterations. I tried a long time, wrote and rubbed out again, and at last cried out impatiently, 'it will not go.' 'So much the better,' said the dear girl, with a firm tone, 'I would not have it go. You ought not to have any thing to do with such a business.' She left her wheel, came to the table, and with great propriety and good humour, read me quite a lecture. 'You think the thing is a harmless joke; it is a joke, but not a harmless one. I have known many instances, in which our young friends have gotten into great trouble by these mischievous tricks.' 'What shall I do,' cried I, 'the letter is written, and they depend upon me to alter it?'— 'Trust me,' said she, 'and do not alter it Nay, take it back altogether, and go and try, by means of your friends, to get clear of the whole business. I will add a word also to them. For only see, a poor girl like me, dependent upon these relations, (who to be sure without doing any thing really bad, are always venturing upon one wild trick or another for the sake of sport or gain) I refused them to copy the first letter, and they were obliged to transcribe it themselves, as they will this, if nothing better is to be done. And you, a young man of a good family, rich and independent, why should you let yourself be made a fool of in an affair, which can produce no good for you, and may much bad.' It was fortunate for me that she spoke so much at once, for she usually mixed but little in the conversation. My prepossession increased incredibly. I was not master of myself. I answered, 'I am not so independent as you think me; and what does it serve me to be rich, since I have not the most precious thing which I could wish.'— She had drawn my poetical epistle to her, and read it half aloud, in the sweetest manner. 'That is pretty,' said she, stopping at a little naïveté: 'pity it was not destined to a better purpose.'—'That indeed,' I cried, 'I wish with all my heart; how happy he must be, who receives from her, whom he loves without bounds, such an assurance of her favour as this.'—'That indeed,' said she, 'supposes much

—but many things are possible.'—'For instance,' continued I, 'if any one, who knew you, prized, honoured, adored you, were to lay a leaf, like that before you, and pressed it upon you with all earnestness, with all heartiness and honesty, what would you do?'—I pushed the leaf toward her, which she had already previously returned to me. She smiled, thought a moment, took the pen and signed it. I was wild with delight, sprung up, and would have embraced her. 'Nay, not kiss,' said she, 'that's so vulgar; but love. if we can.' I took the leaf and put it in my bosom. 'Nobody shall have it,' said I—'the thing is settled—you have saved me.' 'And now,' said she, 'complete the salvation, go, before the others come and put you in trouble and embarassment.' I could not have torn myself from her, but she begged me so kindly, and pressed my right hand so affectionately between both of her's, I was not far from tears. I thought her eyes were moist, I pressed my lips to her hand, and hastened away. Never have I experienced such a tumult."—I. p. 394–404.

For two or three days, he saw nothing of his companions. At last he met them upon a walk, and after a little good humoured reproach for his desertion, they told him they had hit upon a much better way, in which he might employ his talent to their common pleasure, than in playing the old deceptions; and they proposed to him to write an epicedium and an epithalamium, upon a funeral and a marriage, that were about to take place, and for which they would be richly paid. Glad to be released so lightly from the first affair, Gœthe willingly consented, especially when it was added, "you have time till to-morrow evening, and the fee will not only pay our score now, but furnish us a merry evening to-morrow. So come to us, we will have it at home, for Peggy ought to enjoy it too; she first made the suggestion. My joy was indescribable. On my way home, I completed my elegy, wrote it out before I went to bed, and the next morning copied it nicely off. The day seemed to me, as if it would never have an end, and it was scarce dusk, when I found myself in the small confined house, by the side of my dearest Peggy." The young persons of this society, who were of the middling or lower class, and lived by their dexterity and wits, now began each to render an account of his resources, means, and prospects.

"The turn came to me, I was called upon for an account of my mode of life and prospects, and while I was collecting my thoughts, Pylades [a comrade, to whom this name is assigned] said, 'one thing only, I insist upon, that you need not make too short work with us, that is, that you shall leave out of consideration the external advantages of your condition. So give us a story of what you would do if, at this moment, you were thrown upon the world as you are. Peggy, who had kept on spinning till this moment, came and placed herself, as usual, at the end of the table. We had already drank several bottles, and I began my imaginary biography in great glee. First then, said I, allow me to calculate upon retaining the custom, which you have gained me; for if you were to appropriate to me all the products of my occasional pieces, instead of making away with them in this manner, it would amount to not a little. Excuse me also if I interfere in your trades: and I then related to them what I had observed in their pursuits, and of what I was myself at any rate capable. They had each estimated what they could earn in money, and I begged them to help me in making out my account also. Peggy had hitherto listened with great attention, and in a position which was very becoming, whether she spoke or listened. She held, with both hands, her folded arms, and rested upon the edge of the table. She could sit so, a long time, without moving any thing but the head, which was never done, without a meaning, and motive. She had often put in a word, upon this or that, to help us out in our plans, when we were at a loss; and then again was still and quiet, as usual. I did not lose sight of her, and that I did not form and express my plan, without reference to her, will be easily imagined. My passion for her gave what I said an air of possibility and truth, till I deceived myself for the moment, thought myself, at the time, as insulated and helpless as my account pretended, but most happy, withal, in the prospect of possessing her as the partner of my fortune. Pylades had brought his confession up to marriage, and it was the question, with the rest of us, whether we carried our plans so far. 'Upon this point,' said I, 'I am quite clear. I hold a wife to be indispensable to each of us, to take care and partake of that at home, which we gain abroad, by such notable means. I then drew the picture

of a spouse such as I wished, and it would have been a wonder, indeed, if it had not been Peggy's image. The epicedium was expended, and the products of the epithalamium were now to be enjoyed. I got over all my anxiety and care, and as there were many of the family acquaintance, whom I was in the habit of visiting, I was able, without difficulty, to conceal the real place, where I spent my evenings to see and be near the dear girl who had become a necessary condition of my being. She, too, had accustomed herself, in like manner, to me, and we met almost every day, as if it could not but be so. Pylades also had brought his fair to the house, and these two passed many an evening with us. Considering themselves as betrothed to each other, however distant their prospects, they did not suppress their mutual tenderness. But Peggy's conduct to me was calculated only to keep me at a distance. She gave her hand to no one, accordingly not to me; no one touched her. Only she would often seat herself by me, particularly when I wrote, or read aloud; and then she would put her arm familiarly upon my shoulder, and look over: did I attempt, however, a similar freedom, she immediately withdrew, and did not come soon again. This position however she repeated often, which, though like all her gestures and movements, very uniform, was still ever alike becoming, beautiful, and charming. I never saw her carry this mark of confidence further with any one." I. p. 408—416.

But we must break our promise of not defrauding the gentle reader of any portion of these experiences. Much more follows, in the same strain, which we must omit. Nor will we, by any abstract, do injustice to the full and busy eloquence, with which, in the same chapter, the coronation of Joseph II is described. Tumultuous and confused as the scene must be, pomp on pomp, pageant after pageant, and all the gorgeous show of the holy Roman empire gathered within the walls of one city, yet with a distinct and glowing pencil it is all set before us, and we seem to witness the gallant spectacles, as they succeed one another on the stage. One anecdote we cannot forbear. "On the 21st of March, the Elector of Mentz made his formal entry. Now commenced the cannonade, with which we were deafened. This was an important occasion, in the ceremonial

succession. Hitherto, all those whose entry we had witnessed, however high, were yet secondary. But here was a sovereign, an independent prince, the first after the emperor, introduced and attended, with a suit worthy of his rank. Of the pomp of his entry, I might relate much, but shall revert to it upon a future occasion, which the reader will not easily guess.* The same day, came Lavater, on his way homeward from Berlin, and in passing through Frankfort, he witnessed the show. Although worldly forms like this had not the smallest value for him, still this procession, with all its pomp and accompaniment, seems to have made a distinct impression upon his busy, lively imagination. For several years after, as this great but singular man showed me a poetical paraphrase, I think of the Revelation of St. John, I found the entrance of Antichrist, step for step, form for form, circumstance for circumstance, copied from the entrance of the Elector of Mentz into Frankfort, even to the tassels on the heads of the cream coloured horses." p. 439, 440.

Nothing can exceed the vivacity of the description of the Coronation, though inferiour to a separate piece, in which Gœthe has, in like manner, caught and sketched the flitting forms of the Roman Carnival; a piece, that, for the skill with which the simultaneous parts of so various and thronging a scene, though necessarily described in succession, are yet apparently offered to the reader's imagination, as to the spectator's eye, at once, and still without being confounded with each other, is really without a parallel. As to the coronation of Joseph II, pompous as the show was, one sees, even from the incidental allusions to that of the husband of Maria Theresa, how much more gallant and enthusiastick that must have been: and the reader sympathizes with the fervid interest which burst in acclamations from the multitude, as the empress, to hail her imperial spouse, waved her handkerchief from the balcony, while he passed before her, and saluted him with a vivat, that was echoed from throng to throng, throughout the people. The pomp of the present coronation day closed with the illuminations of the evening. "I was to celebrate this brilliant evening,

* Nothing further is said of this entry, in the course of the three present volumes.

much to my content, for I had agreed with Peggy, Pylades, and the rest, to meet them at an appointed hour. The city was already lighted in every part, as I met my beloved. I gave Peggy my arm, we marched from quarter to quarter, and were very happy together. The cousins of Peggy, at first, were with us, but lost us in the crowd.—The rest of us walked in pairs the evening, up and down, and I, by the side of Peggy; and surrounded by the trees, hung with lamps like day, felt myself actually in those happy elysian fields, where one breaks the crystal vases sparkling with wine, from the trees, and shakes down the fruits, which change at pleasure into a banquet. This want we began to feel, and led by Pylades, we entered a very neat refectory: and finding no other guests there, for all were in the streets, we were so much the better pleased to stay, and passed the greater part of the night most cheerfully and happily in the consciousness of friendship, love, and passion. As I had waited upon Peggy to her door, she kissed me on the forehead. It was the first and last time; for I never saw her again." I. p. 494–99.

Some of the members of the society mentioned above, alike unknown to Gœthe, and several others, were engaged in forgeries and frauds, of no venial nature; the magistracy took up the matter, Gœthe, as the grandson of the Mayor, was exposed to particular reprehension, though his innocence of any thing more than thoughtlessness and boyish mischievousness was evinced; and Peggy, after demeaning herself, with great decorum, upon her examination, was permitted, at her request, to leave the city. The youthful lover was long in the horrours of despairing affection, unknowing the condition of his beloved, and unsuccessful in his efforts to learn it. He is soon, however, happily cured at once of his despair and love, by being informed that Peggy, on her examination, had protested that her feelings and deportment to him, had always been those of an elder sister to a younger brother, and that she had ever regarded him and counselled him as a child. This touched our magnanimous hero's pride; he soon took to eating and drinking, those vulgar habits of common men, left off the practice of weeping all night, an indifferent substitute for sleeping, and was himself again. The time for his resorting to a University approached. His education, though irregular, had, by his father's constant

and personal diligence, his own facilty, and the intercourse he had enjoyed with ingenious men, led him over an extent of ground to which only a genius like his could be trusted, and at the age of seventeen, he departed for the University at Leipsic, to study law. To study law, ostensibly and in his father's intention, but according to a dutiful and secret resolution of his own, to devote himself to the languages, to antiquities, to philosophy, and the allied departments. It was his wish to have gone to Ealtingen, where Michaelis and Heyne possessed his entire confidence, but his father would not permit it.

Upon arrival at Leipsic, he presented his letters of introduction, the principal of which was to Bæhme, a professor of law and a bigoted enemy of the sciences, to which Gœthe had determined to devote himself. He was sufficiently scandalized at the young student's avowal of an intention to pursue a course contrary to his father's wish, and entirely opposed to his own tastes and prejudices. A severe lecture was the answer with which he repaid the young stranger's confidence. He however represented the case with so much authority and force, and his wife, afterwards, with so much persuasion and kindness, that Gœthe was persuaded to give up his undutiful plan. He was to attend the lectures on philosophy, law, history, and the institutes, though he still insisted upon hearing Gellert's literary history, and frequenting his exercises in the practice of German composition. "I attended my colleges,* at first, with diligence and fidelity; but could get no light from the philosophy. It seemed to me very strange, in the logick, that I must so separate, disunite, and disjoint the various operations of the mind, which I had employed with the greatest ease, from my youth up, in order to get an insight into their right use. Of things in general, of God, of the world, I thought I knew about as much as my master, and the business seemed to me to stick sadly, in more than one spot. But all went on pretty well, till about Shrove Tuesday, when, at a pastry cook-shop in the neighbourhood of Professor Winkler, and precisely at the

* Collegium is the word, by which a lecture or course of lectures is designated in the German Universities. "Michaelis critical *college* upon the three most important psalms," is the title of a well known exegetical work.

hour his college began, such noble pies came smoking from the pan, that we were tardy at the lecture; and our notes grew thinner and thinner, till by spring time they melted quite away, with the snow, and disappeared. It was not much better with my law colleges, for I already knew just about as much as our teacher thought proper to trust us with. The obstinate diligence with which I began to take my notes, was soon wearied, for I found it tedious to write off that again, which I had already, with my father, either as question or answer, learnt by heart." II. p. 79.

To this growing discontent with his studies, was added the ridicule to which he was exposed for his dress, of which he had brought from home a large stock, manufactured by a house tailor, who, according to one of his father's economical plans, was at the same time house servant. Being made up by such skilful hands, according to the father's antique models and taste, his coats cut but an indifferent figure, in the fashionable circles of Leipsic. Add to this his figurative provincial dialect, which wounded the ears of the purists, and we have sources enough of uneasiness for one so predisposed, in the praiseworthy practice of self-tormenting, as our hero. His mind was, moreover, distracted by the conflict of opinion and taste, which he discovered in the masters of the publick sentiment. "This uncertainty of taste and judgment rendered me daily more and more uneasy, till I grew desperate. I had brought with me the best of my youthful productions, partly as I thought to get some credit by them, partly the better to ascertain my progress. But I found myself in the painful condition, in which a man is placed, who is obliged, by a total change of feeling, to forswear what he has hitherto approved and loved. After some time, and many a struggle, I formed such a contemptible opinion of all my labours, as well those completed as begun, that I threw them one day altogether, poetry and prose, plans, sketches, and drafts, into the kitchen fire; and by the smoke with which they filled the house, threw our good old landlady into no small consternation." II. p. 101, 102.

Upon this, follows a very interesting sketch of the state of German literature, at that time, with remarks and criticisms on the leading literary characters of the day, and the manner in which his mind was affected by these produc-

tions. Our limits do not admit an adequate sketch of this instructive part of the book. Among the anecdotes, that occur here, is the following of Gottsched, who fills so prominent a place in the German literary history of that period. "I cannot omit our visit to Gottsched. He lodged very respectably, on the first floor of the golden bear, where the elder Breitkopft, in acknowledgment of the profit, which as bookseller he had derived from the writings and translations of Gottsched, had given him a dwelling for life. We were announced. The servant led us into a large room, and said his master would come immediately. Whether we mistook some gesture made by the servant, or how it was, I cannot say, but we thought he motioned us into the adjoining room. We entered, and at a curious juncture, for, in the same moment, entered Gottsched, a tall, broad, gigantick man, in a study-gown of green damask, lined with red taffeta, his monstrous head bald, and without a covering. This was soon provided for: the servant sprang forward, with an enormous flowing wig, of which the curls fell to the elbows, and reached, with terrified gesture, the capital ornament to his master. Gottsched, without appearing in the least discomposed, took the wig with his left hand, from the servant, swung it, with great dexterity, upon his head, bestowing, at the same time with his right, such a box on the ear, upon the poor fellow, that he staggered out of the room, as they do in the comedies on the stage, while the venerable patriarch, with perfect gravity, pressed us to sit, and supported a long conversation with great propriety." II. p. 129, 130.

The remarks commencing p. 144, upon the subject of the state and progress of theology, at that period, are very important. The state of feeling they discover evinces the operation of a good heart on a good education. The reader will not finish these volumes, without exclaiming *si sic omnia*. The commencement of a national literary spirit in Germany, after the seven years' war, and excited by the animating theme, though unfortunately wanting the fostering patronage of Frederick the Great, forms another topick in this chapter, and one sees how deeply all these great signs of the times were impressed on the mind of Gœthe. Besides this, we are made acquainted with some more personal concerns; a new passion, soon terminated

by his importunate and affected jealousy of the beloved, who was wearied into affording a foundation for complaints, which were made at first without any, and the relief which he sought, from the wounds he suffered in his pride and feelings, by writing a play upon the subject. It was called the "Lover's Humours," and is the earliest dramatick production of Gœthe extent. Upon occasion of the religious advice, received by him from Gellert, and the inquiry made whether he was regular in his approach to the communion-table, the following remarks occur upon the subject of the sacraments of the protestant church, which, as they have excited much attention, and been replied to in a formal work in Germany, we lay before our readers. "In moral and religious, as well as in physical and civil concerns, men do not willingly act, as one may say, extempore; they require a succession resulting in a habit. They do not like to regard that, which they are bid to cherish or to perform, as single, disjointed. To repeat a thing willingly, they must not have become disused to it. If the protestant worship be discovered, upon the whole, to want fulness, the defect, when we come to particulars, will be found to lie in the want of sacraments. The Protestant has too few, has but one, in which he takes an active part, the supper: for he is only a witness, when baptism is administered to others, and is not of course, himself improved by it. The sacraments are the sublime of religion, the sensible symbol of an extraordinary divine favour and grace. In the supper, earthly lips are to taste an incorporate divine being, and under the form of an earthly nourishment, imbibe an heavenly one. This is the spirit of this sacrament, in all christian churches, however they may differ, in the degree to which they admit a mysterious statement of it, or in the extent to which they accommodate it to reason. It is ever, and with all, a great and holy action, which, by its reality, offers itself as a substitute for that, possible or impossible, which the soul is alike unable to reach or dispense with. But such a sacrament ought not to stand alone. No christian can partake it, with the true joy for which it was given, if the symbolical sacramental feeling be not nourished in him. He must be accustomed to regard the inward religion of the heart and the outward religion of the church as one, as the great universal sacra-

ment, which is divided into so many subordinate ones, imparting to them all its own sanctity, incorruptibility, eternity.—A youthful pair give each other the hand, not for a passing salutation, or the dance, but the priest pronounces his blessing over them, and the bond is indissoluble. No long time, and these two bring to the threshold of the altar an image of themselves, it is purified with holy water, and incorporated so intimately with the church, that nothing but the most enormous declension can forfeit it this privilege. Earthly things are learned by the child, in the practice of life, and heavenly must be taught him. Does it appear, on examination, that this has been thoroughly done, it is henceforth received into the bosom of the church, as an actual member, a real and voluntary confessor. Nor is this done without external tokens of the important action. Now is he a decisive christian, now he knows the advantages, now too the duties of this vocation. Mean time, as man, much that is remarkable has been occurring to him; by precept and penalty, he has learned the critical state of his soul; while henceforth, as Christian, he is taught the native skill of precept and transgression, but the penalty is not denounced. Here now in the distraction, into which he is ready to fall, through the conflict of the natural impulses and religious dictates, an admirable resort is afforded, in confiding his actions or his neglect, his transgressions or his doubts, to some fit person thereto ordained, who shall calm, admonish, or strengthen; or, by punishments, also symbolical discipline, and finally render him blessed, by fully wiping out his guilt, and presenting him pure and unchanged, the tablets of his humanity again. Thus prepared, purified, and collected, by many sacramental actions, dividing themselves each, as more particularly regarded, into other subordinate sacraments, he kneels to receive the host: and that the mystery of this act may be still more elevated, he sees the cup only at a distance, and is taught that this is no common meat and drink to satisfy, but a heavenly food, which makes a thirst for heavenly drink.—But it stops not here, for the youth or man. Though in human relations, we assume to act for ourselves, yet, even here, knowledge, reason, character are not always adequate for us; and in heavenly relations we learn out. The superior feeling in us, which of itself often seems ill at home in our bosoms, is

so often in conflict with external circumstances, that our own resources are inadequate for our counsel, comfort, and aid. For this too the standing remedy is provided, and a pious, discerning man ordained to watch over us for our lives, to lead back the wandering, and sustain the distressed. And that, which has thus been tried through the course of life, is to exert, with tenfold vigour, its salutary powers at the gates of death. After a familiarity and intimacy of habit, from his youth upward, the sinking man partakes with fervour the symbolical significant assurances, and then, where every earthly guarantee fails him, a heavenly one interposes and promises him a blessed eternity. He feels a clear assurance, that neither hostile element or evil spirit can prevent him from investing himself in a glorified body, to partake, in immediate relation to the Deity, the infinite blessedness that emanates from him. Finally, that the whole man may be sanctified, his feet are anointed and blest. They are to acquire, even in the possibility of recovery, a reluctance to tread this earthly, hard, impenetrable soil. A wondrous swiftness is to be communicated to them to mount above this sphere to which they have hitherto been drawn. And thus, by a bright series of equally holy actions, whose beauty we have but just touched, the cradle and the grave, how near or distant soever they may be, are brought into contact and union. But those spiritual wonders spring, not like fruits, from the natural soil; there they can neither be sown, planted, nor reared. They must be prayed over from another region; and this is not to be done at all times, or by every body. Here, then, we receive the perfection of these symbols from ancient pious traditions. We hear that a man, favoured from on high above others, may become blessed and holy. But that this may appear no mere natural gift, this great and responsible grace must be transferred from one authorized person to another, and the greatest good man can desire, at the same time that he cannot acquire it of himself, is preserved and perpetuated on earth in a spiritual succession. The consecration of the priesthood unites all that is necessary to the efficacy of those holy acts by which the multitude is profited, without a necessity of taking any more active part, than that of faith and implicit credence. And in this manner, in the order of his prede-

cessors and followers, in the circle of the fellow-anointed, the representative of the Supreme, appears the priest, the man exalted, as it is not him, but his office we reverence, not his instance to which we kneel, but the blessing which he imparts, which descends the holier, the more immediately from heaven, as it is not to be weakened by the sinfulness or wickedness of the instrument, through which it comes down. How is this genuine spiritual union split up, by Protestantism, which declares a part of the above mentioned sacraments to be apochryphal, and a few only canonical; and how can we be prepared by those which it pronounces to be indifferent, for those which it allows to be high and holy?" II. p. 179—188.

We know not how this may please the reader, supposing he understand it all, for we do not profess to comprehend it ourselves; but for our own parts, we hold the poets to be but poor theologians; and we are not much more offended by the decisive attacks of professed infidels, than by such treacherous theorising of those who really care nothing about Protestantism or Catholicism, and make a show of fanciful comparisons of them for the mere purposes of taste or wit. The reader may find in the course of this volume, a detailed statement of Gœthe's conception, at a little later period of the person of God, which, though it may pass for tolerable Platonism of the heathen school, we confess is very little to our taste. While for a practical view of the sanctity and purity of the poet's conceptions of the divine character, he may consult the introduction to Faust.

The miscellaneous nature of the remainder of this and the following chapter, prevents us from giving a connected view of them. They contain the accounts of several persons with whom Gœthe, at this period of his University life, associated; and the quantity of time which he spent with them, makes it a problem, what he could have left for study. After an account of his attention to drawing and interesting anecdotes of the art, and of subjects connected with it, the most important of which are those which refer to Winkleman, we hear of a journey made by Gœthe, to Dresden, for the sole purpose of seeing the gallery of paintings there. The most singular circumstance of this visit is the lodgings he took in consequence of an aversion

to taverns, which he professes to be constitutional, and even hereditary. In consequence of this aversion he took from a fellow student a letter of recommendation to a sort of philosophical cobler, very much like the one described in the Citizen of the World, and took up his abode with him. He concealed the purpose of his visit from his friends in Leipsic and when he returned, they would not believe that he had been on a mere expedition of taste to Dresden. Upon occasion of having an engraver for a fellow lodger, Gœthe turned his hand himself to the tool, and etched several small things, from which impressions were taken. But these and all his other labours were interrupted, by a violent and dangerous illness which threatened his life. His recovery was slow and tedious, his situation still precarious, and his disorder left him with a painful increasing tumour in the throat. In this condition, he completed his course at Leipsic, and returned to Frankfort 1768, nineteen years old. His father was sufficiently disappointed at his sickly corporeal aspect, and the irregularity with which he had pursued the cultivation of his mind. But he was to be a witness of yet greater extravagances. After recovering from another severe fit of illness, the young adept applied himself diligently to Alchemy, and spent no little time, in connexion with a pious gentlewoman, in studying Paracelsus and distilling the Elixir Vitæ. We see in Faust the traces of these studies.

"It had alwaws been the plan of Gœthe's father, that his son should finish his education, and take his degree at a second University. A general want of complacence between them, at the young man's backwardness in his juristical studies, and particular conflicts of opinion hastened his departure for Strasburg. Here it was his purpose to devote himself diligently to the law that he might as soon as possible pass the examination. He commenced his law colleges, but the party of students with which he dined were students of medicine; the conversation was upon these topicks, and the second term of his residence at Strasburg, he added to the legal, the chymical and anatomical courses. His natural taste for the arts found nourishment in the famous Minister in this city, upon which some architectural reflections are communicated." II. p. 209.

In these he vindicates to the Germans the honour of the invention of the Gothick. Nor will we deny the gentle reader, whom we have left without comfort so many dull pages, a sketch of a curious dancing school anecdote. Gœthe, being advised by his friends, to prepare himself for the winter campaign, by a regular course of Waltzing, attended a dancing master for this purpose. The master, a Frenchman, had two daughters, the eldest of our hero's age, who used to be present and to aid him in practising their father's lessons, a kindness which he repaid, by whiling away a half hour with them, in talking or reading, after the lesson was over. One day the elder only was present, who was not the one upon whom Gœthe looked with the fondest eyes. Upon his inquiring where her sister was, he was informed that she was consulting a fortune-teller, with respect to an absent lover, and the conclusion of some conversation between the elder sister and the young gentleman, (who is given by the lady to understand, that nobody can decide *her own* fortune so well as he,) is, that they also will go in and consult the fortune-teller. The elder sister is soon informed, for her comfort, that she is in love, that she is not beloved, and that a third person stands in her way. A second and third trial make the matter worse and worse, and the poor girl bursts into tears and runs from the room, to the embarrassment of our hero, whose love for the younger prompts him to stay where he is, while compassion seems to bid him to go comfort the grieving. Venturing the third day to school again, he met only the younger with her father, and she danced with him with unusual spirit and satisfaction. On his inquiring after her sister, he was informed, that she had kept her bed, and, moreover, that she charged her sickness to the effect of his faithlessness upon her heart. "'I have nothing to reproach myself with,' cried I; 'I have never discovered any attachment to her. Nobody knows this so well as you.' Emilia smiled and said, 'I understand you; but if we do not act with prudence and resolution, we shall all three become embarrassed. What will you say, when I ask you to discontinue your attendance on my father. He says, already, he cannot answer it to his conscience to take your money longer, without you mean to learn dancing as a profession; you have learned already every thing required by

a young gentleman in life.' 'And you advise me, Emilia, to avoid your house,' replied I. 'Yes,' said she, 'though not on my own account—hear me. After you were gone, the other day, I had the cards cut for you, and each time, the result was more and more decisive. You were surrounded by all that is good and pleasant, with friends and great lords, and had abundance of money. The women were out of sight, my poor sister was the farthest off, another came nearer and nearer, but not to your side, for a third interposed. I will own to you, I understood myself by the second, and, after this confession, you will not think my advice ill-timed. I have promised my heart and hand to a distant friend, and, till now, I loved him beyond any thing; but it is possible that your presence might affect me more than it has hitherto done; and what a situation you would be in between two sisters, the one of whom would be made unhappy by your indifference, the other by your inclination, and all to no purpose, and for a short time. For if we had not known, already, who you are, and what are your expectations, the cards would have informed me. So farewell,' said she, and reached me her hand. I hesitated. 'Now,' said she, leading me to the door, 'that it may really be the last time that we see each other, take what I should not otherwise give.' She fell upon my neck and kissed me in the tenderest manner. At this moment a door flew open, and her sister burst into the room, in a light but decorous night-dress. 'You shall not alone bid him good bye,' said she. Emilia, upon this, let me go, and Lucinda seized me, drew me to her, and pressed her dark locks to my cheek, and thus I was indeed in the dilemma betwen the two sisters, which Emilia had just prophesied. Lucinda let me go, and looked earnestly in my face. I tried to take her hand and say something kind to her; but she turned away, walked violently up and down the room, and threw herself finally upon the sofa. Emilia went to her, but was repulsed, and a scene ensued which it is distressing even now to recall, and which, though in reality it contained nothing theatrical, but was quite in character for a lively French girl, could still be done justice to in the repetition, only by an actress of talents and sensibility. She heaped her sister with a thousand reproaches. 'It is not the first heart in love with me, which

you have stolen from me,' she cried. 'It was so with the absent one, who at last promised himself to you before my eyes; I was obliged to see it, to bear it; nobody knows, but I, the floods of tears it cost me. And now you have taken this one from me, without letting that go; how many would you have at once? I am open and good natured. Every one thinks he knows me at once, and may neglect me; you are reserved and still, and the folks think there are great things concealed. But there is nothing but a cold selfish heart, that would sacrifice every thing to itself. Nobody knows this, because you keep it deep hidden in your bosom; and my own warm, true heart, which I wear as open as my face, is also as little known.' Emilia said nothing, but sat still by her sister, who grew warmer as she spoke, and at length betrayed some things, not for me to hear. Emilia upon this, who tried to appease her sister, made me a sign behind her back, to go; but as jealousy and suspicion have a thousand eyes, Lucinda appeared to have remarked it. She rose and hastened to me, but not with violence. She stood before me, and seemed to be thinking of something. At length she said, 'I know I have lost you; I make no further claim upon you. But you shall not have him, sister.' Saying these words, she seized me by the head, fastening her hands into my curls, and drawing my face to her, kissed me repeatedly on the mouth. 'Now,' cried she 'dread my curse! Wo upon wo, for ever and ever, on her, who shall next touch those lips:—touch them again, if you dare, heaven hears me now; and you, Sir, quick, quick away.'" II. p. 437—444.

After some passing allusions to the state of German poetry at this time, and a glowing description of the subject of Klopstock's Messiah, with curious remarks upon Klopstock himself, we are introduced to the acquaintance of one of the most distinguished writers and philosophical theologians, which adorned Germany in the last century. This is Herder, then the companion of the Prince of Holstein-Eutin in a journey to Strasburg. But a few years older than Gœthe, Herder had already made himself a great name in Germany, was regarded with great deference by Gœthe, and appears to have had uncontrolled influence over his mind; an influence which, if we judge from the anecdotes communicated in this volume, he occasionally

exerted with sufficient ostentation of superiority. It is the commencement of their intercourse only, with which this work makes us acquainted, and the reader may be curious to know something further of Herder. He was invited to Bückeburg by the Count of Bückeburg, so famous for his services in the employment of the King of Portugal, toward the end of the seven years' war.* After he had been several years established there, and acquired a reputation of the first order throughout Germany, a vacancy occurred in the theological faculty at Göttingen, and Herder was proposed to fill it. The nomination was universally popular, and was sent, by the regency at Hanover to London, for the king's approbation. This approbation is, in general, a mere form; the case of Herder is the only one where it was not. A certain obscure individual, a German chaplain of the king, succeeded in convincing his Majesty that Herder was a pestilent heretick, and, to the consternation of all, the nomination was rejected. Herder, meantime had resigned his place at Bückeburg, and was thus left in the most mortifying manner, without a station or a livelihood. He thus remained a year, when fortunately a vacancy occurred in Weimar, his friend Gœthe had meantime become a great man, and possessed the confidence of the duke, and he had the satisfaction of procuring his

* He was a man (says Archenholz, in his history of the seven years' war) born to be a commander, of an original character, universal knowledge, and skill in enginery, acknowledged throughout Europe. In his own dominions, he had built a singular fortress, called Wilhelmstein, in the midst of a lake, where he had not a foot of land to begin upon. Like Marshal Saxe, he was endowed by nature with great corporeal strength, and had accustomed himself from his youth, to all sorts of fatigue. He sprang the widest ditches, and made the longest journeys on foot. Even while commanding general, he lived as a common soldier, never undressed himself, in the course of a siege, permitted his beard to grow, passed the nights in the trenches, and slept upon the earth. On horse-back, he swam the widest rivers, and leaped the highest hedges. So great was his insensibility to danger, and so great was his confidence in the artillerists trained by him, that in the year 1759, upon the birth day of the king of Prussia, he gave a feast to his officers, and ordered his engineers, who were firing salvos, to load with balls, and fire at the flag, which was waving over his tent. The king of Portugal, for his services in organizing his army, gave him the title of Altezza, an Order, 100,000 Crusados, and eight gold cannon, each weighing thirty pounds, on silver carriages. The Count had the cannon melted down into money.

friend an honourable and comfortable post. There are few persons, who operated more decisively on the spirit of the last generation in Germany, than Herder.

But to return to the work before us. Gœthe devoted himself to Herder, and imbibed from him the strongest sentiment of attachment to the German literature, which had hitherto filled but a disproportioned share of his attention and time. He received from him connected criticisms upon the progress of the language and the public taste; in the last years, was weaned by him, and somewhat rudely, of many of his former favourite opinions and prepossessions, and from this time, perhaps, may be dated the commencement of that course which Gœthe has pursued, till he has lived to find himself exalted far above his celebrated master, and quoted not only as the perfection of the actual German literature, but as the *beau ideal* of the possible. Among the other subjects, however, to which Herder called his friend's attention, was that of English literature. Swift was his favourite, though there is little similarity in their manner. Next to Swift, Herder appears to have been fond of Goldsmith, and much is said, in this part of the work which we are reviewing, of the Vicar of Wakefield, which Herder introduced to their acquaintance. They read it in a German translation, and Gœthe pronounces it one of the best novels ever written. The value of the translation we do not know; few books can suffer more than this, in an ordinary one; and it is evident that Gœthe has mistaken the tone of the work. It seems to have escaped him, that almost every personage in it, that is not wicked, is ridiculous; and that it is Goldsmith's object to paint nature as it is, and not to write an elegant fiction. Natural, alas, it is to the life; but the Vicar, his wife, and his children have nothing but a negative innocence to compensate for weakness, for imprudence, and want of every species of elevation of character. The Vicar, so far from being a model of a country minister, has no single quality requisite to direct his piety and benevolence in their operation on others; the wife is a very weak and silly woman, and the daughters have none of that dignity which renders female innocence and beauty respectable. All this is copied from nature; and that the Vicar of Wakefield is read more than any other novel is the proof; but it is any

thing rather than a model proposed for imitation in life, and no person, perhaps, reads this inimitable book, without wishing that the author could have found the materials for another, in which he should have given more manliness to the virtues of one sex, and more dignity and delicacy to those of the other. Could the good-natured, but perpetual, and finally disheartening irony of Goldsmith, have been combined with the more cheerful philosophy of Miss Edgeworth; could we have exchanged Olivia or Sophia simmering a wash against Sunday, for Simple Susan, preparing her mother's marigold-broth, we protest, we think virtue would have gained more than nature would have lost. So powerful was the effect of the Vicar of Wakefield on the mind of Gœthe, that he made an effort, in conjunction with a fellow student at Strasburg, to witness something like it in real life. His friend, accordingly, carried him to the house of a country pastor, in the neighbourhood of Strasburg, in a beautiful village on the banks of the Rhine. The family consisted of the minister, his wife, two daughters, and a son, who are represented the counterparts of the Vicar, and his spouse, Olivia, Sophia, and Moses. The account of their introduction, and of the progress of Gœthe's acquaintance, with the chronicle of what follows, as the natural consequence; his love for the Sophia, who happened to be named Frederica; are very pleasant, and would doubtless edify the gentle reader. The shudder with which he undertook the painful office of saluting his beloved, for the first time after the memorable curse of his dancing master's daughter, upon occasion of a game of forfeits, is particularly worthy of notice. It may be conceived, that with gradual practice, his nature revolted less and less, and in the sequel of their attachment he so far conquered his superstitious feelings, as to fulfil this office upon every becoming occasion, with all due propriety. The real goodness of character, propriety of behaviour, cheerfulness and sense of Frederica, abstract a little from the poetical justice of his deliberately and consciously pursuing an attachment, and vowing an eternal fidelity to her, to which his graduation was to put a period. This soon took place; he wrote a dissertation on the right of the state to establish a church, defended his Thesis, obtained a degree, and took farewell of Frederica, of which the form and manner were

as follows:—"In all this conflict and distraction, I could not forbear to see Frederica once more. These were painful days; the memory of them has not yet left me. As I reached her my hand once more from my horse, the tears stood in her eyes, and my own heart failed me. I rode away upon the footpath toward Drusenheim, and was there surprised by the most singular forebodings. I saw, in the mind's eye, myself riding to meet me, and in a dress I had never worn, gray and gold. I roused myself from the reverie, and the form was gone. It is remarkable, that eight years afterwards, in the dress which I saw in vision, and worn then not from choice, but accident, I actually found myself on this very path, coming to make a visit to Frederica." III. p. 127, 128.

After he returned to Frankfort, he tells us, that her answer to a letter he had written, to bid her farewell, broke his heart; and that according to his regular custom, he sought relief in poetry. "I continued my established poetical confessional, that I might, by this self-tormenting penance, gain a title to an inward absolution." The two Marys in Gœtz of Berlinchingen and Clavigo, and the two indifferent personages, their lovers, may be considered as the result of these penitent meditations.

"But injuries and diseases are easily gotten over in youth, because a healthy system of organick life can stand surety for the sick one, and afford it time to recover. I experienced, too, upon various occasions, the benefit of bodily exercise, and was aroused thereby to a new enjoyment of life. I took to riding, in preference to the lounging, melancholy, oppressive, and, at the same time, tedious and profitless wandering on foot, which I had, as related, pursued. My companions led me to resume fencing, and above all, a new world opened upon me, at the commencement of winter, upon my resolving to take up skating, what I had hitherto never attempted, and in which, by practice, reflection, and perseverance, I proceeded in a short time, as far as is necessary to partake of the enjoyment, without affecting a display of skill. For this new and cheerful exercise, we were indebted to Klopstock, and his enthusiasm for this happy species of motion, of which our private accounts confirmed the testimony of his odes. I remem-

ber, with perfect distinctness, that I sprang out of bed one frosty morning, and repeated the lines :—

> "Gay in the sense of health, far down
> Have I, with gliding steel, my white path cut
> Along the crystal covering, by the shore.
> How winter's dawning day with softness gilds
> The lake, where night has strowed her brilliant frost
> Like little twinkling stars.*

"My resolution, till now hesitating and wavering, was taken, and I flew to a spot where so old a beginner could, with most propriety, make his commencement. And, in truth, this demonstration of strength deserves all that Klopstock has said of it; it brings us in contact with the briskest season of life; calls upon the youth to enjoy his agility to the full, and seems calculated to repulse only a rusty age. We indulged immoderately in it. We were not satisfied with passing a fine sunshiny day, in this manner, upon the ice; we continued our exercise till late at night. For, whereas, other exertions fatigue the body, this gives it constantly new elasticity. The full moon shining forth from the clouds, at midnight, over the wide frozen meadows; the night-wind whistling against us, in our career; the thunder of the ice sinking with the retiring water; the singular echo of our own motions, recalled, most perfectly, the scenes in Ossian. We repeated, by turns, in a half-singing declamation, an ode of Klapstock; and, as we glided toward each other in the dusk, the honest praise of the inventor of our joys resounded from every tongue.

> "With praise undying shall not he be crowned
> Of healthy joys the inventor, such as not
> The fiery steed's career could ever give,
> Nor noble cricket?" III. p. 182—186.

As we have hitherto passed over much, not only of interest for itself, but almost necessary to afford a proper connexion to the sketches and extracts we have made, so

* Passages from two odes of Klopstock, one of which is entitled *skating*

must we now have respect to our limits, and hasten to the last subject, to which we shall venture to ask the reader's attention. A succinct history of the Imperial Court of Judicature, from its foundation in Germany, to the time of the Emperor Joseph II, who instituted an inquiry into its present state, and the abuses which had crept into it, is followed by an account of Gœthe's visit to Wezlar (where the sessions of the commission, appointed by the Emperour for this purpose, were holden) to witness their proceedings. "Among the young men attached to the legation, was one whom we used to call the bridegroom.* He was remarkable for his calm, even deportment, the clearness of his views, his precision of action and speech. His cheerful activity, and his persevering diligence, recommended him to his superiours, in such a degree, that he was promised a speedy promotion. Justified by this, he engaged himself to a lady, perfectly adapted to his character and wishes. After the death of her mother, she exhibited such activity at the head of a numerous family of children, younger than herself; had so sustained her father in his solitary state, that a future partner might hope the same for himself and his offspring, and look forward to real domestick bliss. Every body allowed, that even without any such interested reference as this, she was a most desirable person. She was one of those, who, if they do not inspire a violent passion, are formed, notwithstanding, to excite a universal complacency. A light fine figure, a pure healthy constitution, with the cheerfulness and activity thence resulting, a prompt discharge of the duty of the day; all this united in her. I always found pleasure in the contemplation of qualities like these, and sought opportunities of associating with those who possessed them; and if I could not always render them, real services, yet I was better contented to partake with them, than with others, those innocent pleasures which youth has always at hand, and which require little effort or cost. As it is also certain that women dress for each other's sake, and spare no pains to carry dress to its perfection among each other, I was ever fond of those, who, in simple neatness, afford the friend or the lover, the

* Young persons engaged to be married to each other are called, in Germany, bridegroom and bride.

silent assurance that it is done for his sake, and that it may so be continued a whole life, without effort or ceremony. Such persons are not engrossed with themselves, they have time to contemplate the world around them, calmness enough to regulate themselves according to it, and to keep even with it. They are prudent and intelligent, without laboriously seeking to be, and need for the formation of their character but few books. Such was the bride. The bridegroom, according to his honest confiding notions, made every one, whom he valued, acquainted with her; and as he himself was occupied the greatest part of the time, in the duties of his office, he was pleased, if his Promised, after the domestick cares of the day, had an opportunity of entertaining herself, and enjoying a walk or party with her friends of either sex. Charlotte, for so I suppose we must call her, was without pretensions, in a twofold sense. First, by nature she was rather formed for general good will, than particular passion; and then she had already destined herself to a man, who, worthy of her, already avowed himself prepared to unite his fortune with hers for life. The happiest air breathed around her. Yes, if it is pleasant to see parents devoting an uninterrupted attention to their children, there is something still more beautiful in seeing it done by a child to younger children. The new comer [himself] free from all ties, was at ease in the presence of a girl, who, already promised to another, would see nothing marked in the most particular attentions, and, of course, be so much the more gratified with them. He accordingly let the thing take its course, but was soon so entangled and enchained, and at the same time treated by the young couple with such confidence and kindness, that he no longer knew himself. He became idle and visionary, because the presence of no one satisfied him, and he found that which he needed in the society of a friend, who, while she lived for the whole year, seemed only to live for the moment. She was pleased to have him attend her. Soon he became unable to dispense with being with her, for it was she who kept him in countenance with the world, as it passed; and they were soon, in every part of an extensive establishment, in the field and the meadow, the orchard and the garden, inseparable companions. Did the bridegroom's engagement permit him, he bore his part in

these recreations; they had all three accustomed themselves to each other, without being aware of it; and they did not know how it had come to pass, that they had found themselves indispensable each to the other. And thus they passed their life, one whole fine summer, a genuine German Idyl, of which a fertile country was the prose, and a pure attachment the poetry. Wandering through ripened corn-fields, they enjoyed the dewy mornings; and the song of the lark and the note of the quail were delightful sounds. The warm hours followed; heavy thunderstorms occurred; they clung more and more to each other, and many a little family trouble was reconciled, by the constancy of their love. And so followed one day upon another, and each seemed a holiday: the whole calendar must have been printed in red. He will understand me, who remembers what is prophecied of the hapless-happy friend of the new Heloise. 'He will sit at his mistress' feet breaking hemp, and will wish so to break hemp to-day, to-morrow, the day after, and for ever.' I can only say a word, now, of a young man, whose name will be but too often mentioned in the sequel. I mean Jerusalem, the son of the theologian, so distinguished at once for the freedom and the tenderness of his sentiments. He was also attached to the commission: his person was pleasing, of the middle size, well formed, rather a round than a lengthened face; soft tranquil features, blue eyes, attractive, if not speaking, and what else may be imagined in a fair and handsome youth. His dress was that introduced in lower Saxony, in imitation of the English, a blue frock, yellow waistcoat, and pantaloons and boots. The author never visited him, never was visited by him, but met him often at a common friend's. The manner of the young man was moderate but kind. His tastes were very various; he was particularly pleased with the drawings and sketches in which he had caught the still character of a solitary country. He took little or no interest in our amusements; lived for himself and his reflections. The talk was of a decisive attachment to the wife of a friend. They were never seen together. Little in general was known of him, but that he employed himself in the study of the English literature: and, as the son of a man in good circumstances, he was not obliged to devote himself anxiously to business, nor to make great exertions for a speedy appointment." III. p. 231—238.

The reader will have noticed here some of the elements of that wonderful book, *The Sorrows of Young Werther.* In the sequel of the work before us, we are made more particularly acquainted with the circumstances of its composition. After a very characteristick description of the sources and workings of those conflicts of the soul, which, in the earlier years of life are sometimes felt, and lead to desperate results, we have a calm disquisition on the nature and means of suicide. "As I reflected on these means, and looked round in history, I found, among all those who had destroyed themselves, no one who had done it with such magnanimity and freedom of spirit, as the Emperour Otho. This prince, certainly in his military affairs in a bad situation, but by no means in a desperate one, came to the conclusion, for the advantage of the empire, which already was in some measure his property, and to spare so many thousands, to quit the world. He attends a cheerful supper with his friends, and the next morning he is found, pierced, by his own hand, with a sharp dagger to the heart. This alone seemed to me worthy of imitation; and I was convinced, that no man had a right to leave the world, who could not make up his mind to do it like Otho. By this conviction I saved myself, not only from the purpose of committing suicide, but from my notion in its favour, which had crept in upon me as described. Among a considerable collection of weapons, which I had, I possessed a fine, nicely ground dagger. This I took regularly every night to my bed side, and, before I put out my light, I tried whether I could make up my mind to push the point a few inches into my bosom. As I found I could not, I began to ridicule myself; laughed off my gloomy whims, and resolved to live. But to do this with comfort, I found it necessary to produce some work of imagination, where all that I had felt, thought, and fancied on this mighty point, should find utterance. I gathered the materials, which had already been working together in my mind for two or three years; I realized all the cases, which had made the liveliest and deepest impression on me, but could give them no form; I wanted an event, a plot, in which to incorporate them. All at once I heard of Jerusalem's death, and, after the first general reports, a most particular and circumstantial account of the event: and in this moment the plan

of Werther was invented. The whole united itself from all sides, and became a solid mass, as the water in a vessel, just on the point of freezing, is changed by the slightest agitation into ice." III. p. 336—338.

Upon this follows a description of his own connexion in a family and circle of friends, where he was embarrassed with discovering a mutual attachment between himself and the new married wife, whom he had familiarly known before her marriage. This wrought upon his imagination again, and touched with the not gentle fingers of experience, the last springs of invention.

"The death of Jerusalem, occasioned by a passion for the wife of his friend, aroused me from this dream, and as I had before my eyes, not only what had happened in common to him and to me, but the similarity, at this very moment, of our situations, I was thrown into the most violent agitation. It could not be otherwise, than that I should breathe into the work, I then undertook, all that glow which removes the distinction between the fictitious and the real. In addition to this, I completely isolated myself; I forbade the visits of my friends, and internally dismissed every thought, which did not bear upon this point. On the other hand, I brought every thing together in my mind which had any relation to it, and recalled the immediate occurrences of my own recent experience, of which I had not yet made any use. Under these circumstances, and with this mental preparation, I wrote Werther in four weeks, without having had any plan of the whole, or ever having previously sketched any one part on paper." III. p. 343.

Discouraged by the less enthusiastick reception of Goertz of Berlichingen, his first work already published, Gœthe too hastily allowed himself to be affected by the want of interest discovered by a friend, to whom he read this memorable manuscript, and was on the point of destroying or altering it. His friend owned the next day to him, that private circumstances, which had occupied his mind during the reading, had prevented his hearing a word—begged to see it—was in ecstacies of approbation—and it was published immediately. The sensation it excited was, as Gœthe says in the work before us, "great; aye, prodigious." Not only among lovesick maids, not only among desponding swains, who dressed themselves in

blue coats and yellow pantaloons, and shot themselves, of which the instances were actually notorious; but the reading and judging world, the world of taste, was equally aroused by this magic production of the unknown youthful author. It is said by a very judicious critick, in the Leipzig Journal of the Liberal Arts, that "Klopstock was brought into notice, by being mentioned by Charlotte in the thunder-storm, and Lessing, because Emilia Galotti was found on the table of Werther." As to what regards the history, we have been told, that the lady mentioned under the name of Charlotte above, and who doubtless suggested some circumstances of the character, is now living in Hanover, no longer beautiful or young, but the mother of many fine children. One more extract relative to this book, must be the last which we venture to offer our readers.

"Prepared against all which could be objected to Werther [he alludes here particularly to an absurd satire, called 'the Joys of Young Werther,' which appeared shortly after the *Sorrows*] I was by no means troubled with exceptions like this; but I had not anticipated the insupportable torment, to which I was destined from sympathizing benevolent souls, who, instead of making a compliment upon the book as they found it, would, one and all, take it as great favour to be informed precisely how much was true; Whereupon I was incensed, and expressed myself for the most part, not very civilly. For, in order to answer this question, I must take my work, on which I had thought so long for the sake of giving it many elements of a poetical unity, and disjoint it again, destroy its form, and thereby, if not annihilate the materials themselves, at least scatter and dissipate them.

"I was well aware, upon occasion of this work, what a privilege that artist enjoyed, to whom an opportunity was granted of studying out a Venus, from several beauties, and I took leave myself to form my Charlotte out of various pretty children, though the leading traits were taken from the dearest. The inquisitive world, therefore, was able to trace resemblances to several persons, and the ladies themselves were not entirely indifferent as to which was the one. This multiplicity of Charlottes proved a great affliction to me; for, every man who met me, would fain know where the genuine was to be found. I tried to get clear, like

Nathan [in Lessing's Nathan the Wise] with the three rings, a mode which may suit superior beings, but with which neither the believing nor reading publick will put up. I fondly hoped to be relieved, in the progress of time, from these distressing inquiries, but they have pursued me through life. I tried to escape, upon my travels, by journeying *incognito*, but this resource has been frustrated, and thus the author of this little work, whatever evil he may have caused, has been abundantly, yea superabundantly punished, by these overwhelming importunities." III. p. 358.

We cannot dismiss the subject of Werther, without speaking of the form in which it is known to the English reader. We think there are two English translations. The one which we have seen, besides the omission of whole letters and parts of letters, is a miserable catch-penny circulating library production, apparently made from the French. Nothing of the genuine Werther is to be seen in it, but what was proof against the ignorance of the language, and inferiority to the subject, which mark the translation. It is true, this is too often the fate of works of taste; and Richardson's Clarissa is as stiff in the German translation made of it by the celebrated Michaelis, as Werther is bold in the current English version. Whether a better one is to be expected from England, whose productions, good and bad, are reprinted in America with such exemplary diligence, we cannot say. Some of our readers have been gratified with the sight of a manuscript translation made at home, which is worthy of the inimitable original. But we must be thinking of a close. We cannot, therefore, give an account of the curious interview of Lavater and Gœthe, nor present our readers with the anecdotes of this very original man. It is these which, with the visit of the duke of Weimar, with his family to Frankfort, who, like all Germany, would gratify his curiosity, by seeing the author of Werther, that form the most considerable remaining contents of this third, and, as yet, last volume. Werther was published at the age of twenty-five years; at what age Gœthe accepted the invitations of the duke of Saxe (Weimar) with whom, in his travels in Italy, and ever since at his residence at the Athens of Germany, he has been connected, we are unable to say.

A fourth volume of these memoirs is expected soon, and in the manner in which they are written, it is not easy to say, what will be their limit.

We cannot but make a general remark or two, upon the specimen afforded of them in the volumes, which we have laid before the reader. It were presumption for foreigners like ourselves, to offer a criticism on their style; else we would speak of its matchless elegance and ease, its occasional naïveté, constant grace and uniform freedom from affectation. Would one see a pure model of the German language, in its best form, it is to be sought in these volumes. We cannot, however, speak so decisively of the manner in which the book is made up. The interest, felt in a man like Gœthe, extends, it is true, wide around, from himself, to many persons and things, else indifferent, with which he is connected. But we have not been able to suppress the feeling, that not a little is detailed with faithful minuteness, especially in the first volume, over which the eye of the reader, if he does not happen, like ourselves, to be a conscientious reviewer, will lightly pass; and a good deal, upon which the attention must languish, and from which "memory will return without a trophy." Persons are introduced, not otherwise known, and when known, of no great request, and whose interference, instead of forming the necessary connexions between parts really of great interest, fatigues the curiosity of the reader. This might, *à priori*, be inferred, from finding three volumes of 500 pages each, occupied with the first twenty-six years of his life, and notwithstanding it is as an author, that the world is interested in him, involving an account of his two first productions only. With this qualification, however, these volumes are, and the succeeding ones, if composed in the same manner, still more will be a rich repository of the literary history of his age, by the man who wears its crown. The anecdotes of Gellert, of Klopstock, of Lessing, of Wieland, of Herder, and Lavater are numerous, in the present volumes, and the literary progress of the age passes in regular and constant review. One sees by what degrees and of what elements it was formed. That which one least sees, or rather least can comprehend, is the mystery of the man, who describes it all, and constituted so great part. As respects Gœthe himself, though it was his design to

give an account of the development and progress of his genius, and the formation of his literary character, and though we see the immediate events, that wrought upon him, yet no satisfactory explanation can be made, but that of assuming the original inspiration of Genius. One sees not how, from the somewhat vulgar associations of his earlier youth, and from the very moderate refinement of almost all of them, as far as these volumes carry us, he learned that exquisite feminine delicacy which we see in his Tasso, nor does one know how, in his very miscellaneous education, his capricious and irregular habits, and his immoderate mixture in society, he found an opportunity to make himself one of the distinguished learned men, of the most learned age. As for his style, it is of course original, and though since his commencement, others have written German well, Werther was as remarkable for its rhetorical purity as its moral power.

As there is more or less practical philosophy in all biographical compositions, there is very much to be traced, by the understanding reader, in the present. There are not a few instances of that conflict, known also to the fathers, of the spirit with the flesh, the inner with the outer man, of the freedom of the will with the necessity of nature, the pleasure of the individual with the conventions of society, of the emergency of the case with the despotism of the rule. It is this, which, while it makes the interest of life, makes the difficulty of living. It is a struggle indeed between unequal powers, between the man who is a conscious moral person, and nature, or events, or bodies of men, which either want personality or unity; and hence the man, after fearful and desolating war, sometimes rises on the ruins of all the necessities of nature and all the prescriptions of society. But what these want in personality, they possess in number, in recurrency, in invulnerability. The spirit of man, an agent indeed of curious power, and boundless resource, but trembling with sensibilities, tender and irritable, goes out against the inexorable conditions of destiny, the lifeless forces of nature, or the ferocious cruelty of the multitude; and long before the hands are weary, or the invention exhausted, the heart may be broken in the warfare. Of this contest, something may be seen in the volumes before us. It is true, that it is precisely upon

this point that the mixture of "Fiction and Fact," in whatever sense it be understood, will most directly operate and be most likely to mislead us. It is this very conflict from which the elements of poetry are drawn, and the thin veil, which separates the actual from the imaginary, may be wafted aside before the author or the reader are aware of the confusion. This however is, in point of practice, a matter of little moment. It hath been found that experience is the only teacher here, and that the lessons of experience itself are hard to learn, and light to be forgotten. The observation we make of others passes through the mind as the unreal images pass over the glass; and we soon learn to bear the sorrows of others, with christian resignation, to rejoice with becoming moderation in their prosperity, and a little whisper breathes to us, from the bottom of our hearts, that we are an exception from the sway of the circumstances, which are sweeping all around us before them. There is suffering enough, but no selfishness in this; and the heart indeed generally connects itself with fewer or more congenial beings. If like most friendships, this connexion is one of moderate complacency, arising from the mutual perception of pleasing qualities, and the mutual interchange of kind offices, so far from furnishing effective alliance of several, in the warfare, which all wage, it is the very point, upon which the first attack is often made, and the first sorrows felt. If it is that mysterious and total sympathy of soul with soul and heart with heart, which sometimes exists, but is oftener imagined, then, indeed, our army against the foe is strengthened, but in equal proportion, the measure of our vulnerability increased.

In returning from these reflections to the work, which suggested them, and to the great man, who forms its subject, we shall rejoice if we have succeeded in increasing the interest our readers feel in him. Gœthe is as yet but inadequately known to us, by the translation of Werther and the work of Madame de Stael; but it is an injustice to ourselves to indulge such an ignorance of the literature and the men, which are working upon the condition of the human mind with such powerful engines. One could wish that such works, as that before us, might be read in America, were it only to cross the race of English and French

literature, which has been propagated so long among us that it is in danger of running out. Were we called upon to say which is the master-piece of Gœthe, we should, with some hesitation, pronounce it to be Faust, that alien from the empire of criticism. This work is already known to our readers, from the account of Madame de Stael, inadequate as a judgment, formed upon French models is, to decide upon a production like the one in question. As for the specimens of the work itself, as they appear in the English translation of Madame de Stael's Germany, our readers would suspect us of exaggerating, were we to say how far they are below being even a shadow of a shade. In the first place, the French language is as inadequate to render the German of Faust, as that dialect of our Indians was to render the Bible, in which no word was found to render *lattice*, in the story of Sisera, but that which signifies *Eel-pot*. Madame de Stael, feeling this, has attempted nothing more than an imitation; and it is a job translation of this French imitation, which is all the English reader has of Faust. As for the piece itself, considered as a poetical work, we do not know that it is of unexampled excellence, and it is far from being free from much, which must needs be called stuff. But there are flights and touches, we think, of which it would not be easy to find a parallel, since Shakspeare. And the introduction of the Easter hymn, as a chorus, in the moment when Faust would swallow the laudanum, seems to us not only a most admirable dramatick invention, but a flight of poetry of the truest sublimity, and an application of religion to life, of the most touching kind. One has only to imagine the situation of a desperate man, wearied of life, and lifting the fatal cup to his lips; in the darkness of midnight, before the morn of Easter: in the moment of his destruction, the chime of bells and chanting choir of the neighbouring church are heard, and the poison drops from his hand, beneath the heavenly accents that reach him from the chorus of angels, "Christ is arisen!"

The Life and Studies of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy of London, prior to his arrival in England, compiled from materials furnished by himself. By John Galt. Philadelphia, M. Thomas. 8*vo. pp.* 196.

There are not many individuals by whom this country has acquired a greater degree of celebrity from its being the place of their birth, than from the subject of these Memoirs. There are few artists whose works have been more decidedly popular, or more extensively made known by engravings. The *Death of Wolfe*, for instance, has been more widely diffused than, perhaps, any picture of the last century. This was the first painting which gave Mr. West celebrity on his arrival in England, from Italy; and as it was the first instance where the modern costume was introduced in a serious historical subject, its appearance formed an important epoch in the art, and established the character of the painter, as a man of genius. When we consider this gentleman's success, and the situation in which he was born, we can find few instances so remarkable in their contrast, or from which we should so little expect to see a similar character arise. If we were to select a probable origin for a President of a Royal Academy of Fine Arts, the last situation we should think of would be a remote, thinly peopled province, where luxury and the arts had not yet penetrated, and from an obscure village, to select a child of Quakers, at that time, practising all their original simplicity and austerity, and holding the fine arts in abomination; yet such was the origin of Mr. West. Without further reflections on this theme, which is rather a fruitful one, we shall abbreviate the narrative of the author and give a rapid sketch of the early events of the painter's life, from the work before us.

Mr. West was born near Springfield, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, October 10th, 1738. The family emigrated to America in 1699. Mr. West's birth was a striking proof of the force of oratory, since it was immediately owing to the powerful manner in which his mother was excited, by the preaching of a celebrated speaker among the Quakers, in which he was developing, in a prophetick and enthusiastick style, the future glories of America.

This circumstance of his birth was a subject of conversation, and made a strong impression on the family and friends; the ardent preacher, when on a visit a few days after, naturally enough predicted that the child, whom he had been thus instrumental in introducing into the world, would be no ordinary man, and he charged his father to watch over his character with the utmost degree of paternal solicitude; an injunction which was not lost upon him.

He made his first effort at delineation in his seventh year, at a time when he had never seen a picture or an engraving. An elder married sister had come to make a visit to her parents, and brought her infant with her. This child, placed in the cradle, was left in care of the boy, while its mother and grandmother went out for a few minutes. The child smiled in its sleep, and its beauty attracted his attention forcibly; observing some paper and pens, with red and black ink, on the table, he made an attempt to draw the countenance—hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he attempted to conceal what he had been doing, but perceiving his confusion, they questioned him, and the paper was produced, with an entreaty to his mother not to be angry—she looked at the drawing with evident pleasure, and said to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of our little Sally," and kissed him with fondness and satisfaction. This drawing must have had merit, since its likeness was thus perceived, and it is interesting, as being the first impulse of genius in a man who became afterwards so celebrated.

Soon after this event, he was sent to school, and allowed to draw with pen and ink. In the course of the summer, a party of Indians paid their annual visit to Springfield, and being amused with his sketches of birds and flowers, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colours, with which they painted their ornaments; his mother gave him indigo, and he thus became possessed of the three primary colours; we may say with the author on this occasion, that "a painter who would embody the metaphor of an artist instructed by nature, could scarcely imagine any thing more picturesque, than the real incident of the Indians instructing West to prepare the prismatick colours."

His drawings attracted the attention of the neighbours, and some of these regretting that he had no pencils, he inquired what they were, and was told that they were made of Camel's hair drawn into a quill. As there were no Camels in America, a favourite black cat, of his father's, suggested a substitute. Grimalkin's tail first, and then her back, supplied his wants, till his father observed the condition of his favourite, and lamented it as the effect of disease; the young artist with proper contrition explained the cause of the appearance, and the father was too much amused and delighted with his boy's ingenuity to express any anger. A Quaker from Philadelphia, Mr. Pennington, seeing the drawings of little Benjamin, on a visit he made the family, sent him, on his return, a box of paints and pencils, some pieces of canvas, and six engravings. The arrival of this box excited in him the utmost rapture, but his emotions were particularly roused by the sight of the engravings, never having seen one before, or knowing that such things existed. He kept the box by his bedside during the night, frequently rising to touch and know that it was safe, and at day-light removed it to a garret, and immediately began to copy the engravings on the canvas. He absented himself from school, and when the schoolmaster complained, his mother recollected seeing him often go up stairs, and went up to the garret, where she found him at work, and that he had formed a composition out of two of the engravings. She was so delighted with these, that she kissed him in a transport of affection, and excused him to the schoolmaster. This unfinished sketch is still in Mr. West's possession, and the author speaks as having seen it in the same room with that sublime performance, "Christ rejected," sixty-seven years afterwards. An anecdote of this kind shows a strong vocation for his art, and the faculty must have been almost innate, which was thus exerted, without having seen any models to excite imitation.

A friend lent him the works of Fresnoy and Richardson; the perusal of these heightened his enthusiasm, and an amusing anecdote is given of this effect, which we shall extract.

"The effect of the enthusiasm inspired by Richardson and Fresnoy may be conceived from the following incident. Soon after the young artist had returned to Springfield, one of his school-fellows, on a Saturday's half-holiday, engaged him to give up a party at trap-ball, to ride with him to one of the neighbouring plantations. At the time appointed the boy came, with the horse saddled. West inquired how he was to ride; 'Behind me,' said the boy; but Benjamin, full of the dignity of the profession to which he felt himself destined, answered, that he never would ride behind any body. 'O! very well then,' said the good-natured boy, 'you may take the saddle, and I will get up behind you.' Thus mounted, they proceeded on their excursion; and the boy began to inform his companion, that his father intended to send him to be an apprentice. 'In what business?' inquired West; 'a tailor,' answered the boy. 'Surely,' said West, 'you will never follow that trade;' animadverting upon its feminine character. The other, however, was a shrewd, sound-headed lad, and defended the election very stoutly, saying that his father had made choice of it for him, and that the person with whom he was to learn the business was much respected by all his neighbours. 'But what do you intend to be, Benjamin?' West answered, that he had not thought at all on the subject, but he should like to be a painter. 'A painter!' exclaimed the boy, 'what sort of a trade is a painter? I never heard of such a thing.' 'A painter,' said West, 'is a companion for kings and emperours.' 'Surely you are mad,' replied the boy, 'for there are no such people in America.' 'Very true,' answered Benjamin, 'but there are plenty in other parts of the world.' The other, still more amazed at the apparent absurdity of this speech, reiterated, in a tone of greater surprise, 'you are surely quite mad.' To this the enthusiast replied by asking him if he really intended to be a tailor. 'Most certainly,' answered the other. 'Then you may ride by yourself, for I will no longer keep your company,' said West, and alighting, immediately returned home."

He now went on, constantly making a progress in his profession, till it became a serious question with the Qua-

kers whether he should be allowed to pursue a profession so obnoxious to their narrow tenets. A meeting was held, fanaticism, for once, took the side of genius, and after an animated holding forth of one of the principal speakers, they all agreed he should follow the profession, the men laid hands upon him, and the women kissed him. This was in his sixteenth year; he then went on for some years, painting portraits for his support, till he had obtained the means, aided by the patronage of two or three gentlemen, to go to Rome. He embarked from Philadelphia, in 1759, being then twenty-one years of age, for Leghorn, and from thence proceeded with several letters of introduction, in company with a French Courier. On his arrival at Rome, he had the good fortune to alight in the house where there were one or two English gentlemen, who immediately "took him up," and he was introduced that very evening among the patrons and admirers of the arts; though every one, when they heard of the arrival of an American, to study painting, took him to be an Indian of course. He met with very liberal treatment and disinterested advice from the celebrated Raphael Mengs, the first artist of his time; and after passing three years in Italy, passed through France after the peace of 1763, and arrived in England. A good anecdote is given of his first visit to the Apollo Belvedere. The Italians having then no other idea of Americans, but that they were savages, supposed he must have received the education of one, and were curious to see the effect that would be produced on his mind, by these master-pieces of art; for this purpose an arrangement was made in the evening to accompany him to the Vatican the next day, which visit is thus described.

"At the hour appointed, the company assembled; and a procession, consisting of upwards of thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe, conducted the young Quaker to view the master-pieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view, because it was the most perfect work among all the ornaments of Rome; and, consequently, the best calculated to produce that effect which the company were anxious to witness. The statue then stood in a case, en-

closed with doors, which could be so opened as to disclose it, at once, to full view. West was placed in the situation where it was seen to the most advantage, and the spectators arranged themselves on each side. When the keeper threw open the doors, the artist felt himself surprised with a sudden recollection, altogether different from the gratification which he had expected; and, without being aware of the force of what he said, exclaimed, 'My God, how like it is to a young Mohawk warrior!' The Italians, observing his surprise, and hearing the exclamation, requested Mr. Robinson to translate to them what he said; and they were excessively mortified to find, that the god of their idolatry was compared to a savage. Mr. Robinson mentioned to West their chagrin, and asked him to give some more distinct explanation, by informing him what sort of people the Mohawk Indians were. He described to him their education; their dexterity with the bow and arrow; the admirable elasticity of their limbs; and how much their active life expands the chest, while the quick breathing of their speed in the chase, dilates the nostrils with that apparent consciousness of vigour, which is so nobly depicted in the Apollo. 'I have seen them often,' added he, 'standing in that very attitude, and pursuing, with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.' This descriptive explanation did not lose by Mr. Robinson's translation. The Italians were delighted, and allowed, that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced on the merits of the statue."

There is no great painter who has ever covered so much canvas as Mr. West with his own hand. Many of the celebrated artists of Italy and Flanders only sketched a great part of the pictures which bear their name, which were then painted by their scholars, the master giving the finishing touch; but all the great works produced by Mr. West have been wholly painted by himself, and when the number of these is considered, it will be found, that fifty years of steady and ardent application were necessary for the purpose. Under great simplicity of manners, the presence of genius is soon recognised by those who converse with Mr. West on any of the fine arts. His life has been one of devoted enthusiastic pursuit of his profession, and

he has always maintained a spotless purity of character; and if he has lived to enjoy the appreciation of his merits by the public, and to receive more magnificent pecuniary rewards for his works than any other artist, envy itself will be disarmed, when it is considered that these rewards and this admiration are given to a man, whose genius seems brighter at the close of life, and who, bordering on four-score, still composes with all the fire of youth, and labours with all the assiduity of manhood. Of his merits, as a painter, we do not now mean to speak, his colouring is doubtless defective, but his drawings, his sketches, and these are the trials of genius, are, we believe, admitted by all to be surpassed by no artist of his time.

This work is an interesting one, but we object to its style; the anecdotes of Mr. West's life might be so spoken of, if he were dead; but in his lifetime many of the expressions are misplaced. What would be only justice, "*post mortem*," will, during his lifetime, be apt to implicate him in Mr. Galt's want of taste, and give to some of the passages an appearance of inflated vanity.

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M. Tullii Ciceronis Opera Omnia, etc. etc. Tom. XX. Bostoniæ, Wells et Lilly.

We have, on a former occasion, written a few lines to call the attention of all the friends of classic learning, to this honourable undertaking of our publishers; which is now in an advanced state, by the publication of the present volume, which completes the works of Cicero. Their original design was to produce an entire edition of the Latin Classics. We hope the patronage of the public will enable them to carry it into execution. Though this edition consists of only seven hundred and fifty copies, yet in so voluminous a work, a considerable capital is involved, as the aggregate of Cicero, alone, amounts to fifteen thousand volumes. It is their intention to commence the publication of Tacitus, from the text of Oberlin, the next spring, under the liberal patronage of the University at Cambridge, to whom they have been already much indebted. It is worthy of remark

that this is the only literary institution, which, as a body, have countenanced this enterprise. Is there not something of lukewarmness towards classic literature, in thus neglecting an exertion in the cause which they are all instituted to support? Would not all the Colleges in the United States act with policy, as well as liberality, in subscribing for a few sets of this first American edition of the Classics, which they might present as rewards to their distinguished students? Booksellers are sometimes, and no doubt justly, accused of publishing trash, as managers of theatres are reproached with bringing out pantomimes and mere spectacles; but the public taste directs in all these cases, and all who minister towards it in any way, must consult its wishes. An arduous attempt has here been made, to publish a series of works of sterling value; if those who know how to appreciate, feel nothing but indifference towards it, they must not blame booksellers if they consult their own interest, and publish only the ephemeral productions, which are alone relished by the sickly taste of the public.

We shall make only one additional suggestion, which those who have any acquaintance with the *bibliomania*, will know to be well founded; this is the *first* American edition, and is a very small as well as a very correct one; it will therefore, from this circumstance, have a peculiar value hereafter; and as works of this kind have a solid, permanent value, all over the world, there can never be a loss in investing money in books of this description; they always command a certain price.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

[We did not receive the following interesting discourse in time to place it in the miscellaneous part of the Journal; and have deferred one or two articles of Review, which our readers will not regret, to make room for it here.]

Inaugural Address, delivered in the Chapel at Cambridge, December 11, 1816. *By* Jacob Bigelow, M. D. *Rumford Professor in Harvard University.*

Human ingenuity, in all ages of the world, has been directed to the acquisition of power. The simple bodily strength, with which nature has endowed every one; the inventions which we have sought out to extend and improve our physical ability; the craft and subtlety with which we learn to operate on our fellow-beings have been strikingly employed, at all times, for the promotion of this object. Those men have been great, who have brought others under their dominion; who have swayed them by their eloquence, or influenced them by the ascendency of their character; or who, by enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, have increased the extent of their own resources, and obtained a control over the creation around them.

Power, when acquired, may have centred and terminated with the individual, or it may have become the common stock of society, and descended from one age to another. In this respect, we find a remarkable difference between the civil and the philosophical history of the world. The power which men and nations exercise in regard to each other, is temporary and transient. The greatest individuals have lived to see the decline of every thing upon which their greatness reposed. Societies and political institutions, which have been distinguished in their ascent, have been not less remarkable in their fall. Those nations and governments which, in former times, have subdued their

competitors and controlled, for a time, the destinies of a great portion of the world; are now erased from the list of empires, and, perhaps, recognised only in name.

In the history of philosophy, on the other hand, every thing is permanent and progressive. The triumphs of the human mind over the obstacles that oppose its progress, have never been suspended in any period of the world. The ingenuity of mankind has never ceased to devise successful means of perpetuating its own empire. It has never forgotten how to subjugate the elements to its will, and to reduce all natural agents into ministers of its pleasure and power. What one age has acquired, another has not lost, but each succeeding generation have taken up the conquest where their predecessors had relinquished it; and if they have not been able to advance into unexplored regions, they have, at least, sacrificed nothing of what was already won. Those sciences and arts, which give mankind an ascendency over the creation about them, have never, for a moment, escaped from their direction and use. The navigation of the sea and the cultivation of the earth, the forging of metals and the fashioning of wood, though their origin is beyond the memory of man, yet have continued without ceasing, even to the present day, to be extended and improved.

In the progress of philosophy, we have also the consoling evidence, that its uniform tendency has been to meliorate the condition and promote the happiness of mankind. Its effect is not merely to aggrandize the individuals who cultivate it, but likewise to benefit those who may be within the sphere of its influence. The branches of natural science, in particular, have this excellence, that they do not terminate in mere speculation, but that most of them have a direct bearing upon the wants of society, and tend to objects of real use. But these are not the only inviting features in their character. As they have hitherto been uniformly progressive, so they will continue to be; and the analogy of their previous growth affords an unlimited prospect for the future. Even at the present period of improvement, there is much to be learned in natural science; and the student, who would be serviceable to his country, may enlist himself in this department of labour, almost with the certainty of being able to contribute something to the general good. He need not despair at the amount of preparatory acquisi-

tion which seems necessary to qualify him for usefulness. The paths to eminence are less circuitous in this, than in some of the more abstract departments of knowledge. Many of the important discoveries in physics have been made by men young in life, restricted in leisure, and perhaps uninformed in the elegant branches of literature. The avenues to distinction in natural science, are proportionate to the multiplicity of its objects. Independent of the general subjects of investigation, which are open in all countries alike, there are opportunities exclusively local, peculiar to the place of one's own residence, by the study and improvement of which his labours may become interesting and valuable. This remark may well be brought home to our own country. If any one here despair of successfully cultivating those branches of physical science, which are pursued by learned men in other parts of the globe, with large establishments and expensive endowments, let him see if there are not subjects within the circle of his own walks, which are neither arduous in their character nor expensive in their cultivation, and which lie open to his unassisted industry. A multitude of such subjects he may find in the face and features of our continent: its structure and composition; its capacity for the different branches of agriculture, the improvements of which its present appropriations are susceptible; its geography; its climate and meteorology; its influence on the human body and the human mind; its diseases; its natural productions, minerals, plants, and animals; the resources which it has already derived from these, and those which it has yet to discover; the local exigences and wants, which may be supplied by the application of foreign inventions and known improvements, or by the contrivance and adaptation of new ones; in short, whatever may tend to increase the facilities of subsistence, and the welfare of those among whom we live.

Motives of philanthropy may urge the pursuit of subjects like these, but the calls of patriotism prefer even a stronger claim. The place of our birth and residence is the proper sphere and object of our exertions. It does not become us to complain of its disadvantages, and descant upon the superiority of more favoured spots. We should rather consider how we may overcome its defects, and improve its real advantages. We should also

see, whether its irremediable faults are not in some instances, productive to us of good as well as of evil.

The portion of country in which it is our fortune to live, is not one of exuberant soil and spontaneous plenty. The summer of New-England does not elicit a second burden from our trees, nor is even our annual harvest exempt from the contingency of failure. Winter maintains here a long and late influence upon the seasons, and frosts are visiting us in the latest breezes of spring. Our territory is interrupted by extensive masses of rock, and broken by mountains intractable to cultivation. Our thin and penurious soil rests upon beds of granite, upon flint and sand, which drain it of its moisture, while themselves afford no pabulum for its vegetation. Whatever is raised from the bosom of the earth must be extorted by assiduous and painful culture, and a laborious vigilance is necessary to insure the fruits of the year.

Yet has this part of our country become the most populous and enlightened in the continent upon which we live. The very causes which seemed at variance with our prosperity, have proved its most powerful promoters. A vigor and hardihood of character have grown up, out of the evils which they had to combat; and a spirit of enterprise and perseverance, unknown in more luxurious climates, has become the characteristic of our population. The intelligence and the untiring application which where at first the offspring of necessity, have eventually exhibited ample fruits in the features of our land. Cultivated grounds and ornamental dwellings, wealthy cities and flourishing institutions have arisen upon a spot, where nature was never lavish of her gifts. A spirit of frugality and a talent of invention, have more than supplied the disadvantages of our natural situation. Around us is comfort, and plenty, and health. Our faculties are not exhausted by the debilitating heats of a sultry summer, nor our constitutions assailed by the miasmata of pestilential marshes. In our climate youth is active, and manhood is hardy. A spirit of adventure carries us every where in pursuit of the means of living, and there is no part of the world in which the New-England character is not represented. The means of information are cherished in our humblest villages; our cities are but little infested with the crimes of the older

continent, and among us to an extent perhaps unexampled, the reign of intelligence and of principle supersedes the coercion of law.

Under so distinguished advantages, let us not complain of our lot in a country which gives us natural talents, and a climate which calls them into action. We should rather consider, that the health and alacrity which we possess, are not the common tenants of a rank and luxuriant clime, that the sultry and tepid breezes which multiply the fruits of the earth and render their qualities more exquisite, do not bring with them a keener relish, a more healthy circulation or a more vigorous frame. Few countries can boast of being what Italy was in the time of her ancient poets, at once the parent of fruits and of men.[1] Luxury and indolence are the well known concomitants of a torrid atmosphere and an exuberant soil. If, in our northern and wintry climate, we are strangers to the rich profusion of a southern soil; we have the consolation that this climate, while it yields us but a scanty harvest for a laborious cultivation, yields us at the same time a blessing, for which there can be no equivalent, the capacity of enjoyment that results from vigour of body and activity of mind.

In science and the arts, notwithstanding the infancy of our institutions, and the embarrassment which most individuals experience from the necessity of attending to the calls of business, we have not been wholly without improvement, and are perhaps not destitute of a name. The researches of most of our ingenious men have had utility for their object. They have been performed in intervals taken from professional duties, and have been impeded by a deficiency of books and means. We have had little of the parade of operation, yet we have sometimes seen the fruits of silent efficiency and perseverance. We have had few learned men, but many useful ones. We have not often seen individuals among us, like the laborious Germans, spending their lives in endless acquisitions, while perhaps themselves add little to the general stock of knowledge; yet we have had men of original talents, who have been fortunate enough to discover some province in which they were qualified to be serviceable to their country and mankind. We have had ingenious mechanicians, skilful projectors, profound mathematicians, and men well versed in the use-

ful learning of their time. The progress of our internal improvements, and the high state of the mechanic arts among us, as well as in our sister states, has entitled us to the character of a nation of inventors. The individuals who have originated and promoted such improvements, have often been men unambitious of fame, whose lives have past in obscurity; yet there have sometimes been those among us, whose labours have attracted the honourable notice of foreigners, and reflected lustre upon the country of their birth. It has even been our fortune to impose obligations on others, and there are services of our citizens which are now better known than their names. There are some things which, if gathered from the ashes of obscurity, might serve to shed a gleam upon our literary reputation, and to make known at least the light they have kindled for others. It is a fact perhaps not generally realized, that the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, the Royal Society of Great Britain, and the Royal Institution of London, all of them are in a measure indebted for their birth and first foundation to natives or inhabitants of New-England.[2]

Among those whom we shall longest remember, are men whose memory is associated with our own institutions, or with the sciences, which they laboured to promote. While we pass over the distinguished names of the Winthrops and Bowdoins, we should not forget that Franklin, the philosopher of the western world, was a native of New-England, and a son of our own metropolis. It was his fortune to live in times of political importance, and to find in science some paths untrodden by his predecessors. The great national events which he contributed to promote, and the brilliant and imposing nature of his philosophic discoveries, have deen sufficient to aggrandize his character and immortalize his fame. Many men have been as learned, and many patriots as ardent, but few have left behind them a character to be summed up in a sublimer epitaph, than his,—who snatched the thunderbolt from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants.[3]

It is with peculiar emotions of gratitude, of patriotism, and pride, that we this day recall the memory of a son of Massachusetts, of one who was transplanted from us at an early period, and destined to flourish under other skies than ours; but who has left us the memorial that he was not

unmindful of the country of his birth, and that for us he has not lived in vain. Few among us are ignorant that Benjamin Count Rumford received his birth and education in the near vicinity of these walls.[4] There are now living among us those who remember the features of his boyhood, and recognised the early traits of his unfolding genius. On the present occasion, time would not suffice us to go minutely into the history of his adventurous and important life. He remained long enough on this side the Atlantic to develope those powers of mind and body, which afterwards paved his way to the distinctions of Europe. An enthusiasm in the pursuit of learning, an ardent ambition for fame, a noble and commanding person, and a fascinating address and manner, were as conspicuous in his youth as they were celebrated in his after life. At the commencement of our revolutionary troubles, Count Rumford having the misfortune to labour under the combined influence of disappointment and suspicion, which the qualities of his temper were ill calculated to brook; resolved to embark for England, and to entrust to fortune and to his own genius the allotment of his future destiny.[5]

Arrived in London, it was his singularly good fortune to acquire at once the confidence and esteem of men high in power. His talent for science, as well as his political and military abilities began to display themselves. Early distinctions flowed in upon him, so that while yet a young man, this emigrant from the western wilds was attracting publick attention, as a member of the Royal Society, as under secretary of state, and as a colonel in the British army.

His fondness for travelling and passion for the military life drew him to the continent, and at Strasburgh he was so fortunate as to acquire not only the acquaintance, but the personal and intimate friendship of the prince of Deux Ponts, afterwards king of Bavaria. By this prince he was introduced at the court of the reigning Elector Palatine, his personal and mental talents procured him a reception almost unprecedented, and Munich became the seat of his subsequent residence and fame. In this capital, the qualities of his mind had full scope and opportunity to display themselves. His philosophic researches and discoveries became celebrated throughout Europe. His public and domestic improvements were acknowledged and adopted.

and though a foreigner in Germany, the highest civil and military honours became his reward.

Returned to England in the character of minister plenipotentiary, though for state reasons he was not accredited in this capacity, yet his popularity in that country was extensive and undiminished. A series of essays which he began to publish upon philosophic subjects were generally read and admired, his economic improvements became every where fashionable ; the weight and ascendency of his character were such that they enabled him to carry into effect extensive and important innovations ; and among other things, the Royal Institution of London, a school of science which has been destined to attain the highest celebrity, and to become a fountain of light to the philosophic world,—this institution owes its first existence to his individual influence and efficiency.

The paths in which Count Rumford trod were as numerous as his success in all of them was remarkable. The literary and philosophic part of his career seems to have furnished the source of his ruling passion, as well as of his most permanent distinctions in society. His scientific investigations were laborious, most of them were original, and all of them tending to purposes of practical utility. Those two universal and mysterious agents of our globe, heat and light, so cheering and so necessary, that to procure them constitutes more than half the labour of our existence,[6] these were incessant subjects of his study and investigation. He experimented on the non-conducting power of different substances for heat, that he might bring them to practical use in clothing ; he investigated the phenomena of radiation, and the modes of detaining and economizing heat, that the greatest quantity of caloric might be brought into use with the smallest expense of combustion. His improvements were carried from the fireside of the parlour into the humbler sphere of culinary operations, and their successful application has been abundantly realized in a diminution of the wants and expenses of life.

His philanthropic institutions for the support and nourishment of the poor were among the most fortunate and successful efforts of his genius. In the places of his residence he succeeded in relieving society of one of its most unprofitable burdens, and of substituting industry and

comfort, for profligacy and want. It was his lot to experience what does not always befal the benefactors of mankind, the real gratitude of those who were the objects of his services. He has described in interesting language the effect produced on his mind during a dangerous illness, by a sound under his window from a procession of the poor, who were going to church to put up praarys for the recovery of their benefactor.

It may not be expedient at this time to go into a detail of the principles upon which Count Rumford's various improvements in philosophy and in private, and political economy were founded. In the prosecution of them he was led to the observation of many curious phenomena of light and caloric with which the world have been made acquainted. The application of these to use, and the various contrivances he originated, to increase the convenience, economy, and comforts of living, have given a character to his writings, and are every where associated with his name. His pursuits might even be embodied into a science, for their object is every where known; a science conversant with a multiplicity of details, but possessing unity of design: a science humble in the sphere of its operations, but noble in its ultimate destiny; a science which every man must practise, but which philosophers and philanthropists must extend; one, which, should it ever demand a definition, would be found to be the science—of clothing, of warming, and of nourishing mankind.

It will be gratifying to those who have an interest in the character of this great man, to know that the world was not insensible to his merits; and that the countries of his residence were not parsimonious of their honours and rewards. Of the scientific institutions which hastened to enrol him among their members, were the Royal societies of London and Edinburgh, the Royal Academy of Ireland, the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, and the Imperial Institute of France. The publick thanks of cities were repeatedly expressed to him in person and monuments were erected to him during his life.[7] His political talents prepared his way to civil honours both in England and Bavaria; and in the latter place he was successively placed at the head of the departments of war and of general police,

and appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of Great Britain. In the military line, his progress was not less remarkable, and he who commenced his career as a major in the militia of New-Hampshire, ended it as lieutenant general of the armies of Bavaria. He was successsively knighted by the kings of Great Britain and Poland, and that nobility might not be wanting to swell the sum of his greatness, he was raised to the dignity of a count of the German empire.

Thus much of Count Rumford, the world knows, and posterity will remember. To say that he possessed a character without faults would be to challenge the incredulity of both. But if he had faults, they were those of *ambition*, and his failings were the failings of the *great*. They were never sufficient to diminish the admiration of mankind for his character, though they sometimes embittered the scenes of his private life. The latter part of his days, which he passed in France, does not seem to have been marked by that conciliating demeanor and that happy superiority over circumstances, which had formerly been his passport with the world. Conscious of the importance of his services, and accustomed to the homage of those around him, his mind acquired a cast of character little suited to the levity and urbanity of the French metropolis. His schemes and suggestions were heard with respect, but not adopted with eagerness. His intercourse with the society around him was decorous and formal, but not cordial and unreserved; a second marriage had not blessed his domestic repose; and he seems at last to have retired somewhat in disgust with the world to his private mansion at Auteuil, near Paris.

Thus was the period at length arrived, when Count Rumford reviewed the scenes of his versatile and chequered life and remembered the country of his birth. It was the period when the claims of ambition and the vanities of the world were to find their true place in the scale against the more ingenuous feelings and convictions of the soul. This man, who had risen into life with a success the most brilliant and unexampled; who for successive years had flourished in the sunshine of royal patronage; who had seen institutions grow up under his forming hand, which were to enlighten and improve the world; who had been

hailed as the benefactor of cities, and caressed as the favorite of courts.—This man in the twilight of his life, felt, that he was a stranger in a foreign land.—With the eye of desire, and of gratitude, he looked back to the rocky shores of New England,

Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

The world were not indifferent to his death. His character and biography appeared in the journals of Europe, and his eulogy was pronounced in the Institute of France by one of the most learned men of the present age.—"Surely," said Cuvier, "if worldly honors and renown can ever be superfluous, they must have been so to that man, who, by the fortunate choice of his career, knew how at once to acquire the esteem of the great, and the blessings of the unfortunate."

To the country of his birth, Count Rumford has bequeathed his fortune and his fame. The lessons of patriotism which *we* should learn from his memorable life, are important and convincing. It should teach us to respect ourselves, to value our resources, to cultivate our talents. Let those who would depreciate our native genius, recollect that he was an American. Let those who would make us the dependants and tributaries of the old world, recollect that he has instructed mankind. Let those who would despond as to our future destinies, remember, that his eye, which had wandered over the continent and capitals of Europe, settled at last upon the rising prospects of this western world.—For us, who are destined to labour in the path that he has marked out, and to follow with our eyes, though not with our steps, the brilliancy of his career; it may suffice to acknowledge, that we are not indifferent to the honour that has befallen us; that we are sensible of the magnitude of the example before us; that we believe, that the true end of philosophy is to be useful to mankind, and that we will cheerfully and anxiously enter upon the duties that await us; happy, if by our efforts, we can hope to add even a humble trophy to the monument of philanthropy and science, that commemorates the name of *him*, of whom it may in truth be said, that he lived for the world, and that he died for his country.

NOTES.

[1] Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus!
Magna virum! VIRGIL. GEOR. II. 173.

All hail, Saturnian earth! land lov'd of fame,
Parent of fruits and men of mighty name! SOTHEBY *var.*

[2] John Winthrop, Governor of Connecticut, and son of John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, was one of the principal founders of the Royal Society of London. In the dedication to the 40th vol. of the Philosophical Transactions, it is stated, that when he was appointed to his office, Mr. Boyle, Bishop Wilkins, and the rest, proposed to leave England to establish their society in the new colony, of which their friend and associate, Mr. Winthrop, was made governor. They were prevented in consequence of the protection and charter granted them by Charles II. Governor Winthrop wrote many anonymous papers on various subjects. "His name," says the writer of the above dedication, "had he put it to his writings, would have been as universally known as the Boyles, the Wilkins, and the Oldenburgs."

Count Rumford was the founder of the Royal Institution of London, and Benjamin Franklin was first president of the Philadelphia Society.

[3] Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

[4] Benjaman Thompson, afterwards Sir Benjamin, and Count Rumford, was born in 1753, at Woburn, near Boston, and not at Rumford, (Concord,) as stated in his European Biographies. He served a part of a mercantile apprenticeship in Salem and Boston. In 1769, he attended the lectures of Professor Winthrop, on Natural Philosophy, in Harvard University. Among his early associates were the late Colonel Baldwin, of Woburn, his excellency John Brooks, present governor of Massachusetts, and Samuel Parkman, Esq. of Boston.

[5] Count Rumford was decidedly attached to the cause of American liberty, and earnestly sought for a commission in the service of Congress. He was present at the battle of Lexington, and afterwards remained sometime with the army at Cambridge. His expectations of promotion were disappointed, in consequence of suspicions arising from his former intercourse with Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, and some others attached to the British cause. These suspicions it was impossible to overcome, although he demanded a court of inquiry, and was honourably acquitted of all intentions inimical to the cause of his country. After remaining some time in fruitless hope with the American army, and seeing the post of his ambition filled by a rival candidate, he retired in disgust, and embarked for England in January, 1776. While at Cambridge, he exerted himself in preserving the library and philosophical apparatus, when the Colleges were occupied as barracks by the soldiery.

[6] It is probable that among us, houses, clothing, fuel, and lights constitute more than half the necessary expenses of living.

NOTES.

[7] An elegant and expensive marble monument was erected in the English garden at Munich during Count Rumford's absence from Bavaria, bearing the following inscription in German:

Stay wanderer.
At the creative fiat of Charles Theodore,
Rumford, the friend of mankind,
by genius, taste, and love inspired,
changed this once desert place
into what thou now beholdest.

And on the opposite side,

To him
who rooted out the greatest of public evils,
idleness and mendicity;
relieved and instructed the poor,
and founded many institutions
for the educating of our youth.
Go wanderer,
and strive to equal him
in genius and activity,
and us
in gratitude.

Biographical sketches of Count Rumford will be found in the Literary Miscellany, published at Cambridge in 1805 and 6, in Thompson's Annals of Philosophy for April, 1815, and in Cuvier's eulogy before the Institute of France.

Abstract of Meteorological Observations, at Cambridge, for November, 1816.

	Barometer.			Thermometer.		
	7. A.M.	2 P.M.	9 P.M.	7 A.M.	2 P.M.	9 P.M.
Greatest.	30.49	30.49	30.52	62	70	63
Mean.	30.133	30.154	30.148	37.2	48.4	40.1
Least.	29.85	29.84	29.73	18	33	19

Small shower on the night of the 2d; rain on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th; showers on the 14th and 24th; also, on the latter day; and on the 27th, a little snow about half an inch in all. Whole quantity of rain and snow reduced to water, 2.95 inches.

[The Meteorological Table from Brunswick, has not reached us.]

MISCELLANEOUS AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Medical College of Harvard University.—The medical lectures have been delivered this season, for the first time, in the new building erected last year for the Medical College. The convenience, and we may add, the elegance of the different apartments are superiour to any devoted to the same purposes in the United States, and surpassed by few in any country. There are three separate lecture-rooms, besides a laboratory, a library, an anatomical musuem and other apartments. The anatomical theatre has a circular vaulted ceiling, and is lighted from the top. By the side of the principal entrance door are placed a very beautiful marble copy of the Venus de Medicis, and a cast of the Apollo Belvedere; thus presenting to those who are engaged in the investigation of the interiour construction of the human frame, the two most perfect specimens of its exteriour beauty. The library contains a large number of standard and expensive works. There are several very beautiful wax preparations made by Mr. Chiappi, an Italian artist; and one model used by Dr. Channing, executed at Florence last year, under the guidance of two eminent physicians, and with peculiar care, is one of the most perfect specimens, which the artists of that city, so famous in this way, have ever produced. It is a triumph of art which cannot be seen without admiration.

The lectures delivered in this Institution are on the theory and practice of Physick by Dr. Jackson, on Anatomy by Dr. Warren, and Chymistry by Dr. Gorham, each of them daily; on Materia Medica by Dr. Bigelow, and Obstetrics by Dr. Channing on alternate days. These gentlemen are all of them young men, though some of them are engaged in the most extensive practice. Of their merits we are afraid to speak, lest we might be accused of partiality founded on personal friendship and respect; but we may be allowed to say, without being suspected of exaggeration, that the professional skill, the ardent devotion to their respective branches, and their laborious studies, make this a school, which the medical student may resort to with advantage, and which wants nothing to place it on an equal footing with any similar institution in the United States, but the establishment of a hospital in this town, which science and humanity have for some years loudly invoked, and which in another year will doubtless be established.

A strong effort is now making for the establishment of a general hospital, and a hospital for the insane. The state government made a liberal donation towards the former, and the subscription is in progress among individuals. One gentleman

put his name down for 20,000 dollars, three others for 5000 each, and several others for 2000, 1000, &c. Such noble examples as these must be contagious, and we may be confident that the necessary sums will be procured. Every man has a right to devote his property in what way he pleases; and the right is equally certain, and its exercise inevitable, that publick opinion will observe the course he pursues. The finest feature of a free country, is the existence of publick spirit, and the activity and energy of this, is the surest measure of general intelligence and liberty, and the strongest guarantee for the duration of both. The most infallible test of a healthy state of this publick spirit is a wise appropriation of surplus income, by a *voluntary taxation*, for the support of religion, the promotion of knowledge, the encouragement of the arts, and the relief of human misery. In despotick countries the sovereign provides for all these, because the property of his subjects is at his discretion. It is one of the main principles of liberty, to keep the state within reasonable bounds of taxation; and to leave the citizens the absolute control of their own property. But this state of society supposes, that the citizens will make up for those deficiencies with generosity, which they have preferred subjecting to their own discretion, rather than to that of their rulers. If this feeling of generosity, or more properly of justice, does not exist, tyranny must, and most unquestionably ought to follow. The care of property is an instinct, a very useful one, which makes it difficult to approach any number of individuals even on the most reasonable ground, without offending some of them. Many men will make the urgency of an application for the most imperious and deplorable wants, a pretext, perhaps a motive, for refusal. No one will dispute the right to refuse; no man ought to cavil even at his neighbours, who, differing from him in the appreciation of the various objects that may be presented to him. But the man who does nothing, who, enjoying all the advantages of a free country, is more selfish than if he lived under a despotism—who makes use of the advantage which the laws give him, to contribute nothing to the common good but his pittance of publick taxes—who sees others bearing the support of those establishments, whose advantage is equally felt by him, yet from whose burthen he walks aloof—such a man may accumulate additional wealth, but the sentiments towards him, which his fellow-citizens will feel, and justly feel—are not necessary to mention.

An excellent address preceded the application for subscriptions; we should gladly have copied this, merely for its energy and style, if it had not been so widely diffused. One argument alone contained in it, would seem sufficient to decide any per-

son who might not be aware of the necessity of a hospital. It is not only for the relief of the individual patient who is brought to the hospital, that such an establishment is beneficial; but every patient is, in a very essential manner, subservient to the cure of others. Many diseases are of rare occurrence, a surgeon in the country may have occasion to witness a particular case but once in his life, and this he would not know how to treat, if he had not seen it treated in a hospital, which is a depot, that collects every variety of disease from different districts, and which thus becomes at once a double advantage to humanity; a place of relief and a school for prevention.

Fine Arts.—It was our intention to have offered some remarks on the grand historical painting, that colonel Sargent has just completed, the subject of which is, *The Entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem*; but the pages of this number are so filled, that we are deprived of the pleasure of expressing some of the feelings which this noble composition has excited, and pointing out some of the parts particularly. The publick, however, will have an opportunity of seeing the greatest effort of the pencil ever produced in this country, and which we have no hesitation in predicting, will establish the reputation of the artist on very high ground. We are precluded from entering into any details, but we could not refrain from this slight notice, that we might offer him our congratulations, which we are confident will be echoed by every lover of the arts. The subject is treated in an *epic* manner, and a recollection of the various incidents mentioned in the gospels, which are embodied in it, is necessary to a perfect comprehension of it. The first effect of a picture of this magnitude, where such a number of figures are introduced under various and strongly excited feelings, almost inevitably produces rather confused sensations of surprise and delight. But after this first effect is over, an attentive study and contemplation of the performance, will be followed by more distinct impressions, and increased satisfaction.

Mr. Fisher has continued his progress, and has painted some beautiful landscapes and cattle pieces since our last notice. Among others, a view of the lake on Jamaica Plains, for a gentleman, who has a delightful seat on its borders; a groupe of cattle is on the fore ground, and nothing is added; it is a beautiful picture of a real scene, and there cannot be a stronger proof of the perfection of the scenery surrounding that charming piece of water, than that it should form a fine picture without any additions or alterations.

Mr. Stuart Newton has sailed, and we hope has by this time arrived in Italy, with the intention of going to Rome to pass two or three years in the study of his profession, in which we confidently hope he will hereafter be distinguished.

To Readers and Correspondents.—We shall in the next number give some account of several new works recently published, and which we had not room for in the present.

One of our correspondents will perceive that we have taken some trifling liberties in making some alterations in his MS. we should have been better pleased to have done this, if we could have consulted with him personally. A gentleman has sent us a review of a work which will be noticed in the next number. It is a rule with us to publish no article in this department, without a communication with the writer: in the department of the miscellany, though this would always be agreeable, as it would inform us to whom we are indebted, it is a rule that can be dispensed with.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Philosophical Essays, to which are subjoined, copious notes, critical and explanatory, and a supplementary narrative; with an Appendix. By James Ogilvie, Philadelphia, John Conrad, 1 vol. 8vo.

Crystalina, a Fairy Tale, by a native American, New-York, D. Longworth.

Airs of Palestine, a poem. By John Pierpont, Esq. Baltimore.

The Field of Orleans, a poem. By the author of several fugitive pieces. Philadelphia, W. Anderson.

An elementary Treatise on Mineralogy and Geology, being an introduction to the study of these sciences, and designed, for the use of pupils, for persons attending lectures on these subjects, and as a companion for travellers in the United States of America. Illustrated by six plates. By Parker Cleaveland, professor of Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy, and Lecturer on Chymistry and Mineralogy, in Bowdoin College, member of the American Academy, and corresponding member of the Linnean Society of New England.

> ——— itum est in viscera terrae:
> Quasque recondiderat, Stygiisque admoverat umbris,
> Effodiuntur opes. *Ovid.*

Boston, published by Cummings and Hilliard, 1 volume 8vo. 668 pp.

A Letter of Advice to his Grandchildren, Matthew, Gabriel, Anne, Mary, and Frances Hale. By Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice in the reign of Charles II. Boston, Wells & Lilly, 18mo.

Readings on Poetry, by Richard Lovell Edgeworth and Maria Edgeworth. Boston, Wells & Lilly, 18mo.

Essays in Rhyme, on Morals and Manners. By Jane Taylor, Author of 'Display; a Tale.' And one of the Authors of 'Original Poems for Infant Minds,' 'Hymns for Infant Minds,' &c. Boston, Wells & Lilly, 18mo.

The Village, a poem, with an appendix. Portland, pp. 180.

The Life and Studies of Benjamin West, Esq. president of the Royal Academy of London, prior to his arrival in England, compiled from materials furnished by himself. By John Galt. Philadelphia, M. Thomas, 8vo. pp. 196.

The Adventures of Uncle Sam in search after his lost honour. By Frederick Augustus Fidfaddy, Esq. member of the Legion of Honour, and Scratch-etary to Uncle Sam, and privy counsellor to himself. Taurum per caudam grabbo. (Merino Latin.) Middletown, Seth Richards.

Discourses on Various Subjects. By Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Chaplain in ordinary to King Charles the First, and late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. In 3 vols. Boston, Wells & Lilly.

Sermons, by the late Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, Dean of Killala, with a sketch of his life. Philadelphia, Matthew Carey, 8vo.

Margaret of Anjou, a poem. By Miss Holford. Philadelphia, M. Carey, 18mo. Boston, Wells & Lilly.

Vathek: translated from the original French. From the third London edition, revised and corrected. Philadelphia, Matthew Carey, 18mo. Boston, Wells & Lilly.

The Forest Minstrel; a selection of songs, adapted to the most favourite Scottish airs. Few of them ever before published, by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others. Philadelphia, Matthew Carey, 18mo. Boston, Wells & Lilly.

Lectures on Ancient History; comprising a general view of the principal events and eras in civil history, from the creation of the world till the Augustan age; together with an Allegory on genius and taste, founded in the history of ancient literature. By Samuel Whelpley, A. M. member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York. New-York, Van Winkle and Wiley, 18mo. Boston, Wells & Lilly.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

No. XII.

MARCH, 1817.

The Newlander's Cure, as well of those violent sicknesses which distemper most minds in these latter days: as also by a cheap and newfound dyet to preserve the body sound and free from all diseases, untill the last date of life, through extremity of age. Wherein are inserted general and speciall remedies against the Scurvy, gout, collicke, fevers, sea-sicknesses and other greivous infirmities. By Sir William Vaughan, Knight. Published for the Weale of Great Brittaine. Imprinted at London, by N. O. for F. Constable, and to be sold at his shop in St. Paul's Church, at the signe of the Craine, 1630.

Sir W. Vaughan, the author of this Newlander's or Newfoundlander's Cure, was, as we are informed by Purchas, vol. 4, p. 1888, 4to edition, one among other eminent and zealous individuals, who undertook to colonize and promote the settlement of Newfoundland, where he was at the expense of transporting many settlers. This colony very early attained a very great importance in the commerce of England; for in the same volume (p. 1882) Purchas says, that in the year 1615, no less than two hundred and fifty English vessels frequented New-

foundland, and yielded a return of 135,000 pounds, in fish and oil; a sum of great relative magnitude in English commerce, as it was two centuries ago. The exclusive attention of the inhabitants has been always given to the fisheries, and few attempts made in agriculture. The interiour of the country has never been very perfectly explored. There is a modern history of Newfoundland, by Mr. Reeves, who was Chief Justice there, and since at the head of the Alien Office in London. We shall make an extract from the author's introductory letter to his "loving brother, John, Earl of Carbery, Baron of Molingar:"

——— "Seeing that death brings with it so great happiness, I hope you will not be offended with me, if, by calculating our 'ancestors yeares for these three last descents,' I seem to put you in minde that you ought not to expect much longer time than they enioyed. Our *Great Grand-father*, Hugh Vaughan, was Gentlemen Usher to King Henry the 7th, who is famous in our English Chronicles, and in the Justes in Richmond, before the sayd King, agaynst Sir James Parker, about our Ancestors Arms, and Scutcheons, the sayd Sir James lost his life, on the first encounter. Our sayd Great Grandfather, dyed before he was fifty years old. Our *Grandfather*, who built our house, nay yours by Birth-right, (called the *Golden Grove*) died about the fiftieth sixth year of his age. Our *Father* likewise about those years payd nature her debt. Why then should we expect for a greater lot? we want not above three or four years of theirs. But suppose we should arrive to seventy or eighty, or by the help of this Dyet which I here discover, to the long age of the Swithcus; it would but augment our sinnes and sorrowes. Therefore let us live mindfull of that which cannot be avoyded. For which purpose a Pagan King used, every morning, to have a dead man's skull brought to remember him, that he was a mortall creature. So in like manner we see, in our days, many persons wearing Rings with a deaths head engraven in the Seall. Others with a poesie on the inside including the remembrance of death: *memento mori*. But because this subject breeds sadnesse, I have added more plausible passages, to profit the body as well as the minde.

"Now having discharged the part of a brother, in this necessary point, whereto all Adam's posterity are subject, sooner or later; I will now show wherefore I entitled this diminutive rapture '*The Newlander's Cure:*' more for others satisfaction, who know me not, and yet may (by our free Charter of Election, and the illumination of God's working spirit,) meete with some passage in this 'Cure,' to confirm them sure in their Christian calling; and perhaps move some to lend their helping hands to the building up of our *New Church* in that remote country; than for any desire I have to reiterate a matter of tauetology (like the Cuckoes Song) unto you, who from the beginning have bin acquainted with my actions in this kinde.

"1617, about *thirteen years past*, being interested by Patent in the *South part of Newfoundland*, from our late king James I, of happy memory: I transported thither certyne Colonies of men and women at my own charge: After which, finding the burden too heavy for my weake shoulders, I assigned the northerly proportion of my grant unto the Right Honorable the *Lord Viscount Faulkland*, late deputy of Ireland: A noble gentleman of singular wisdome, virtue, and experience, and (upon your motion) to my *Lord Baltimore;* who to his immortal prayse has lived there these *two last years, with his Lady and children.*

"And for myselfe, during such time as I remayne in this kingdom for the setling of my private fortunes, which for aught I see, I must chiefly rely upon to supply me there, untill the plantation be better strengthened; and fearing the displeasure of the Almighty, who threatenes those which causelessly look back at his Plow; I sent forth (like Noah's dove) my late workes called *The Golden Fleece* and my *Cambreasium Caroleia*, to stirre up our Islanders mindes to assist and support for a time our *Newfound-Isle;* which rightly may be stiled *Great Britaines Sister*, or *Britannial*, in regard for these *fourscore years and upwards* she hath furnished us with fish and traine, which by exchange return us sundry kinds of commodities.

"In like manner to let the world understand that my zeal to *Newfoundland* is not frozen, I took her for my gossip to this Pigmy infant, which now is named '*The Newlander's Cure.*' But why should I, among so many thousands of greater

powers, aspire to such an Atlantic weight, which is able to crush into the earth another Sattor? It is the Lord of heaven and earth, (whose powerfull presence overlooks all the foure quarters of the earth; who prefers sometimes the most simple to his works of honor, before the grand Epicures of the world, as the lillies of the field before the Royalties of Solomon;) even our mighty God, who is so wonderful in all his deeds; made choyse of me for his worthy Instrument to doe some good in this heroical enterprize.

"For this cause, and also to edifie my country with those books which from time to time *even from my youth up I published*, hath he bestowed a double talent upon me. For these ends it pleased his sacred Majesty to reserve my service for the public good by preserving my life most miraculously above the ordinary sort of men, from fire and water, and twice from his pestilentiall arrowes.

"1602, uppon a Christmas day, in France, at a passage of two leagues broad (betwixt Tremblado and Marena) falling over board a ship, in a most terrible tempest; I floated amidst the waves of the raging sea, being then ignorant of swimming, about a quarter of an hour, onely with an oar in my hand, which casually fell unto me, (by what means to this present I cannot tell) and which is most strange to human sense, the Storm suddenly calmed, during my aboad in this perplexity; untill the bark from which I fell, found leisure to turn about, and take me up; being over wearried, and at the very point to throw away the oare and perish. As soon as I was taken up, the storm began again so furiously, that the mast broke within a foot of the boat, and with the fall had like to have overturned us all.

"1608, in January, I was striken with a sulphureous dampe; my house was battered about my ears with lightning and thunder, the artillery of God's Glory, in that fearfull manner; as yourselfe beheld, the next day after the ruins of the catastrophe, not without great astonishment and admiration, how miraculously I escaped.

"1603, in August, in the hottest time of the sicknesse, in my return from beyonde seas, I was not affraid to stay a while in London.

"1625. And during the last and greatest Pestilence, 1625, I frequented the citty from the beginning to the latter end; as our famous Countryman Sir Thomas Button, and our

virtuous Cousin his Lady, (in whose house I continued the most part of that summer,) can bear me witnesse; when you and others of my friends wondred at my boldnesse, by which extraordinary deliverances I gather, that his Omnipotent Majesty hath ordayned me, (as a fire brand so often taken out of the flames) for some glorious service of his; eyther to do some good unto my fellow Christians by my public writings, or else to advance this hopeful Plantation by my personall paines and industry. And if I fail in my presages for this last, I am fully persuaded that I shall not light upon a worse fortune than chanced unto a gentlewoman of Italy, who having her destiny told her by an astrologer, (as that sex is over credulous like Eve,) that she should be married to a *prince*, she refused many good matches, in hope of her princely preferment; until after many years expectation in vaine, fearing (as the Proverb is) 'to lead Apes in hell,' she consented at last to marry with the Principall of an University, who in that place had the title of Prince. If I misse in my actual performance for Newfoundland, it lies not in the power of flesh and blood to take away my zealous intentions; nor can my foes (if any such at all I have) deny but that meaner men than I, have had the lucke to be married to Muses; as also the mightiest Lords of the earth have thought themselves graced to be entertained their servantes and woers.—The truth is, I am addicted both to the Muses, and Newfoundland: and I could wish that I had that command over some misers purses, or of theirs who may die without issue and leave their fortunes to thanklesse worldlings, for the benefit of Newfoundland; as Mark Anthony had at Athens: For when the citizens had accordingly presented him with the Image of their Goddess Minerva, because he wanted a wife; he answered, that he kindly accepted of their offer, and therefore he must needs have 1000 Talents of them, as a dowry fit for so great a Princesse. The charge certainly is great now at the first; yet if there were but twenty such persons of my poor meanes and resolution, I would not doubt, *but before seaven years*, our Newfoundland should not only double those sayles of ships, which trade thither at the present; but likewise the yearly gains which our merchants doe reape from that country, for these *many yeares together*, computed to be above 200,000 pounds a yeare. In-

deed there be some hopes that the London and Bristow merchants will now, after these late stormes, settle there some *Iron-works, Glass houses, and for the making of salt.*

"And likewise that my *Lord of Faulkland* and our *noble brother in law Sir Henry Salisbury Baronet, with some gentlemen of N. Wales*, will the *next spring* proceede to doe something in that country, which with open arms awaites for their coming: and also there are *others out of England*, to whom I have freely, (as I have received) assigned grants, which have faithfully promised to plant in their several devisions: The which if they perform, my costly cares for sacrifice would be the lesse.

"But because my experience teacheth me, that we oftener meet with backsliding and inconsistent men, like worldly Demas, than with bountifull converts, like that Terrentian Demea, I can not build my foundation on such slippery mould; but must resolve, with my owne poore estate, to continue what I have long since fruitlessly begune.

"After this sort these renowned Monsieurs, De Monts and Poutrincourt were deluded above two years, by some courtiers at Paris; and therefore thus concluded at last, no more to trust any but *themselves*, for the erecting of their Plantations in Canada, *two hundred leagues* beyond our Newfoundland.—Hap what may hap, I have broke the ice; I have passed the Rubicon.

"In the mean time, let me entreate you to conceive charitably of our *Newland Plantation*, which by one hard winter, among *many more tolerable*, is like to suffer; and to regard this little God child of hers. And if you or any other of our friends, when wilde and irregular passions break out beyond the bounds of reason, shall meete with some lenitive, by meditating on the towardly disposition thereof, (as the diseased Israelites found ease with beholding the brazen serpent;) Do but say, *Well fare the Newlander's Cure*, and that's as much as I expect for my paines. The Lord enrich you with heavenly happinesse, as he hath bountifully dealt with you in this world; and if hereafter, it fortune, (according to your hope) that you shall live in Court, as heretofore you have, to your singular praize and your friends comfort, to many years together; Let not transitory Pompe, nor vaine glory, seduce your noblest part to forget the *poor*

Newlander's Cure; nor him, whom you are tyed in nature to respect and cherish; who reciprocally shall ever during life, continue in all christian offices your Lordships brother at Command,

"WILLIAM VAUGHAN."

[The following Anecdotes are taken promiscuously from Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia, published last year, in two splendid quarto volumes, with maps and plates.]

JEMSHEED, who is celebrated as the founder of Persepolis, was the first who discovered *Wine.* He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some; which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; and their juice, in this state, was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous. He had some vessels filled with it, and *poison* written upon each; these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with nervous headaches: the pain distracted her so much, that she desired death. Observing a vessel with poison written on it, she took it, and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady; who fell into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the dose so often, that the monarch's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemsheed, and all his court, drank of the new beverage; which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of Zeher-e-Khooshon, the *delightful poison.*

When Alexander the Great was near his end, he wrote to his Mother requesting that the alms given on his death, should be bestowed on those *who had never seen the miseries of this world, and who had never lost those that were dear to them.* His mother sought in vain for persons of this description: all had tasted of the woes and griefs of life; all had lost those whom

they loved. She found a consolation, as her son had intended, in this circumstance, for her great loss. She saw her own was the common lot of humanity.

One of the kings of Persia having intrusted his son to the care of an Arabian Chief, in order to preserve his life, the luxurious Nobles of the court dreaded a monarch who had been educated among Arabs, and raised another prince to the throne. But this proceeding only afforded to the true heir, Baharam, an opportunity of shewing his courage and magnanimity; and he obtained his right almost without a struggle. He advanced into Persia with a large army of Arabs; but to save the blood of his countrymen, he proposed that the crown of Persia should be placed between two furious lions, and that it should be given to the prince who had the courage to attack such guards. This was agreed to; and Koosroo, the Prince whom the nobles had elevated to the throne, was invited to the achievement.—But the situation in which he saw the crown placed, had deprived it of all its attractions in the eyes of that prince; and he declined the attempt. Baharam flew at the lions, and, though almost unarmed, soon slew both, and seized the crown amidst the shouts of his subjects. His first act was to reward Noman, the Arabian, who had educated him; his second, to pardon those who had endeavoured to deprive him of the crown. Proud of his excellence, as an archer, Baharam wished to exhibit before one of his favourite ladies. He carried her to the plain, and an Antelope was soon found asleep. The Monarch shot an arrow with such precision, as to graze its ear. The animal awoke, and put his hind hoof to his ear, to strike off the fly by which he conceived himself annoyed. Another arrow, from the royal bow, fixed his hoof to his horn. The exulting Baharam turned to the lady, in the expectation of her warm praise; she coolly observed, "*Practice makes perfect.*" Enraged at this uncourtly observation, the King instantly ordered her to be sent into the Mountains to perish. Her life was saved by the mercy of a minister, who allowed her to retire to a small village on the side of a hill. She there lodged in an upper room, to which she ascended by twenty steps. Immediately after her arrival, she bought a small

calf which she regularly carried once up and down the flight every day.* This exercise she continued four years, and the improvement of her strength kept pace with the increasing weight of the animal. Baharam, who had supposed his favourite dead, happened, after a fatiguing chase, to stop, one evening, at this village. He saw a young woman carrying a large cow up a flight of twenty steps. He was astonished; and sent to inquire, how strength so extraordinary had been acquired by a person of so apparently delicate a form. The lady said, she would communicate her secret to none but Baharam; and to him, only, on his condescending to come, alone, to her house. The monarch instantly went; and on his repeating his admiration at what he had seen, she bid him not lavish his praises where they were not due; "Practice makes perfect," said the lady, in her natural voice; and, at the same time, she lifted her veil. The monarch recognised and embraced his favourite. Pleased with the lesson she had given him, and delighted with that love which had led her to pass four years in an endeavour to regain his esteem; he ordered a palace to be built on the spot, to serve as a hunting seat and a commemoration of this event. He had a son who was considered an idiot. It was in vain that the best masters endeavoured to instruct him: he appeared incapable of receiving their lessons, and hardly a hope was cherished of his improvement. One day his tutor told Baharam, that it was with grief he had discovered, that the young prince added vice to his stupidity; "I have detected him," he said, "in an endeavour to seduce the daughter of a poor man who dwells in the vicinity of his palace." The King's countenance beamed with joy at the intelligence. "Thank God the clay is kindled!" said the monarch to himself. He immediately sent for the father of the girl, and addressed him in the following terms: I wish not to trifle with your honour, or with that of any man in my kingdom, but your daughter may become the instrument of a nation's happiness. My son loves her, and her power over him is therefore unbounded; bid her use it to awaken in him the desire of attaining perfection, to please her; she may give him sufficient encouragement to keep hope alive; and love will do all the rest." The old man promised to lesson his daughter,

* These animals are small in India and Persia.

who played her part to admiration; and the prince soon became all that his father or the nation could wish; and was as remarkable for his spirit and intelligence, as he had been before for his dulness and insensibility.

A Roman ambassador, who had been sent to Ctesephon with rich presents, when he was admiring the noble prospect from the windows of the royal Palace, remarked an uneven piece of ground, and asked the reason why it was not rendered uniform. "It is the property of an old woman," said a Persian Noble, "who has objections to sell it, though often requested to do so by our king, Nousheerwan; and he is more willing to have his prospect spoiled, than to commit violence." "That irregular spot," replied the Roman, "consecrated as it is by justice, appears more beautiful than all the surrounding scene."

There was no feature more remarkable in the character of Timour, than his extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had undertaken; and he often persisted in his efforts, under circumstances that led all around him to despair. He used, on such occasions, to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life. "I once," said he, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my observation on an ant, that was carrying a grain of corn, larger than itself, up a high wall; I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top of the wall. This sight gave me courage, at the moment, and I have never forgot the lesson it conveyed.

A Sooffee, or Persian Saint, gives the following account of himself. "The day before the feast of Araf, I went up to the terrace of my house, and saw all the pilgrims standing at the mountain of Arâfât at Mecca. I went and told my mother that I must devote myself to God; I wished to proceed to Bagdad to obtain knowledge. I informed her what I had seen, and she wept. Then taking out eighty deenars, she told me, that as I had a

brother, half of that was all my inheritance. She made me swear, when she gave it me, never to tell a lie; and afterwards bade me farewell; exclaiming, Go, my son, I give thee to God. We shall not meet again till the day of judgment. I went on well, till I came near to Hamadan, when our kâffilâh was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got? Forty deenars, I said, are sewed under my garment. The fellow laughed; thinking, no doubt, I was joking him. What have you got? said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where their chief stood. What property have you, my little fellow? said he. I have told two of your people, already, I replied, I have forty deenars sewed up carefully in my clothes. He desired them to be ript open, and found my money. And how came you, said he, with surprise, to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden? Because, I replied, I will not be false to my mother; to whom I promised, that I will never conceal the truth. Child, said the robber, hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy, he continued; that I may swear repentance upon it. He did so. His followers were all, alike, struck with the scene. You have been our leader in guilt, said they to their chief; be the same in the path of virtue; and they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand."

A Persian MS., in my possession, relates an extraordinary and amusing anecdote of Nadir Shah, which shows how completely he understood the feelings of the most ignorant and the wickedest of his subjects. A native merchant, travelling from Cabul, had been robbed in a plain near Nishapore, and carried his complaint to the Sovereign. "Was there no one near but the robbers?" said Nadir. "None," was the reply. "Were there no trees, or stones, or bushes?" "Yes," said the man, "there was one large solitary tree, under whose shade I was reposing when I was attacked." Nadir, on hearing this, affected great fury, and ordered two executioners to proceed, instantly, and flog the tree that had been described, every morning, till it either res-

tored the property that had been lost, or revealed the names of the thieves by whom it had been taken. The mandate of a King of Persia is always a law: that of Nadir was considered as irrevocable as fate. The executioners proceeded; and the tree had not suffered flagellation above a week, when all the goods that had been stolen were found, one morning, carefully deposited at its root. The alarmed robbers, who soon heard of the extravagant cruelty that inflicted such blows upon an inanimate substance, trembled at the very thought of the horrible punishment that awaited them, if ever discovered. When the result was reported to Nadir, he smiled, and said, I knew what the flogging of that tree would produce.

The contempt in which Nadir held the arts by which the dervishes, and other religious mendicants, imposed upon the credulity of his countrymen, was shown on every occasion. Many of these believed that the holy Imaum Reza, who is interred at Mushed, continued to work miracles: and this belief gave rise to a number of impositions. Persons pretending to be blind, went to his tomb; and after a long period of prayer opened their eyes and declared, that their sight had been restored by the holy Imaum. One of these was seated at the gate of the sacred mausoleum, when Nadir passed. "How long have you been blind?" said the Monarch. "Two years," answered the man. "A proof," replied Nadir, "that you have no faith. If you had been a true believer, you would have been cured long ago. Recollect, my friend, if I come back and find you as you now are, I will strike your head off." When Nadir returned, the frightened fellow pretended to pray violently, and all at once found his sight. "A miracle! a miracle!" the populace exclaimed; and tore off his coat, in small pieces, as relicks. The monarch smiled, and observed, "that faith was every thing."

Kurreem Khan, though humane, sometimes punished severely; and he employed others, of a disposition very different to his own, to spread terrour among his enemies and rebellious subjects; but his clemency was hardly ever refused to a fallen or a repentant foe. One of the most remarkable features of his character was goodness of heart.

He very often repeated an anecdote of his early life, which showed a feeling very uncommon among those of his condition. "When I was a poor soldier," said Kurreem, "in Nadir's camp, my necessity led me to steal, from a saddler, a gold embossed saddle, which had been sent by an Affghan Chief to be repaired. I soon afterwards learnt, that the man from whose shop it was taken, was in prison, and sentenced to be hanged. My conscience smote me, and I replaced the saddle exactly on the place from whence I took it. I watched till it was discovered by the saddler's wife, who, on seeing it, gave a scream of joy, fell down upon her knees, and prayed aloud, that the person who had brought it back might live to have a hundred gold embossed saddles. I am quite certain," Kurreem used to add smiling, "that the honest prayer of the old woman has aided my fortune in the attainment of that splendour, which she desired I should enjoy."—One day, when he was on the point of retiring from his judgment seat, harassed and fatigued with a long attendance, a man rushed forward in apparent distraction, calling out in a loud voice for justice. "Who are you?" "I am a merchant, and have been robbed and plundered, by some thieves, of all I possess." What were you about when you were robbed?" "I was asleep." "And why did you sleep?" exclaimed Kurreem, in a peevish and impatient tone. "*Because I made a mistake, and thought* you *were awake.*" The irritation of the royal judge vanished in a moment; he was too much pleased with the manly boldness of the petitioner to be offended at the reproach, his words conveyed. Turning to his vizier, he bade him pay the amount of the merchant's losses from the treasury. "We must," he added, "try to recover the property from the robbers."

The diet of the Arabian tribes, in Persia, is more frugal than that of any other of the inhabitants of that kingdom. It consists chiefly of dates: but what others would consider a hardship, habit, with them, has converted into an enjoyment; and the Arab deems no food more delightful than that upon which he lives. Some years ago, a woman, belonging to one of the Arab families, settled at Abusheher, had gone to England, with the children of the British Resident at that

place. When she returned, all crowded around her, to hear the report of the country she had visited.—She described the roads, the carriages, the horses, the wealth and the splendour of the cities, and the highly cultivated state of the country. Her audience were full of envy at the condition of Englishmen, and were on the point of retiring with that impression, when the woman happened to add, that the country she had visited only wanted one thing to make it delightful. "What is that," was the general inquiry. "It has not a date tree in it," said she. "I never ceased to look for one, all the time I was there, but I looked in vain." The sentiments of the Arabs, who had listened to her, were, in an instant, changed by this information. It was no longer envy, but pity, which they felt for men who were condemned to live in a country where there were no date trees.

All Eastern authors agree in their character of Ismail Samanee. He was, they state, brave, generous, pious, and just. We are informed, that he spurned at the proffered treasures of Amer-ben-leis. "Your family," said he to that Chief, (when he was prisoner, and offered to reveal his riches,) "were pewterers; fortune favoured you, for a day, and you abused her favors, by plundering the property of the faithful. That wicked act has rendered your downfall as rapid as your rise. Seek not to make my fate like yours; which it would be, if I soiled my hands with such sacrilegious wealth."—But the virtue of this prince endured a still more severe trial. His army, after he had taken Herat, was in a state of the most extreme distress, for want of money. Ismail had given his word not to levy a contribution upon that city; but the clamours of his soldiers loudly demanded that he should consider their merits and their wants, before a faith that had been (they argued) too hastily pledged. Ismail was, however, firm; and as the army became every hour more distressed and discontented, he ordered them to march away, lest the temptation to violate his word, which he had ever held sacred, should be too great. He had gone but a short distance, when a ruby necklace of one of his ladies was carried away by a Vulture, the bird was watched and was seen to deposit the jewel in a dry well, which was immediately searched. The necklace was recovered, and

several boxes of treasure were found lying near it, which proved to be part of the wealth of Amer, that his servant Sam had stolen from his palace at Seisham. The monarch rejoiced at this boon of fortune. He instantly paid his army, and bade them take a lesson from what had happened, and learn, that God would never desert that man, who withstood temptation and preserved, inviolate, the faith that he had solemnly pledged.

The following Ode, from the Dewan or collection of Odes, is at once characteristick of the manner of Rudiki, the blind Persian bard; and of the taste of the late Doctor Leyden, the Translator.

He who my brimming cup shall view
In trembling radiance shine,
Shall own the liquid *ruby's* hue
Is match'd by rosy *wine.*

Each is a gem from Nature's hand
In living lustre bright;
But one congeals its radiance bland,
One swims in liquid light.

Ere you can *touch*, its sparkling die
Has left a splendid stain:
Ere you can *drink*, the essence high
Floats giddy through the brain.

The rise of the family of Aly Buyah, Viceroy of Fars and Irak, was, in a great degree owing to the possession of the treasures of Yakoot, the former Governour of Fars, which accident gave to Aly Buyah. That Chief, when reclining on a couch in the palace of Yakoot, at Shiraz, observed a snake shew its head, several times, through a crevice in the wall, and retire again. Determined to get rid of so dangerous a visitor, he ordered that part of the wall to be thrown down; and the workmen had proceeded but a short way with their task, when they found hidden boxes of treasure, which proved to be the wealth of his predecessor. This was not the only instance of his good fortune. One day a tailor, who had served the former Governour, had come to make him some clothes; he happened to

call for a stick, meaning a measure! But the guilty conscience of the tailor gave another interpretation to this word, and he exclaimed, as he threw himself upon the ground. "Be merciful; do not flog me to death, and I will discover all the cloth belonging to Yakoot!" The surprised Aly Buyah bade him do so, and the man produced seventeen chests of cloth, belonging to the former Governour, which he had purloined at his flight. This discovery caused a strict scrutiny, which produced many others of a similar nature; and Aly Buyah became possessed of wealth and means that enabled him to enlarge his power.

Subuctageen, when a private horseman in the service of Abustakeen, having one day taken a fawn, which he was carrying home, happened to look round, and saw the mother following him in evident affliction at her loss. The rude Tartar gave way to the momentary impulse of feeling, and restored the fawn to its dam; and as they bounded from him, his imagination interpreted the looks of alarm, they cast behind them, for those of gratitude. The scene of the day haunted his dreams, and he was rewarded with a vision of his prophet, who promised him sovereign power, as the reward of the mercy he had shewn to an innocent and defenceless animal.

An extraordinary and striking contrast appears in the conduct of Lord Lake, the leader of the British army, and of Sultan Mahmood. The last broke the idols and destroyed the temples of the cities of Hindostan, which he had conquered. The English General not only protected the persons and respected the worship of its inhabitants, but ordered his own army, while they lay within the precincts of Muttra, deemed by the Hindoos, a holy city, not to slaughter cattle, as their doing so would be deemed a sacrilege by the Hindoos. The power of the monarch of Ghizni soon passed away! that of the English will remain, as long as they have the firmness and virtue to preserve those principles of wisdom, toleration, and justice, upon which it is established.*

* It is an Englishman who is speaking: this justice has been sometimes questioned, and the missionaries are furious at the toleration of Hindoo superstition.

[Among all the individual combinations to be found in ancient or modern history, there is none so remarkable as that of the celebrated *Society of Jesuits*. The talents, zeal, the *esprit de corps*, and the power possessed by it, were manifested in every part of the known world. Its prodigious, and, for a time, successful efforts, in propagating Christianity in Asia, in which they ultimately failed, might throw some light on the expensive exertions now making among us for the same purpose, if the causes of their failure could be demonstrated. A philosophick history of this society is a desideratum in Literature.—We hope we do not mistake when we flatter ourselves, that the author of the following remarks will continue the subject.]

THE JESUITS.

To the Editor of the North-American Review.

The Jesuits had scarcely appeared in the world, when they were found to be spread through the Universe with a rapidity most astonishing; they became the masters of education, and of seminaries of learning, the confessors of kings, the dispensers of favours, the distributers of posts in the state, civil, military and ecclesiastical; sometimes even of crowns; in one word, the arbiters of all the great events. They were seen to acquire immense riches in real estates, in benefices, which they attached to their houses; they were seen to form establishments the most solid and the most splendid; they were seen to lay the foundations of a monarchy, capable of supporting itself against powerful princes.

How could these poor beggars, as they called themselves, so suddenly arise to an empire so extensive and so absolute! So absolute, that they were able to sport with the fortunes, the lives, the liberties, and the understandings of so many other men? This is a prodigy, which hereafter will appear to be fabulous to posterity.

This incomprehensible prodigy, nevertheless, has subsisted for three hundred years. In what region of the universe, have not the Jesuits established themselves, enjoying immense riches, and a credit formidable to kings and nations, to nobles and commons, to clergy and laity!

I am, sir, without fire or faggot, rack, chains or gibbet, pillory, prison or penalty, an Inquisitor.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Sir,

I DO not know whether my case be a very common one, or if its communication may be of much utility, yet, as a statement of it will cost me very little trouble, and will afford me some gratification, I shall place it at your disposal.—I reside in a distant county, owning a few hundred acres of land immediately about me; I am a magistrate, and on the days when the militia are trained, I wear a pair of epaulets; in short, sir, I am what would be called, in England, a country gentleman; but to prevent any mistakes, I will merely say, that I am your fellow citizen.

My wife and daughter easily persuaded me to pass two or three months in Boston, to see something of the bustle of life, and to give the latter a chance of mixing a little in fashionable society, to obtain that degree of ease, which is generally wanting in those who lead a life of seclusion. People who live in towns, acquire by friction a degree of polish, which those who live wholly in the country can seldom attain; yet, the latter are composed of materials quite as susceptible of this quality, though it is apt to be obscured under an appearance of rusticity. I was glad, too, at an opportunity of meeting with some old acquaintances, and partaking of that hospitality, which is almost proverbial. That I have not been disappointed in my expectations of pleasure, may, perhaps, be inferred from the trifling complaints I have to make in this letter; but you must not think me querulous, and dissatisfied, if I find a little fault, which, after all, may be unreasonable; I do not mean to dictate a reform, or hardly to suggest an alteration.

Soon after my arrival, we were invited to "*a Ball*," the party was brilliant and the supper expensive and elegant. When the company were summoned to the table, the procession towards it was formed with more haste than ceremony; young men were eager only for precedence, and young girls, heedlessly crowded before matrons, who were entitled to their homage. The places at supper were taken promiscuously, and, in many cases, the first should have been last and the last first. Now, sir, I do not wish to introduce that minute attention to rank and etiquette, with all the heart

burnings, mortified pretensions, and ennui, which always accompany them, where they are servilely followed; I would as soon bring back the highheeled shoes, stiff brocades and high toupees and cushions, in which they were formerly attired. Yet, it seems to me, that a little order, a little deference to age and situation, where affectionate respect is repaid by courtesy and condescension, would add to the charm and good effects, which result from a moderate share of social gaiety, in large refined assemblies.

My next topick is still more trifling. We received an invitation "*to take tea*" on a certain evening; my daughter's friends had told her, they had no doubt it was to be a dance, and she who is as fond of *getting possession of the floor* as a member of congress, would not have compounded for six cotillons, and was dressed accordingly. It turned out to be one of those parties where the company, formed into groups, were insulated by constant circulation of ice creams, jellies, sweetmeats, fruit, wine, &c. &c. &c. which meandered about them all the evening. The next invitation was "to take tea and pass the evening:" my wife and daughter said this was only a modification of the same thing, and the latter went in a costume not suited for dancing. Behold this was as much *a ball*, as if it had been so called at once; and my poor little girl was mortified at not being prepared for it. It will no doubt appear ridiculous to you, sir, that I should have felt such trifles as these; but allow me to say, without offence, that unless you are the father of a lovely interesting daughter, and an only one, you are no judge of the subject.—Why not call things by their right names, *un chat un chat;*—but even fashion must have its technical mysteries.

In former times these balls were under the direction of very efficient masters of ceremonies; but as there is no longer any ceremony, I suppose it has been found inexpedient to keep up a sinecure. These masters of ceremonies, however, answered a very good purpose. The office, though of short duration, was an arduous one, and often required more firmness, skill, and watchfulness, than many civil ones of high import. A crowd or mob of superior people is always more unreasonable and difficult to manage, than a mob in the streets. A master of ceremonies in those days, had to control the forwardness

of youth, and counteract nature, caprice and pride, by equalising the attentions of the men and the enjoyments of the ladies, while in the dancing room, and marshalling them in something like order in the supper room. The consequence was, that if some ladies danced more than others, all who wished to dance had an opportunity. I do not make these remarks to avenge my daughter's cause: no, sir, she is one who gains by the license, she dances too well ever to be allowed to sit still, except she prefers it. But I have seen some ladies the victims of neglect in this way, who would not have been suffered to be so formerly. In these parties there must be constant exertion, on the part of the master of the ceremonies, to prevent usurpation, and to force, if necessary, those sacrifices from individuals, which are demanded for the general enjoyment. Both sexes require this control. I recollect one of the most accomplished gentlemen in this office, which any country could ever boast of, asking some ladies who were opposing themselves to the regulations of the evening, at a splendid ball, "if they thought they came there for their own amusement?" The days are passed, sir, when such a question as this could be asked, or even comprehended, but it is full of meaning; and alas! many other things have passed away also.—Another reason for having efficient masters of ceremonies would be, humanity to some of the gentlemen. A moderate plodding man, whose movements seem to have been learnt, like those of a bear, by having been taught on a heated floor; such a dancer might consult the director of the evening about a partner suited to him; for want of this, no doubt, I have seen some poor fellows who followed their skipping, flying partners in a cotillon, in a manner that recalled to mind that line of Johnson, speaking of Shakspeare, where he says,

> And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

I have seen such disproportionate couples in this way as could only be compared to the German fable of the luckless ox, who had nearly lost his life in being yoked with Pegasus.

The next complaint is on my own account. I was invited to "*a symposiack;*" my idea of the nature of this party was very indistinct, my wife and daughter were equally at a

loss. On the appointed evening my wife, whose imagination is singularly active, and will sometimes in consequence have her timidity very ludicrously excited, proposed to me, that I should accompany them to the theatre; I saw her drift, and that she did not feel perfectly easy on the score of this party. I smiled, and told her, I was resolved to find out what it was. On entering the room, I found several individuals, distinguished for their pursuit of science and literature. The materials were good, but it went off heavily, and I found myself obliged to be on my guard against yawning. At supper I engaged in conversation with a gentleman along side of me. Thirty years ago, I went, in regular course, through the mathematicks, metaphysicks and the Classicks, and obtained the usual literary degrees. I have, however, no pretensions to learning, and have, for many years, attended more to its results, than its forms. Having made some remark to my neighbour, who, though a metaphysician, was a very pleasant man; he began in the Socratick form, and having had the simplicity to answer his questions, I found, before I was aware of it, that he had treacherously caught me in a net, where I was too much enthralled to extricate myself. In this situation, a strange pedant, opposite, pelted me with a shower of hard words, every one of which left a contusion. I made my escape as soon as I could, and on getting home, the moment I entered the room, my daughter sprang to meet me, "well, dear Father, what kind of a party was it?" My wife bid her not to be so impatient, and, in the same breath, said, "come, what was this party?"—I told my child to get the Dictionary. "The Dictionary! well we never thought of that, but I don't believe there is any such word in the *English* Dictionary."—She read me the explanation, "*Symposiack, relating to merry waking!*"—I told them the story, and resolved never to go to another.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

The Augustan Age of Italian Literature.

THE unsettled state of language, which succeeded the dissolution of the Roman empire, was probably one of the prima-

ry causes of the darkness, which hung over the world for eight centuries afterwards. The Greek lived no longer in its original majesty and elegance, except in the numbers of its poets, the pages of its historians and philosophers, and the eloquent remains of its orators. The Latin, which had been long on the decline, became corrupted by the barbarous jargon of the Goths and Vandals. Its sonorous periods became broken and rough, by the introduction of harsh epithets and foreign words. It was, however, too firmly established, and on principles too philosophical, to admit sudden change or derangement. But the languages of the Franks, the Vandals, the Lombards, and some others, were rude and unsettled, and ready to be moulded into any form, which chance, or the genius of the people, might direct. Time only could produce a permanent change, and many centuries elapsed, before the languages of Europe, which sprung from the Latin, or which were finally settled on the basis of this language, assumed the characteristick features by which they have since been distinguished.

We are not to suppose, that men were born, during this period, with intellects more blunted, or faculties less perfect, than at any other time before or since. Was there, in reality, a gradual decline in the intellectual system and natural powers of man? If this were a fact, how shall we account for the resuscitation, which finally ensued? We shall find no obvious cause of this resuscitation, originating in any events, or circumstances, not intimately connected with the internal relations of the people, among whom the revival of letters first discovered itself. There is good reason for believing, that the dark ages were not without men, who thought as profoundly and clearly as many others, who, in more enlightened times, have been ranked among the learned, wise, and great; but that the imperfect state of their language afforded them no adequate means of expressing their thoughts, or transmitting the results of them to posterity. The Latin could not have answered this purpose, as it was known only as a dead language, and as such very imperfectly; for a people, who had no fixed principles of language among themselves, who knew nothing of grammars and dictionaries, could not be supposed to make much proficiency in the critical study of a dead language. Moreover, the Arabs in Spain, and, in fact, in almost every part of their territories

from Cordova to Samarcand, cultivated letters during this time more successfully, perhaps, than at any other. Rahzes, Avicenna, and Averroes are still authors of estimation. But the Arabick had long been a regular and established language, perfected by the practice of ages, and, at that time, a more expressive and polished medium of communication, than any other living language. The minstrels of Scotland, and the bards of Scandinavia, exhibited in their songs some of the finest specimens of poetry during the dark ages; but these were in the language of their country, which had become fixed by long usage, and sufficiently copious and expressive for their purpose. If we examine still further, we shall find, that a similar remark will apply in all cases where any thing like learning or mental exertion appeared in those times. If there were a few, who resolved to be scholars, and attempted to write Latin, the piteous evidence of such attempts, which still remain, show us the folly of their resolution, and that they were struggling against a tide, which they had not power to resist.

With this view of the subject, we may easily discover how it happened that Italy, in preference to any other country, was the seat of the first revival of literature. The Italian language was the eldest daughter of the Latin. It was the first, which sprung up out of the ruins of the parent stock, and the first, which came to a maturity sufficient for the purpose of use and ornament. No sooner was a language found to have attained such a degree of perfection, as to comprise all the varieties of inflection and copiousness of terms requisite in describing the passions and feelings, as well as natural objects, than the genius of poetry, roused from her slumbers, burst forth in a strain as eloquent and impassioned as in the happiest days of her triumph in ancient Rome. It has often been remarked, that the first compositions, in all languages, are usually in poetry. Linus, Orpheus, and Homer, wrote long before there was a prose composition in Greece. The Scandinavians, on the shores of the Baltick, had their Rhunick verses at a very early period; and the ignorant and stupid Carribians composed songs in praise of their heroes. So it was in Italy, Dante was the first, who wrote the new language with elegance, and showed, that it was capable of expressing all the beauties of poetry in a pure, ani-

mated, and comprehensive style. His poems discover a wonderful scope of invention and exuberance of imagination, and are no less remarkable for dignity and grace, than for keenness and delicacy of satire. Petrarch took up the harp, which Dante had left hehind him, and swept its chords with a gentle hand; but although its tones were more soft and harmonious than before, the fire of musick and the magick of poetry still breathed from every string. What he wanted in dignity and strength, was more than compensated by the elegance and exquisite sweetness of his numbers. His songs and sonnets are esteemde the most finished specimens of composition in the Italian language. Petrarch was not a poet only, he was a great scholar in every branch of literature, and wrote, in Latin, several treatises on subjects of religion, morals, law, government, besides orations and letters. Boccacio was the pupil of Petrarch, and, as an elegant and accomplished scholar, was scarcely inferiour to him. His poetry is distinguished for sweetness and simplicity, and his prose compositions are reckoned models of classical purity of style and diction.

But the age of Leo X, has been emphatically called the Augustan age of Italian literature. The sun, which rose with Dante, had now come to its meridian. The universities, which had long been tenanted by morose and superstitious asceticks, began to be regulated on more liberal and rational principles. The barrier of the absurd jargon of Aristotelian dialecticks, which had effectually kept out all improvements and innovations, began to decay. The redoubtable combatants in controversy laid aside, by degrees, the tremendous panoply of syllogisms, substantial forms, and the ten categories, by which they had rendered themselves so formidable. Literature, in these times, was a species of military tacticks, in which he who could hurl the darts of controversy with the greatest dexterity, and pour in upon his antagonist the most powerful volley of syllogism, was sure to be crowned with the triumph of conquest, and to inherit the rightful claims of being thought the greater scholar and the wiser man. But the close of the fifteenth century, and the commencement of the sixteenth, was the dawn of a brighter day: it was a fortunate period for literature and the interest of man. A great num-

ber of historians and philosophers, as well as poets, distinguished for their talents, thirst for knowledge and improvement, appeared at the same time in Italy; and under the encouragement and fostering protection of Leo X, they produced a revolution in the empire of literature, science and the arts, unparalleled in its extent, and the rapidity of its operations.

The same spirit was soon communicated to the universities, and professors of talents and intelligence were appointed to fill the chairs. The Latin and Greek classicks, which, the latter especially, had been sleeping for ages in quiet repose, were drawn from their envelopes of dust, and called into use.* The sciences were studied, and the arts flourished. Italy was divided into a number of small independent states, each of which had its university. A laudable and active spirit of emulation was excited among them, which proved exceedingly beneficial to the interests of learning in general, as well as in raising the reputation and promoting the usefulness of individual universities.

In the mean time the pope was holding out every inducement to men of letters, by encouragements, rewards, and special patronage: he sought for merit every where, and when found, never suffered it to pass without reward. Amidst all his bigotry and illiberality of feeling, of which he had a sufficient share, to say nothing of any other traits of his character, which the history of the reformation discloses, he must certainly be considered a most active and zealous promoter of learning, and one of the principal agents in bringing about its revival. It is a little remarkable, that this boasted protector of the arts, literature, and the sciences, and also the head of the christian church, should have issued restrictions against publishing or printing any translations from the Greek, Hebrew, or Arabick, including, therein, the translations of the scriptures, in which dress

* To show the very low state of Greek literature, at the beginning of the period above-mentioned, we need adduce one fact only. Pomponazzo, one of the greatest and most celebrated scholars of his time, and professor of philosophy at Padua, understood nothing of Greek, although he lectured and wrote on the doctrines of Aristotle and Plato. Leo X, vol. iv. p. 126.

only they could be generally understood.* When he fulminated the famous bull against Luther, and the reformers, in addition to the most terrible anathemas, he prohibited all men, indiscriminately, from reading any one of their books.† This does not look much like promoting learning; but even this was mild and forbearing, in comparison with what preceded and followed. Father Paul, in his admirable history of the council of Trent, speaking of events which took place thirty years afterwards, says, that "the Romish inquisitors prohibited, in the mass, all books printed by sixty-two printers, which they denounced, without any regard to the contents, adding, further, a general prohibition to read any books issuing from the press of a printer, who had but once in his life printed any thing produced by an heretick." But, after all, the prohibitory decrees of Leo X, may have been productive of some good effects, as well as many bad ones. They effectually closed every avenue of knowledge, both of the scriptures and the authors of antiquity, to the common people; but this induced scholars to study those books in the original with more care, and to become more learned. They made criticks, rather than pretenders; and at that period certainly, there were many more reasons than at present for considering a few learned criticks preferable to a partially enlightened community.

The progress of literature may be ranked among the principal causes of the reformation; and, in its turn, the reformation operated as a powerful incitement to inquiry and critical study. It brought forward new objects of taste, and presented new motives to classical research. Luther, Melancthon, and some others of the reformers, were learned men, and the revolution they were effecting, produced a universal excitement, not only among their friends and supporters, but among their enemies and antagonists. They found, on both sides, that a critical knowledge of ancient authors gave a powerful weight to their arguments and opinions, and additional credit to their cause. A taste for the charms of style and beauties of composition in

* Villers' Prize Essay, p. 290.

† This was the celebrated bull, which begun, *Exsurge, Deus, judica causam tuam*, and to the year of its date, 1520, may be referred the origin of the reformation, for it was not till this time, that the breach had become so wide, that no hope remained of its ever being closed.

the writers of antiquity, was thus, by a kind of necessity, induced, and these writers were studied with ardour and very great success. Religious and political topicks, of the greatest interest and importance, were then in agitation, which afforded ample scope for all the powers of eloquence, and the most brilliant efforts of genius. In short, it has been allowed, that this period, in point of classical learning, has no parallel in the annals of literary history. Lord Bacon attributes to the immediate effects of the reformation, "an admiration of ancient authors, the hate of the schoolmen, the exact study of languages, and the efficacy of preaching; which four causes produced an affectionate study of eloquence, and *copia* of speech, which then began to flourish."*

Italian literature seems not to have attracted the attention it deserves. The passion for French, which many causes have concurred in exciting and keeping alive, seems to have excluded Italian from the catalogue of acquirements necessary for an accomplished scholar. The few, whom inclination or accident has led to form an intimate acquaintance with the writers of Italy, have uniformly spoken of them in terms of admiration, and been struck with astonishment at the preference, which has been given by tacit consent, if not by direct avowal, to the French. It is generally allowed, by all adequate judges, that the language is vastly better adapted to every species of composition, than the French; that it has more dignity and strength, a greater felicity of expression, and infinitely more sweetness and harmony. It is simple in its structure, and principles of pronunciation, and is more easily acquired, probably, than any other language. Since the task is so easy, and the treasure to reward the student so rich and abundant, it is certainly a little remarkable, that the tide of fashionable study has not long ago turned into this direction.

On the publication of those elegant and popular works, the lives of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son, Leo X, a fund of interesting, new, and valuable information was communicated, on the subject of Italy, considered in its literary relations, of which there existed before only vague and uncertain notions. We

* Of the advancement of learning. B. I.

have, in them, a comprehensive and lucid view of the most enlightened period of Italian history. We are made acquainted with the characters and literary merits of the best authors of the times, and are told what they accomplished and how they are to be estimated. These histories comprise a space of about seventy years. They who appeared both before and after this period, and among whom were some of the best writers and greatest men, were not included. Among the former, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccacio, may be ranked the first, and Tasso among the latter.

Criticks were very well agreed, before Addison's twelve critical numbers on Paradise Lost, in assigning the third palm of poetical merit to Tasso; and even since, some are found so far deviating from the character of good Englishmen, as to embrace the same heritical doctrines.* In the works of Ariosto and Tasso, together, they have discovered every imaginable excellence of which poetry is capable. They find in the former, clothed in the most enchanting dress, all that is wild and extravagant in Gothick fiction, combined with a rich variety of beauties drawn from every department of nature, from the storehouses of human knowledge, and a deep penetration into the character of man. In the latter, besides these qualities, they discover dignity, sublimity, pathos, originality of thought, unity of design, boldness of conception, accuracy of description, and whatever else is requisite for making a great epick poet after the most approved Aristotelian directions. Voltaire preferred, or affected to prefer, the Orlando to the Odyssey, and the Jerusalem Delivered to the Iliad.† Perhaps he did, but it is presumed he had forgotten, that he had said so, when he afterwards wrote

* Blair says, "the Jerusalem is, in rank and dignity, the third regular epick poem in the world, and comes next to the Iliad, and Æneid."

† Russell's Modern Europe, vol. 2. p. 185.

Voltaire says, in his *Essay sur la Poesie Epique*, speaking of Tasso, "On ne fait nulle difficulté de la mettre à côté de Virgile et d'Homère malgré ses fautes, et malgré la critique de Despréaux." And afterwards; "Il a autant de feu qu' Homère dans ses batailles, avec plus de variété.—Il a peint ce qu' Homère crayonnait."

In the days of Boileau and Dacier, it was fashionable to criticise in a different manner; but the readers of the former would have thanked him for some stronger reasons than he has given for the singularity of his opinion,

a poem of four stanzas, with a view to characterize the four greatest epick poets that ever lived. After honouring Homer and Virgil with a stanza each, he modestly ranges himself in the third place, and, with marvellous condescension, allows Milton to stand next below him in the quaternion. But in the fire of his poetical enthusiasm, himself the theme, he quite forgot Tasso, and did not even essay a single invocation to his very obliging muse in his favour.

Be the opinions of Voltaire and Despréaux what they may, the best judges have uniformly concurred in placing the great Italian poets in the very first rank. They have found among the historians of Italy, very exact and judicious imitators of the purest ancient models. They boldly compare Guicciardini and Machiavel to the two greatest Latin historians; in the former is the flowing fulness and graceful ease of Livy, in the latter, the sententious brevity and pithy style of Tacitus. To these may be added, cardinal Bembo, a man of great talents and universal learning; Giannone, who was candid, impartial, and perfectly acquainted with his subject; cardinal Pallavicini, who wrote the history of the council of Trent, in an eloquent and animated style: he wrote this in opposition to the admirable history of father Paul, and because he deviates from him in several particulars, he is sometimes thought partial. With these might be mentioned many others of distinguished merit and high reputation in the literary annals of their country.

The light of science began to emit a few feeble rays about the time of the revival of letters. The Greek books on the elements began then first to be studied, and some progress was made; but it was not till some time after, that Copernicus revived, explained, and reestablished the ancient system of Py-

and the severity of his criticism, in the following lines relating to Tasso.

"———quoi que notre siècle à sa gloire publie,
Il n' eût point de son livre illustré l' Italie,
Si son sage héros, toujours en oraison,
N' eût fait que mettre enfin Satan à la raison;
Et si Renaud, Argant, Tancrède, et sa maîtresse,
N' eussent de son sujet égayé la tristesse."
L'Art Poetique, Chant Trois.

thagoras; that Gallileo confirmed the truth of this system by the improvement and use of the telescope, and by his discovery and elucidation of the principles of motion; and that he applied the results of mathematical reasoning to the demonstration of mechanical powers. And before these elementary discoveries, it would be idle to expect much advancement in physical science beyond the point, to which the acute and philosophical Greeks had already arrived. It hence appears why the sciences during this illustrious period made so trifling a figure, compared with poetry, and the other branches of general literature. Natural history and anatomy were still in their infancy; yet they engaged the attention of great men, and made no inconsiderable progress in the current of general improvement. It is almost superfluous to add, that this was a splendid era for the arts, particularly sculpture, painting and architecture.

The following is a translation of an extract from the Abbé Barthelemi. He was struck with so great admiration at the interesting events of the period of which we have been speaking, that, before he wrote the travels of Anacharsis, he was on the point of forming a similar design of illustrating this part of Italian history. This fragment is a curiosity: it not only combines, in a clear and distinct form, and within a very small compass, all the most remarkable points to be considered, but it shows in what manner a great mind forms its designs and commences their execution. The original may be found at the close of Eustace's Classical Tour.

"I was inspired by accident, with the first idea of the travels of Anacharsis. When I was in Italy, in 1755, I was much less attentive to the actual state of the cities, through which I passed, than to their ancient splendour. My thoughts naturally run back to those periods, when they disputed, among themselves, the glory of establishing the arts and sciences, and it occurred to me, that a narrative of travels undertaken in that country a little before the time of Leo X, and continued for a certain number of years, would present one of the most interesting and useful spectacles in the history of the human mind: this will appear from the following short sketch.

"A Frenchman should cross the Alps; at Pavia he should see Jerome Cardan, who wrote on almost every subject, and whose works are contained in ten folio volumes. He should

see Corregio at Parma, painting in fresco the dome of the cathedral ;* at Mantua, the count Balthazar Castillon, author of an excellent work, entitled *The Courtesan ;* at Verona, Fracastor, who was celebrated as a physician, philosopher, astronomer, mathematician, elegant scholar, and cosmographer, for the writers of those times sought to distinguish themselves by almost every species of composition, which will naturally happen in any country where letters begin to be cultivated. At Padua he should attend the lectures of Philip Decio, professor of jurisprudence, and celebrated for his great talents and learning. This city was, for a time, subject to the government of Venice. When Lewis XII, conquered the Milanese, and wished to adorn his capital by establishing Decio in it, he demanded him of the republick, but compliance was not readily granted. The parties became so warm, that they were on the point of engaging in a new war for the possession of this professor of law.

"Our traveller should find at Venice Daniel Barbaro, who inherited from his ancestors a great name in the republick of letters, which he sustained with reputation by his commentaries on the rhetorick of Aristotle, a translation of Vitruvius, and a treatise on perspective. He should also see Paul Manutius, the printer, who cultivated letters with the same success as his father Aldus Manutius. † He should find with Paul, all the

* After Corregio had finished this inimitable painting, he was abusively treated by the Ecclesiasticks, who refused to allow him the stipulated reward. They paid him a paltry pittance in copper coin, the burden of which, during a walk of several miles to his family, fatigued him so much, that his death was soon after the consequence. When Titian was afterwards passing through Parma, the ignorant priests were about to deface this painting, and it was only by his earnest entreaties, that they were prevented. He is said to have told them, that "were he not Titian, he would wish to be Corregio."

† The world has been indebted to few individuals for the revival of letters, more than to Aldus Manutius. Printed books were exceedingly scarce, and such as were to be had badly executed. He established printing presses at Venice 1494, and engaged with unbounded ardour and zeal in publishing the most rare and valuable works, particularly Greek, few of which had been printed. To render his editions as perfect as possible, he invited learned men from various parts to reside in Venice, and to induce them to accept his invitation, he instituted an academy there, which soon rose to celebrity. He published a great number of books, and for a long time the Aldine press was as well known to the learned as the authors they studied. Aldus Manutius invented the *Italick* character.

editions of the ancient Greek and Latin authors, which had lately issued from the most famous presses in Italy; and amongst others, that of Cicero in four volumes folio, published at Milan in 1499; and a Psalter in four languages, Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, and Arabick, printed at Genoa in 1516.

"At Ferrara he should see Ariosto; at Bologna, six hundred students attending the lectures of professor Ricini, on jurisprudence, and among the number, Alciat, who soon after drew together eight hundred students, and eclipsed the glory of Bartolo and Accurse; at Florence, Machiavel, the historians and Guicciardini and Paulus Jovius, a flourishing university and the family of Medici, which had formerly been devoted to commercial pursuits, but was then at the head of government, and allied to many noble families. This family at one time displayed many great virtues, and at another, as many vices; but it was always distinguished for the interest it took in the cause of literature and the arts. At Sienna the traveller should be introduced to Mathiole engaged in his commentary on Dioscorides; at Rome, to Michael Angelo raising the cupola of St. Peters; Raphael painting the galleries of the Vatican; Sadolet and Bembo, afterwards cardinals, but at that time filling the office of secretaries to Leo X; Trissino bringing forward the representation of Sophonisba, the first tragedy composed in modern times;* Beroald, librarian of the Vatican, engaged in publishing the annals of Tacitus, which had been lately discovered in Westphalia, and which Leo X. had purchased at the price of five hundred gold ducats.† He should see this

* This was not only the first tragedy written in modern times, but it was the first specimen of composition written in the *versi sciolti*, or Italian blank verse. Trissino was the inventor of this species of writing among the Italians. He published, also, among other things, *Italia liberata da' Goti*, an epick poem in twenty seven books, of which Voltaire says, "son plan est régulier mais la poesie y est faible."

Essay sur la Poes. Ep. chap. 5.

† Before this time the five first books of the history, and the six last books of the annals only, had been printed, and these with many errours. The first five books of the annals had existed only in manuscript in the Abbey of Corvey, in Westphalia, till they were bought by Leo X. He intrusted the correction and printing of this manuscript, together with those parts, which had already been printed, to Beroald, and as a reward for his service,

same Pope offering places of distinction, to learned men of all nations, who would come and reside in his dominions, and large rewards to such, as would bring him any newly discovered manuscripts.

"At Naples, he should find Talesio, endeavouring to reestablish the system of Parmenides, and who, according to Bacon, was the first restorer of philosophy.* He should find, also, Jordan Bruno, whom nature seems to have intended for her interpreter, but to whom, in giving him an uncommon genius, she refused the talent of governing himself.

"Thus far our traveller has been confined to a rapid tour through Italy, from one extremity to the other, meeting perpetually with prodigies, with wonderful monuments, and great men, and seized at every step with increasing admiration. Similar objects would every where strike his attention, as he should pursue his travels in other directions. What a harvest of discoveries and what a source of reflections on the origin of those luminaries, which have enlightened Europe! But I content myself with having hinted at these inquiries; in the mean time my subject demands some further developments.

"During the fifth and sixth centuries, Italy was subject to the Goths, Ostrogoths, and other nations, till that time unknown. In the fifteenth century, under more favourable auspices, it was distinguished for men of genius and talents. They were called into the country, or at least received there by the families of Medici, Este, Urbino, Gonzaga, by many sovereigns of less consideration, and by the different republicks. Great men were to be met with every where; some

secured to him by a decree, the exclusive profits of all the copies, which should be printed any where for ten years afterwards.

* Parmenides was the first who advanced the opinion, that the earth is round, and placed in the centre of the universe. Pythagoras improved on this hint of Parmenides, and gave the earth a rotation on its axis, and seemed to have some accurate notions of the solar system. Calcagnini, a learned Italian, in the time of Leo X, is said to have discovered in his writings, a knowledge of the true system of the world, before the discoveries and explanations of Copernicus were published.

born in the country, and others attracted from abroad, less by motives of interest, than of the flattering distinctions that were offered them. Some were engaged, in the neighbouring nations, in diffusing the light of knowledge, in watching over the education of youth, and publick safety.

"Universities and Colleges were established in various places; also, printing presses, from which were sent forth books in almost every language; great numbers of libraries, which were enriched, not only by printed books, but by valuable manuscripts, lately discovered and brought from those countries, where ignorance still held her empire.—Academies were multiplied so much, that at Ferrara were ten or twelve, at Bologna about fourteen, and at Sienna sixteen. They had for their object, the sciences, belles lettres, languages, history and the arts. In two of the academies, one of which was devoted to Plato, the other to Aristotle, were discussed the opinions of the ancient philosophers. One of the societies of Bologna and at Venice, was engaged in superintending the printing presses, inspecting the paper, types, proof sheets, and every thing else, which would contribute to give perfection to the new editions.

"Italy was the country where letters had made, and were still making, prodigious progress. This progress was the result of two causes; the emulation of the different governments into which the country was divided, and the nature of the climate. In the principal cities of each state, and even those of less consideration, there was an excessive eagerness for learning and glory. In almost all of them where astronomical observatories, anatomical theatres, botanick gardens, extensive libraries, collections of medals and monuments of antiquity; and the highest marks of distinction, gratitude and respect, were shown to men of letters, in every department of literature and science.

"As to the climate, it was not rare to find, in that country, imaginations active and fruitful, minds capable of just and profound views, of conceiving the grandest enterprises, and of deep and patient meditation, on the means of putting them in execution, and incapable of abandoning such enterprises, after they had been once conceived and adopted. It was to those advantages, and those peculiarities, that Italy was indebted for

that immense mass of learning and talents, which in a few years elevated her above every other country of Europe.

"I would place Ariosto under the pontificate of Leo X, and among the contemporaries of this poet, I would speak of Petrarch and Tasso; although the former lived about one hundred and fifty years before, and the latter was born eleven years after the death of Ariosto. I would speak of Ariosto in this connexion, because, it was not till the time of Leo X, that his Italian poetry began to be properly estimated, and to be frequently printed, with notes and illustrations; and of Tasso, because his poetry was formed, in a great measure, on the model of Ariosto. This would be the same thing, as giving the name of Nile, both to the sources and outlets of that river. Every species of poetry was then cultivated, and with such success as to become models to succeeding writers. Besides Ariosto, one might mention, in Italian poetry, Bernard Tasso, the father of Torquato, Hercules Bentivoglio, Annibal Caro, Berni; and in Latin poetry, Sannazarius, Politian, Vida, Beroald; and among those who were not decidedly poets, but who occasionally wrote poetry, Leo X, Machiavel, Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini, which last excelled, also, in sculpture and engraving.

"The progress of architecture, during this period, is sufficiently attested, on the one hand, by the works of Serlio, of Vignole, and Palladio, as well as by the multiplicity of commentaries on the treatise of Vitruvius; and on the other hand, by the publick and private edifices, which were built at that time, and which still remain.

"In regard to painting, I have already made mention of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Corregio, and there remain to be added, Julio Romano, Titian, André del Sarte and many others, who were formed either from their lessons or their works.

"New writings daily made their appearance, on the systems of Plato, Aristotle, and the other ancient philosophers. A few unwearied criticks, such as Giraldus, Panvinius, Sigonius, laboured on the antiquities of Rome, and almost every town collected its annals. Whilst some writers were employed in extending the knowledge of the history of man, and others in exploring the neglected regions of antiquity, men of enterprise and intre-

pidity, were exposing themselves to the greatest dangers, in penetrating countries and discovering nations before unknown; and even whose existence no one had ever suspected. The names of Christopher Columbus, of Genoa; of Americus Vespucius, of Florence; and Sebastian Cabot, of Venice; adorn the last page of the catalogue, which is already swelled to a large size, by the names of other illustrious Italians. The narratives of these intrepid voyagers were published in the collection of their compatriot Ramusio.

"The capture of Constantinople, by the Turks, in 1453, and the liberality of Leo X, caused a great number of Greeks to take up their residence in Italy. They brought with them all their elementary books, relative to the mathematicks. A desire was excited to study the Greek language. These books were printed, translated, and explained, and a taste for geometry became general. Many devoted their whole attention to these pursuits, as Commandin and Tartaglia; others made them secondary to their more favourite studies, as Maurolico, of Messina, who published works on mathematicks, mechanicks, astronomy, opticks, musick, the history of Sicily, grammar, the lives of the Saints, Roman martyrology, not neglecting Italian poetry. Such, also, was Augustin Nefo, professor of philosophy at Rome, under Leo X, who wrote on astronomy, medicine, politicks, ethicks, rhetorick, and almost every other subject.

"Anatomy was improved by Fallopius of Modena, Aquapendente, his disciple, Bolognini of Padua, Vigo of Genoa, and others.

"Aldiovandi of Bologna, after having been professor of botany and philosophy, forty-eight years in the University of that city, left behind him a work on natural history, occupying seventeen folio volumes. Among the immense number of writings, which appeared during this period, I forbear to mention those on theology and jurisprudence, because they are known to those, who are devoted to these sciences, and for those who are not, they have little interest. As it respects the writers in other departments, I have selected, at hazard, a few only of the most remarkable. Those, whom I have mentioned, will suffice to show the different kinds of literature, which were then cultivat-

ed, and the various means, which were employed in multiplying and extending the sources of knowledge.

"The progress of the arts produced a taste for publick spectacles and magnificence. The study of history, and of Grecian and Roman antiquities, inspired the ideas of decorum, unity, and perfection, which had not until that time been revived. When Julian de Medici, brother of Leo X, was proclaimed a citizen of Rome, this proclamation was attended with publick festivities. A large theatre was erected in Rome, for the express purpose, on which was represented, during two days, one of the Comedies of Plautus. The musick and extraordinary preparations in particular, excited general admiration. The Pope, who thought it his duty, on this occasion, to convert into an act of beneficence, that which was, in reality, an act of justice, diminished some of the taxes; and the people, who took this act of justice for an act of beneficence, raised him a statue.

"An observer, who should see nature disclosing so many secrets, philosophy so many truths, and industry so many results; and, at the same time, a new world added to the old, would be almost led to suppose, that a new human race had sprung into being; but the surprise, excited by these marvellous realities, would be suddenly weakened, when he discovered merit struggling successfully against the dignity of titles, wise and learned men, clothed in the Roman purple, directing the councils of kings, and admitted to the most important and honourable places of government.

"To give a more attractive interest to these travels, I would, in addition to that emulation for glory, which every where displayed itself, enlarge on the new ideas, which this wonderful revolution elicited, on all the movements, which agitated the nations of Europe at that time, the recollections of ancient Rome, which would perpetually recur to the mind, and, in a word, on all the future events, which would be indicated by the present; for the age of Leo X, was the dawn of those periods, which followed, and many great men, who shone in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in different nations, are indebted for the greatest part of their glory, to the writers, whom Italy produced during the two centuries immediately preceding. The subject

presented a field so rich, so varied and instructive, that I had a momentary ambition to pursue it; but I soon perceived it would require an entire change of my course of studies. It occurred to me, that a narrative of travels, undertaken a little before the time of Philip, the father of Alexander, would enable me to combine, within a small compass, those portions of Grecian history, which are the most interesting, and, at the same time, give me an opportunity of enlarging on the sciences, arts, religion, manners, customs, which do not regularly come under the jurisdiction of history. I seized this idea, and after reflecting a long time on the subject, commenced the execution on my return from Italy in 1757."

This sketch, as admirable for its conciseness as the variety and interest of the incidents it combines, comes down to the close of the sixteenth century, after which Italian literature began, in some measure, to decline; but not so much as has generally been imagined. The English and French at last, after their language became matured, caught the spirit of renovation, and advanced with such comparative rapidity, that they not only really left the Italians behind, but fancied they were falling back in proportion as themselves advanced before them. The truth is, an unbroken succession of great and learned men continued in Italy till very lately. Their pursuits have been in a different direction, in which the scope of talent has been somewhat more confined than formerly. The fountains of poetry, history, and the belles lettres were nearly exhausted, and it was natural, that others more abundant should be sought after. Men, independent and emulous of literary distinction, will not often tamely follow in the steps of others, unless they are animated by some flattering visions of hope, that they shall be able to surmount as formidable difficulties, and ascend as threatening heights, as others have already done. They prefer a track less frequented, although it promise less to the adventurer. Great minds, if they be ambitious withal, as every literary man, who aims at eminence, must be, will usually pursue the course, which appears most open and direct to distinction, honours, and the reward of merit and good purposes. Who would write a poem of the second or third order, when he could be the

first mathematician, or astronomer, in his country? or who would spend his time in writing a history of inferiour merit, when he could make himself the first physician in the state?

The Italians, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, devoted themselves to the physical sciences, particularly to anatomy and the collateral branches of medicine, in preference to those branches of literature, which had been explored thoroughly by their predecessors.—Gallileo, Torricelli, Boscovich, Spallanzani, Galvani, Volta, are great names in the philosophical world, and reflect a lustre on their age and country. Boscovich was not only an original theorist and philosopher, but he was also a poet of eminence; Spallanzani unfolded a great many of the mysteries of nature; and Galvani detected, in a new form, one of her most powerful and universal agents.

In the mean time literature was by no means neglected. Metastasio is ranked among the first of poets, and Alfieri, Maffei, and some others, are allowed high claims. Strada's history is remarked for its elegance, correctness, and pure style. Muratori and Tiraboschi have written histories, which, in the judgment of a late learned and judicious author, are among the very first of their kind. Muratori was a historian, general scholar, and a poet. His works were published in forty-six volumes folio. Tiraboschi's history of Italian literature from the days of Augustus to the close of the eighteenth century, in thirteen volumes quarto, is considered a wonderful production. It embraces the whole compass of Italian literature, both ancient and modern. "The immortal work of Tiraboschi," says Mr Roscoe, "is the noblest specimen of that species of composition, which any age or country has produced."

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

THE reader, who has been accustomed to laugh at the *verses* of Sternhold and Hopkyns, will be amused, perhaps, in perusing the following account of them, extracted from Wood.

"Thomas Sternhold was, in all likelihood, born in Hampshire, but whether educated in Wykeham's school, near Winchester,

is as yet doubtful. Sure it is, that he, having spent some time in this University, [Oxford] left it without the honour of a degree, and retiring to the court of king Henry VIII, was made groom of the robes to him, and when that king died, he left him in his will 100 marks. Afterwards he continued in that office under king Edward VI, at which time he was in some esteem in the royal court for his grave vein in poetry and other trivial learning. But being a most zealous reformer, and a very strict liver, he became so scandalized at the amorous and obscene songs used in the court, that he, forsooth, turned into English metre, fifty-one of David's psalms, and caused musical notes to be set to them, thinking, thereby, that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets; but [they] did not, only some few excepted. However, the poetry and musick being admirable, and the best that was made and composed in those times, they were thought fit afterwards to be sung in all parochial churches, as they do continue:*——What other poetry or what prose this our poet, Sternhold, hath composed, and left behind, I know not, nor any thing else of him, only that he died in London or Westminster, in 1549.

"Contemporary with Sternhold was Joh. Hopkyns, who is styled to be Britanicarum poetarum sui temporis non infimus, as, indeed, by the generality living in the reign of Edward VI, he was so, if not more, esteemed. He turned into metre fifty-eight of David's psalms, which are, to this day sung in churches. —Athen. Oxon. Vol. I. p. 62.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Ancient Persian Bricks.

Captain Henry Austen, impelled by a spirit of very enlightened and intrepid enterprise, has undertaken two expeditions to Persia, which he has commanded himself, for the purpose of exploring some new sources of commerce. From the latter of these he has lately returned, and brought with

* The Athen. Oxon. was printed in 1691.

him some bricks, cement and reeds, which he took from ancient ruins on the banks of the Euphrates, up which river he penetrated a long distance in his boat. As these bricks have excited considerable curiosity, and their inscriptions have long puzzled the learned, a collection of opinions respecting them cannot be uninteresting. In the first place the remarks of Mr. Austen, extracted from a letter, published in the Boston Intelligencer, will introduce the subject.

"Since we parted, I have visited, besides a great number of places further east, the Isle of France, Bombay, Damaun, Surat, (Crotchy, Sind, Mandivee,) Muscat, in Arabia, Busheer in Persia, Bassora on the Euphrates, Bagdad on the Tigris, and several small towns on the same river. I have kept a journal, but it would be as difficult for any one except myself to decipher it, as to translate the inscriptions upon the bricks from Babylon. Before long I hope it may be in my power to bring it to you in person, and to explain what you may find unintelligible or imperfect.—In the mean time, I send you a very slight and hasty notice of some of the incidents of one of my excursions.

"I left the ship and the accompanying vessel under three hearty cheers from both, in a large river boat of the natives. It had a spacious cabin, which was covered with a carpet. I took twenty *trackers*, as they are called, by whom we were dragged, night and day, at the rate of four miles an hour, against the stream and the wind. I took also a mounted howitzer, and four of my own seamen to work it: twelve Sepoys; a native for a cook; and a Persee for a servant, with every thing necessary to make us comfortable.

"The great valley of the Euphrates is an extensive plain of alluvial earth. This river I ascended far above its junction with the Tigris, and there endeavoured to pass, by a natural crooked canal, through the neck of land or hardened mud, which separate the two rivers. After forcing the boat over several shoals, and extricating ourselves by the guidance of the sheep-feeders, from a labyrinth of creeks, we were about equidistant from the two rivers, unable to get our boat one way or the other, in consequence of the water having fallen. This channel is dry in the

summer. We were detained two days, and then procured three canoes, in which I embarked with my guide and suite. Our large boat, thus lightened, returned to Bassora.

"You may perhaps wish me to be more particular. The bank of the river, during the journey of the first day, showed some detached pieces of land in strips, which were defended by dykes, watered at pleasure, and rendered very fruitful. On the second day, a level waste was presented to our view, which was washed by the floods of the river in the spring, and baked to the firmness of brick in the summer. In the course of the third, we passed the head quarters of the most powerful sheik of the desert, near to whose palace of reeds were extensive dykes of mud and date leaves, for ten or twelve miles along the river, an evidence of the stimulating effect of scarcity upon the dormant industry of the Arabs. Here were fields of rice and barley, peaches, almonds, and pistachios in blossom; rude water works to irrigate the land in the low state of the river; and sufficient demonstration that this wide spread desert is capable of being converted into a fruitful garden, as in times long past it has been, by the regular efforts of an industrious population. After this day, we saw no more the appearance of cultivation, security or comfort, excepting here and there some small patches enclosed by mud walls, the poor results of the labours of single families, to reclaim, from barrenness, a portion of the soil for their own subsistence. The general face of the country is flat, with scarcely any vegetation upon it, and but a few scattered wanderers feeding their sheep upon the scanty product of blighted grass, which grows upon the elevated land that bounds the river and its creeks. The habitations of these vagrants are made of mats, or the black cloth which is formed of goats hair. Their condition is extremely wretched, and they are more filthy than any people I ever saw.

"After spending four days in our canoes, we reached Coot on the Tigris, a place which has the appearance of a ruined brick kiln, half washed down by the rain. Here we discovered high land far distant in the east, the first we had seen since we entered the river. We were able now to procure some miserable horses; and travelling four days through the desert, we

arrived at Bagdad. This route led us principally over baked clay, cracked into innumerable fissures, with now and then a spot of withered grass, where a few stragglers had their black tents, and fed their sheep and goats. We slept with them, and found such swarms of other guests as rather dissipated the charm which poetry gives to pastoral life, and left us but little inclined to envy the pleasures of a Chaldean shepherd. Our progress for forty miles was through the ruins of cities of ancient date. The ranges of decayed walls were frequent, and we often saw solid masses in the bank of the river. The soil was filled with well burnt bricks, tiles, and glass. Such testimony of departed population, activity, wealth, prosperity, and all the sympathies of domestick and social life, contrasted with the total desolation of the present hour, gave rise to melancholy reflections upon the revolutions of cities and states. Here industry once applied its hand, not only to the attainment of subsistence, but to the perfection of the arts; houses and palaces rose with their comforts and their splendour; enterprise was bold and successful; competition stimulated invention, and multiplied virtues and blessings; hope was prodigal in promises and pleasures; and the glory of the country seemed to be only a vision of increasing brightness. But how are the mighty fallen! The promise and the fulfilment are too mortifying to our pride to permit me to dwell upon the subject, and to prolong the train of thoughts and feelings, upon which the mind so naturally enters. A single consolation, however, is sufficient to revive our conviction of the value of society and our efforts, that where one nation sinks, many others rise and flourish. If the Euphrates and the Nile mourn, as they flow, over departed greatness, the Thames, the Seine, the Hudson and the Delaware, may contemplate a long perspective of art, science, glory, and enjoyment.

"From this course of reflection, I find the transition difficult to the details which still remain for my letter. I cannot, however, omit them. The bricks from Babylon, of which I spoke to you in my last, are covered on one side with mortar, and on the other the inscription is clear, and the form of the characters definite. A specimen will be presented to the Boston Athenæum, one to the New-York Philosophical Society, one to Yale College, and the others will be sent to Washington. A portion

of the reeds, used in the construction of ancient walls, will accompany the bricks. A friend has procured for me a good Chinese dictionary from the imperial press of Napoleon. After much search, we find several characters nearly, and some exactly corresponding to those on the bricks. The remains of ancient fortifications in the western country bear some resemblance to the ruins through which I passed, except the soil which is collected over the former. Perhaps by digging deep into them, some discoveries might be made, which would illustrate the origin of what is considered as the aboriginal population of America, at least if the supposition has any probability that our Indians came from Asia.

"Perfect views of the ruins of the palace of Noushinaar, and of Nimrod's Tower, are formed by two of my friends from sketches, and from measurements, which I took on the spot. I shall shew them to you hereafter, and you will have almost as good an idea of their external appearance as if you had been there."

In the Monthly Magazine for August 1801, there are some remarks by Dr. Hager, on some Babylonian bricks brought to England, about that time, and an engraving is given, which differs a little from the inscriptions on those brought here. The following is the communication of Dr. Hager, and the next article is from the same Journal, for February 1802.

"About a day's journey from Shiras, in Persia, appear the ruins of a magnificent edifice, which still attracts the admiration of every traveller. These ruins are called by the Persians Chehil-Minar; or, The Forty Columns, although there are always more or less to be seen than that number. The following travellers, Ives, Irwin, Figueroa, Pietro della Valle, Thevenot, Chardin, Gemelli, Le Bruyn, Kæmpfer, Otter, Niebuhr, and Franklin, have actually visited them; and among writers, the following—Hyde, Caylus, Murr, Langles, Herder, Witte, Wahl, Hageman, besides a number of others, have spoken of them; and several have attempted to explain the copious sculptures, which are still visible on them. But it is chiefly the foreign

and unusual characters and inscriptions joined to them, which have long occupied the skill and exercised the penetration of many learned Orientalists, who have wearied themselves in fruitless attempts to discover the alphabet out of which they are composed.

"These remarkable inscriptions appear to be regular variations and compositions of a right line, as Sir W. Jones well observes; and of an angular figure. They have, likewise, a striking resemblance to nails, for which reason the French writers commonly called them *caractères à cloux*, or the nail-headed characters. They are also denominated Persepolitan, upon the supposition that these columns once formed a part of the royal palace of the sovereigns of Persia, called, by the Greek writers, Persepolis. Among others, this opinion is advanced by the learned M. Heessen, professor at Gottingen, in a work lately published on that subject; an opinion, however, which Mr. Tychsen attempts to refute, who supposes the palace, the ruins of which still remain, to have been built much later, by the princes who succeeded Alexander, and governed that country under the name of the Arsacides and Arsacidæ. Whether this be the case or not, or whether these ruins date from the time of the first and most ancient dynasty of Persia, the Pishdadiäns, or whether, as others pretend, they were built by the famous Gemshid, who is said to have built the celebrated city of Issahar, is not the object of our present inquiry. It is most certain that the place of the inscriptions is to this day called Issahar, and also Tahti-Gemshid, or the throne of Gemshid; and it is equally certain that the above-said inscriptions have been hitherto reckoned peculiar to these ruins; at least it is the general opinion of the literati, that they are only to be found on the marbles or gems dug up there, and not in any other part or province of Persia. More recently, however, the curious discovery has been made, that the same sort of characters are to be found, not only in the province of Fars, in Persia, but that they are copiously and usually met with near the Euphrates, in Chaldea, amongst what are supposed to be the ruins of its ancient capital, Babylon. This fact was, indeed, announced several years ago by M. Beauchamp, Correspondent of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, who, on his return

from Bagdad, where he had resided several years, brought to the learned Abbé Barthelemy, specimens of unknown characters, which he discovered on the bricks, still remaining in great numbers near Helleh, on the Euphrates, on the identical spot where, according to D'Anville, Major Rennel, and other geographers, the ancient Babylon was situated. Besides these bricks with inscriptions, M. Beauchamp likewise found several solid cylinders, three inches in diameter, composed of a white substance, and covered with very small writing, resembling the inscriptions of Persepolis, as described by Chardin; also a number of blue stones with inscriptions engraved on them. M. Beauchamp's correspondence was translated from the French of the *Journal des Scavans*, published in the year 1782, into English, and inserted in the European Magazine for 1792.

"M. Michaux also, a French botanist, (the same who has now again accompanied Captain Baudin in his voyage of discoveries) during the time of his being at Bagdad, procured, and lately brought to Paris, a fine inscription, which was found in that neighbourhood, and which contained characters resembling the Persepolitan ones. Of this inscription, M. Millin, the present keeper of the Cabinet of Antiquities, has procured a plaster cast to be made, which is one foot and a half long, and one foot broad, for the purpose of sending copies for the inspection of the foreign literati; and one of these is expected to arrive soon in London.

"Our curiosity, however, is now still further and sufficiently excited by the twelve original bricks, which have lately arrived in London, sent from Bagdad to the East India Company, and which contain inscriptions perfectly according with the Persepolitan ones, thus confirming M. Beauchamp's discovery. They are of two different kinds; one of those which were merely dried in the sun, the other of those which, like ours, were baked in a furnace. This circumstance wonderfully corresponds with the account given by Herodotus in his first book, in which he relates, that Babylon being in a situation deprived of stones, timber, and other materials for building, nature had abundantly provided for this defect by an inexhaustible store of clay, of the best quality, fit for preparing excellent bricks, which, either

dried in the sun or burnt on the fire, acquired a strength sufficient to resist the injury even of many centuries. These bricks are in thickness three inches; their length and breadth is between twelve and thirteen inches, and it was with such bricks, that not only Babylon, but, if we may believe Josephus, the famous Tower of Babel was constructed. This last historian further pretends, that after the deluge, two columns were erected by the children of Noah; the one, like our Babylonian bricks, and the other of stone, in order to be able to resist both elements, the water and the fire, in case of a second catastrophe.

"A principal question occurs here for solution, viz. whether the above inscriptions are to be read horizontally, and beginning from the left hand, like the characters of the Sanscrit, and other languages of India and Europe; or whether they are to be read from the right hand to the left, like the Hebrew, the Arabick, and other Oriental dialects; whether they must be read perpendicularly, either from the top to the bottom, like the Chinese, the Mongul, and the Japanese characters; or from the bottom to the top, as is related of the ancient Mexicans, by the Jesuit Acosta, and of some nations in Asia at the present day. Niebuhr and Tychsen lean to the former opinion, viz. that they are to be read horizontally, and from the left to the right; whilst Raspe thinks they ought to be read perpendicularly, and Wahl pretends, that they run, at least sometimes, from the right to the left.

Another question, likewise, suggests itself, whether these nail-headed characters are of the alphabetick kind, like ours in Europe; whether they are of the syllabick kind, like the Habessinian, the Devanagari, and other Oriental alphabets; or lastly, whether they are hieroglyphical, like those on the Egyptian Pyramids, or, at least, expressing complete ideas by arbitrary signs, like the characters usual amongst the Chinese, and amongst a number of nations, different in language, in the south-east regions of Asia. Hyde, a hundred years ago, took them to be mere scrawlings or useless ornaments, totally destitute of any sensible signification; and, indeed, M. Witte, Professor at Rostock, in a pamphlet lately published, endeavours to prove the same; while others, again, will have it, that

they contain great mysteries, and are even denotative of the secret doctrines of the Magi. Niebuhr, who has brought to Europe the most accurate drawings of these characters hitherto procurable, contends for their being alphabetical, and, to confirm his opinion, adduces no less than three different alphabets for the same kind of writing. One of these M. Tychsen, at Rostock, has made use of, with a view to decipher a part of these inscriptions. To this notion, however, he seems to have gained no proselytes, and the explanation which he has given in his essay, lately published in Germany, appears so forced and unnatural, that it has already, in a manner, lost all credit with the German literati.

"It may be further observed here, that Colonel, now General Vallancy, in his Irish Grammar, published in 1773, affirmed, that the Persepolitan characters bear a strong resemblance to that species of writing, which the Irish call *Ogam*. But the characters are so complex, according to Sir W. Jones, in his dissertation on the Persians, and the variations so numerous, as to preclude an opinion that they could be symbols of articulate sounds. For even the *Nagari* system, he observes, which has more distinct letters than any one known alphabet, consists only of forty-nine single characters, two of which are mere substitutions, and four of little use in Sanscrit or in any other language; while the more complicated Persepolitan figures, as exhibited by Niebuhr, must be as numerous, at least, as the Chinese keys, which are the signs of ideas only, and none of which resemble the old Persian letters at Istahar. Thus far Sir W. Jones.

"Amongst these and other opinions, I hope soon to lay before the publick, my own, in a larger work, and, by that means if possible, throw some further light on a subject which has not been hitherto sufficiently elucidated."

"In the dissertation with which Dr. Hager has lately favoured us on the Babylonian bricks in the possession of the East India Company, the learned writer has justly remarked, that many travellers, whose names he has given, had formerly noticed these curiosities, but the first person who had observed the inscription upon them, and which constitute their chief value, was Father Emanuel, in a manuscript account

transmitted by him to the celebrated D'Anville, and published in the xxviii. volume of the Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscriptions; he had, therefore, never probably seen the very entertaining Life of Peiresc, written by Gassendi, from which I shall beg leave to extract the following curious passage:—'He exceedingly desired, that some interpreter might be found out who could explain the *figures and characters* which were evidently to be seen upon a fragment of brick-work which was, not long before, dug up at Babylon, and sent to him; for he conjectured it was some of that brick-work, upon which Pliny tells us (from Epigenes) that the Babylonians wrote the observations which they made of the stars for seven hundred and twenty years.' Book iv. p. 26. of Dr. Rand's translation, 1657, 8vo.

"Before I had read Dr. Hager's dissertation, or met with the above passage, I had found the quotation of Pliny, of which I think Dr. Hager has not made all the use he might have done; for it really seems to apply most appositely to the bricks in question, provided it could be ascertained *in what manner* those bricks were placed in the buildings now remaining at Hilla, the supposed site of ancient Babylon. I am aware that it has been asserted, that those inscribed bricks are found with the letters turned inwards, in which case, I should be inclined to adopt the opinion of those who think the characters talismanical, or even the names of the makers; but it is to be lamented, that we have not the particulars of these ruins correctly and minutely stated, with elevations and drawings of any fragments of walls or buildings that remain, except in one solitary view given us by Mr. Ives, in his voyage to India. It would also be necessary to know how many varieties of inscriptions occur on these bricks; whether *all* are inscribed, or in what proportion; and it is hoped, that the person who may be at any future time delegated by the India Company for the purpose of making further inquiries, will have the goodness to attend to these imperfect hints, or consult those who are qualified to extend or improve them; till then, all comment or further investigation should, I think, be suspended."

The following extracts from Sir John Malcolm's recent history of Persia, will throw some light, or perhaps darkness on the

subject, by shewing how nearly hopeless is the chance of having these ancient characters deciphered.

"If the *arrow-headed* character be ever deciphered, we may hope to discover many of the particulars of the history of Babylon, as well as of Persepolis; for great numbers of bricks, of various shapes, are found at Babylon, covered with inscriptions in this character. That learned orientalist, Docter Wilkins, has discovered, that the inscriptions which have been brought to Europe, are of two different characters; and his observations lead to the conclusion, that this language was written from the *left* to the right." I. 259.

"I have never been able to hear of the existence of any work in the ancient Pehlivi Language that could be deemed historical. Sir John Chardin informs us, that Abbas the Great, made every possible research after manuscripts in that language, and that he actually put one of the Priests of the Guebers to death, in consequence of his disappointment. The collection made by this monarch amounted to twenty-six volumes; and Chardin informs us, that they were lodged in the royal library at Isfahan. That respectable traveller gives us a plate, said to be taken from these volumes; it only exhibits a specimen of the Kufick and *arrow-headed* characters. He also states, that a Gueber read to him, for three months, out of a book relating to their religion and usages, said to have been written in the time of Yezdijird. I can have no doubt that this was one of their books of Ravayat, or ordinances; of which the Gueber priests at Yezd and at Bombay, have several." I. 273.

"We are informed, by what are deemed the best Persian authorities, that when the Arabs invaded that country, (Persia,) they found three languages: the Farsee, Deri, and the Pehlivi; from one or other of which, all the various dialects now spoken in Persia are derived. There were, according to some authors, seven languages in Persia; but the Herowee, the Scûkzee, the Zawulee, and Suodee (now obsolete,) appear to have been mere vulgar dialects; they were never written." "The *third* language, above-mentioned, is the *Pehlivi*, a word to which many meanings have been assigned; but the most probable conjecture is, that it was derived from *Pehleh*, the ancient name of the

countries of Isfahan, Rhe and Deenawar.—The Zund is the holy language in which the Zend-a-vesta of Zoroaster is written; and his followers affirm, that it can only be known to God, angels, prophets, and enlightened priests. The sacred volume is in this language, but has a Pehlivi translation annexed." I. 202, 203.

There is, in Pliny, a curious passage relating to these bricks, which may be found in the fifty-sixth chapter of the seventh book. "Epigenes apud Babylonios DCCXX annorum observationes siderum, coctilibus laterculis inscriptas docet; gravis autor in primis—qui minimum Berosus et Critodemus CCCCLXXX annorum ex quo apparet eternus literarum usus." This Epigenes, according to Fabricius, was a Byzantine astronomer, who studied among the Chaldeans, and left some remarks upon comets. He is spoken of by Seneca. Montucla says it was conjectured, that he lived not long before the age of Alexander. He reduces the Chaldean observations within probable limits, extending (as Montucla remarks) a few centuries, only, before the era of Nabonassar, which commenced seven hundred and forty-seven years before the Christian era. This sober and credible narrative confirms the character given of him by Pliny. It cannot, however, be inferred, that the Babylonish bricks, recently found, contain the celestial observations mentioned by Pliny—the latter were probably on the walls of their temples, the former are buried in cement, so that the inscription is not seen.

The following is the translation of an extract from a memoir on the "Ancient position of Babylon," by the celebrated M. D'Anville; as found in the Memoirs of the French Academy for Inscriptions. Vol. 28, p. 256.

"Father Emanuel de St. Albert, a barefooted Carmelite, who was the Pope's Vicar at Bagdad, (in his relation of his voyage to the Levant, the possession of which I owe to the late Duke of Orleans,) speaks, as an eye-witness, not only of the mass of ruins seen by Pietro della Valle; but also of some *other* great remains found opposite to these, and having an equal elevation; the Euphrates passing between these two sets of ruins of ancient buildings. In this place are to be seen, great portions

of wall still standing, and other portions overthrown, the structure of which is so solid, that it is scarcely possible to detach from them the flat bricks of the length of a foot and a half, which are fastened in bitumen, known to have been used as a cement in the buildings of Babylon."

Such is M. D'Anville's quotations from Father Emanuel, to which various writers have made reference, though it yields in importance to the observations made by other travellers on the same subject.

The next authority to be produced, is the learned Geographer, Major Rennel. The following extracts are from his geographical system of Herodotus.

"It may be concluded, that the uppermost stories [that is, of what is called the tower of Belus] consisted more of masonry than of earth, but the tower, chiefly of earth, which was retained in its place by a vast wall of sun-dried bricks; the outer part or facing of which, was composed of such as had undergone the operation of fire. Strabo says, that the sides of the tower were of *burnt* bricks." 363.

" Della Valle found that two sorts of bricks had been made use of; the one having been simply *dried* in the sun, the other *baked* in the furnace. Of the *latter* sort (which seem to have been employed only in such parts of the fabrick, as were either the most exposed to the weather, or which required a greater solidity than the rest) these were by far the smallest proportion, and with *these*, a cement either of lime or of bitumen had been used; but the parts which he dug into, were, generally speaking, formed of sun-dried bricks. It is obvious, however, that his researches in this way must have been very much limited, both as to the number of places and the depth to which he penetrated. These bricks (if they deserve the name) were laid in *clay* mortar only; and with *this*, or with the *bricks*, themselves, broken reeds or straw had been mixed. He is, however, silent concerning any *layers* of reeds; although such have been observed by M. Beauchamp in this place, and by several others in the ruin of Aggarkuf, near Bagdad." 364.

Niebuhr, as reported by Major Rennel, states, that " in the tract of Babel, on both sides of the Euphrates, are seen many

eminences that are dug into for bricks, as well as heaps of *bricks*, themselves. These bricks (he says) are a foot square, and *remarkably well baked;* and having originally been laid in matter that had no degree of tenacity, they were easily separated, and that without breaking them." See Niebuhr, vol. 2, p. 235.

M. Beauchamp, also, according to Major Rennel, observes of a particular *elevation* with a flat top, seen among the ruins of Babylon, that "to come at the bricks, it is necessary to dig into the earth. They are baked with fire, and cemented with *zepht* or bitumen; and between *each* layer are found *osiers*. Above this mount, on the side of the river, are *those immense ruins*, which have served, and still serve, for the building of Helleh, an Arabian city, containing ten or twelve thousand souls. Here are found those large and thick bricks, *imprinted with unknown characters;* specimens of which I have presented to the Abbé Barthelemy. This place and the mount of Babel, are commonly called, by the Arabs, *Makloube*, that is, *turned topsy-turvy*. I was informed by the master-mason, employed to dig for *bricks*, that the places from which he procured them, were large thick *walls* and sometimes *chambers*. He has frequently found earthern vessels; engraved marbles; and about eight years ago, a statue, as large as life, which he threw among the rubbish. On one wall of a *chamber*, he found the figures of a cow, and of the sun and moon, formed of *varnished bricks*.* Sometimes idols of clay are found, representing human figures. I found one *brick* on which was a lion; and on others a half-moon, in relief. The bricks are cemented with bitumen, except in one place, which is well preserved, where they are united by a very thin stratum of lime and sand.

"The bricks are every where of the same dimensions; one foot three lines square, by three inches thick.† Oc-

* "Diodorus (2. 1.) says, that there were drawn in *colours*, on the bricks used in building the wall of the *great palace*, various animals; also, a representation of a general hunting of wild beasts, &c. &c.—The bricks were painted before they were burnt."—Major Rennel's note.

† "Most of the bricks found at Makloube, have *writings* on them; but it *does not appear that it was meant to be read*, for it is as *common* on bricks buried *in the walls*, as in those on the *outside*. I observed, that each quarter

casionally layers of osiers in bitumen* are found, as at Babel.

"The master-mason led me along a valley, which he dug out a long while ago, to get at the bricks of a wall that, from the marks he shewed me, I guess to have been sixty feet thick. It ran perpendicularly to the bed of the river, and was probably the wall of the city. I found in it a subterranean canal, which, instead of being *arched* over, is covered with pieces of sand-stone, six or seven feet long, by three wide. These ruins extend several leagues to the north of Helleh, and incontestably mark the situation of ancient Babylon.

"On the *same side* of the city, [the eastern side,] as I was told by the master-mason, there were walls of *varnished* bricks, which he supposed to have been a temple."—p. 369. Thus far from M. Beauchamp, as quoted by Major Rennel.

Major Rennel, himself, has these remarks: "With respect to the nature of the *bricks* in this fabrick, M. Della Valle, and M. Beauchamp, do not agree; M. Della Valle, saying that they were of two sorts, *sun-dried*, and *furnace-baked;* but M. Beau-

has a peculiar impression: I mean, that we find but one series of letters, and *arranged in the same manner* in one place.

"Besides the bricks with inscriptions, there are solid cylinders, three inches in diameter, of a white substance, covered with very small writing, resembling the *inscriptions of Persepolis*, mentioned by Chardin. *Black stones*, which have also *inscriptions*, on them, are also met with. These, I was told, were found at Broufrd, which is separated from Makloube by the river." From the text of M. Beauchamp.

[N. B. *Makloube* is supposed, by D'Anville, to be on the *east side* of the Euphrates; which is the part of the ancient site of Babylon, most examined by modern travellers.] Note of the Editor.

* "The quantity of bitumen that must have been employed in building Babylon, is scarcely credible. Most probably it was procured from *Hit*, on the Euphrates, where we still find it. The master-mason told me, that he found some in a spot which he was digging about twenty years ago; which is by no means strange, as it is common enough on the banks of the Euphrates. I have, myself, seen it on the road from Bagdad to Juba, an Arabian village, seated on that river."—[Thus far this note is taken from M. Beauchamp. What follows is from Major Rennel.]—"We may remark on this report of the masons, that *Diodorus* says, that great quantities of bitumen *flow out of the ground at Babylon;* that these springs supplied it for the building of the city; and that it was in such plenty, that it was even used for *fuel.* (2. 1.) Herodotus, however, brings it from *Is* or *Hit.*"

champ, describes but one sort; that is, the latter. He says, however, that in order to get at these, it is necessary to *dig* into the *earth*, where they are found in *layers ;*—but may not this earth be the mass, which Della Valle describes, as being composed of *sun-dried* bricks ? It is certain that the ruin named *Aggarkuf*, near Bagdad, which seems to possess the characteristick of a Babylonish building, (as having *reeds between the courses*,) is composed *chiefly* of sun-dried bricks. Mr. Ives observed, that those which *remained* in the building were *softer* than those, which lay scattered about among the rubbish, at the foot of the ruin." 371.

" It appears equally unaccountable, that Della Valle, should have overlooked the layers of reeds, osiers, or whatsoever was placed between the courses of masonry in the tower ;* as that Beauchamp should not have observed the *sun-dried bricks* and *clay-mortar*, in the same place. Yet we cannot doubt but all three exist amongst the ruins in question. It is no new observation, that one man observes one thing, and another, another."—372. " The bricks of which the fabrick seen by M. Niebuhr were built, were *furnace-baked*. Nothing is said concerning the nature of the cement, nor are any *reeds* mentioned, either by P. Emanuel or M. Niebuhr." 376—377.

" As we do not hear of any remains of the *superstructure* of the *walls* of Babylon at this time, it may be concluded that the materials of them have been generally removed, to build other cities. But this was not done in *very early* times ; for although the city declined soon after the foundation of Saleucia, and was a deserted place in the time of Pliny ; yet it appears that the city *walls*, *as well as the tower of Belus*, remained, although not entire.—We learn both from Niebuhr and Beauchamp, that the foundations of *buildings*, and apparently of the *walls* of the city also, (but particularly from the former) *continue* to be dug up, and to be transported to other places, for the purposes of building ; that large heaps of rubbish are discernible in many places ; and that the square bricks of large dimensions (such as are above described in the *temple* of Belus, and in the *walls*

* He speaks only of broken reeds or straw, in the mud-cement between the sun-dried bricks.—Note by Major Rennel.

of the ruined *palace*) are scattered over the tract round *Helleh.* These bricks, too, are to be traced among the buildings of Bagdad and other cities; as we find Roman bricks in and about those towns, that were formerly Roman stations, in Great Britain. The *palace of Chosroes* in Ctesephon, (now called Faulk Kesra,) appears to have been built of bricks brought from the ruins of Babylon; as the dimensions are so nearly the same, and the proportions so singular. Those who have made it their business to examine into such matters, have always found that the materials of ancient cities have been employed in building new ones, in cases where new foundations have been established in the same neighbourhood; and where such materials could conveniently be transported by *inland navigation*, they are found at very great distances from their ancient place: (much farther, indeed, than Bagdad or Saleucia are from Babylon.) In effect, the remains of ancient cities, throughout the world are those only, which are either too firmly cemented to be worth the trouble of separating; too far distant from a convenient situation to be worth the trouble of transportation; or which, from their nature, are not applicable to ordinanary purposes."

"In the above point of view, the Babylonians, Romans, and Bengalees, may be said to have provided a stock of materials for building, for the use of posterity; from the durable nature of the bricks:* but the bricks used in the building of some modern cities, seem to have been rather for the use of the age in which they were made, than for posterity.

"The ancient bricks that have preserved their durability are of various *dimensions*. Those made by the Romans had their want of thickness made up in length and breadth. The Bengal bricks had *all* their proportions very small. The Babylonish bricks, are, as far as we know, the *thickest* and largest of all ancient bricks; however, they do not appear to have exceeded by more than one-fourth of an inch in thickness, that of the thickest of the modern bricks; so nearly do the experiments of ancient

* [Major Rennel gives here, as an example, the materials furnished by Goree, the ancient capital of Bengal, to Mauldah, Moorshedabad, Dacca, Monghir, and the new citadel of Fort William, at Calcutta.]

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and modern times agree. The dimensions of the furnace-baked bricks at Babylon, are reported pretty much alike by Beauchamp and Niebuhr. The first gives them at one foot and three lines *square*, by three inches in thickness; the latter at a foot square, but omitting to state the *thickness*, otherwise, than that they were nearly of the same standard with our bricks. M. Beauchamp's account, from the complexion of it, must be regarded as the most accurate; and it being of course in French measure, the bricks may be reckoned rather above thirteen inches square, by nearly three and a quarter thick, in English, measure." "Mr. Ives says, that the bricks in Fauk Kesra,* are *about* a foot square, by three inches thick; which general correspondence of dimensions, may be regarded as a proof of their having been originally brought from the ruins of Babylon. The sun-dried bricks in Aggarkuf, according to Ives, were of the same length and breadth as the others; but not being intended for the furnace, there was no necessity for *reducing their thickness* to that standard, which experience had shewn was convenient for baking in the *fire;* they were, therefore, four and a half inches (instead of three,) in thickness. Possibly, if the matter had been examined into, the *sun-dried* bricks in the tower of Belus, would also have been found much thicker than the baked ones.†

"M. Beauchamp seems to take it for granted, that cement, either of *bitumen* or *lime*, was employed in *all* the masonry in ancient Babylon. But we do not conceive that the *private* buildings were constructed with such cement, because of the perfect and whole state in which the *bricks* are found that were taken from the ruins in general; and because the Babylonians

* See Major Rennell's note on this building, p. 387.

† [The author here refers to a *sun-dried* brick in the British Museum, said to have been taken out of the ruin, called the tower of Babel, (no doubt, he says, Aggarkuf;) which appeared to be twelve and a half inches square, and four and a half in thickness. *Broken reeds* appear (he says) in some parts of it; but if they were really mixed with the clay, it must be in a very small proportion, from the very great weight of the brick; and it appeared to him probable, that the reeds were nothing more than a part of those reeds on which the brick lay, while in its soft state.] Editor.

appear to have had a cheaper substitute for it in the *clay-mortar*, mentioned by Della Valle; and in that (of what kind soever it might be,) which is spoken of by M. Niebuhr. From what Della Valle also reports, we should conclude, most decidedly, that *certain parts only* of the publick buildings (including the city walls) were cemented with *bitumen;* perhaps those which were exposed to the weather or to inundations. And by what we shall presently adduce, there appears to have been no necessity for an indiscriminate use of the bitumen.

"M. Niebuhr says, that the *large* bricks, which were remarkably well burnt, 'had been *laid* in matter that had so *small a degree of tenacity*, that they were *easily* separated; and that without breaking them.' But, on the contrary, in the ruins of the palace seen by *P. Emanuel*, 'the construction was of so *solid* a nature, that it was scarce possible to separate them.' He does not, however, appear to have described the *nature* of the cement; it was probably *bitumen;* but we are not possessed of sufficient knowledge on the subject, to enable us to determine on the degree of cohesion belonging to that substance, when used as a cement for bricks.*

"As to the *lime* cement, very little of that appears to have been used." 377—382.

"The nature of the mortar used in the ancient fabricks seen by Della Valle and Ives, proves, that the Babylonians built [also] with *clay* mortar; as is practised by the Bengal people, and by those of Bagdad, (the modern Babylon.) And this reminds us of a passage in Genesis, (xi. 3.) relating to the building of the tower of Babel, which might possibly have been a part of the *original* city of Babylon; perhaps the very tower of Belus so often mentioned, before it took the form described above. It says, 'they had *brick* for stone, and *slime* for mortar.'" p. 382.

"*Herodotus*, in his account of the building of Babylon says, that the Babylonians intermixed *reeds* with the *bitumen*, used as cement in building the walls; which were made of bricks *baked* in a furnace. We collect from his description, that these layers

* [Major Rennell here gives examples of bitumen having been used in ancient times for a cement.] EDITOR.

of reeds were introduced at certain *distances* between the courses of bricks, in order to render the *masonry* more compact. The text says at every *thirtieth* course ; but we conceive that the number is corrupted, because M. Beauchamp says, that the *osiers* (or whatever was meant by the reeds of Herodotus) are placed between every *two* layers of bricks, in the *tower* of Belus ; and in other great ruins higher up, he says, that the osiers were only laid '*occasionally*.' As the mode of building with reeds between the courses appears to have prevailed only amongst the *ancient* Babylonians, we may reasonably conclude, that Aggarkuf is of Babylonian origin, by its having this characteristic mark in it. In this ancient and very singular fabrick, Mr. Ives and others, found reeds or rushes at every sixth, seventh, or eighth course of *sun-dried* bricks. No bitumen was used there ; for Mr. Ives drew out the reeds from the wall with ease : a proof, that they were not laid in any tenacious kind of cement ; on the contrary, he says, that it was no other than '*sand* or *slime*, amongst which *broken reeds were mixed*, as we mix mortar. These, he says, were as *fresh* as if lately placed there ; and being less subject to decay than the substance of the wall, they project beyond it, and are therefore fully open to investigation. M. Niebuhr says, they were *layers* of rushes, of *two fingers' breadth* in thickness. Others call them *reeds*, of the kind of which coarse matting is made in that country : and all (but Mr. Ives) agree in saying, that the reeds form *layers* between the courses of brick-work. But it is certain, that Della Valle agrees with Mr. Ives in saying, that broken reeds, or straw, were mixed with the *clay cement*, between the *sun-dried* bricks which he saw, although he does not say they were in layers : this, however, was in the ruin of the tower of Belus. It can hardly be doubted, that by the *broken* reeds, Mr. Ives meant the same thing which others meant by the *layers* of reeds. And it may also be suspected, that what Della Valle saw, was originally the same kind of arrangement ; only that the part he dug into might have been overturned, and the reeds thrown into that kind of disorder, which would prevent the appearance he describes ; or the disorder might have been caused by the very mode of digging, itself."

"It is not, perhaps, very easy to determine the *use* of the layers of reeds, where the cement was of so *tenacious* a quality, as bitumen is commonly reported to be; nor can we reason with any effect on a subject on which we are so little informed. It may, however, be remarked, that as on different occasions the layers were introduced at different distances from each other, each method had probably a reference to some particular object or use, which we cannot understand. Thus, in the tower of Belus, M. Beauchamp says, that the osiers were placed at *every* course, but in some other great ruins, only *occasionally;* and in *both* these instances, the materials were bricks *baked* in the furnace, and laid in bitumen. Again, we find reeds laid in clay mortar between *sun-dried* bricks, at every sixth, seventh, and eighth course in Aggarkuf; and also, between the *same* kind of bricks in the temple of Belus, (for Della Valle describes the same appearances there, as M. Ives does at Aggarkuf.) So that the practice of using reeds (or some substitute for them) was almost universal. Had they been used *only* with *clay* mortar, we might have concluded that they were necessary, in order to bind together a mass that appeared to be too loosely held by the cement alone; but this supposition is done away by the practice of using the same reeds with the cement of *bitumen.* We can perceive a slight advantage in the use of reeds, where *mud* cement was used; and as this mode of building, no doubt, was used long before the time when bitumen began to be used as cement in Babylonia, it is possible that the custom may have been blindly transferred to a case where the reason of the thing should have rejected it, as may be seen on other occasions. As the reeds added strength to the wall cemented with *clay,* they might expect the same effect from them in one cemented with *bitumen;* admitting that the reeds did not, in any shape, counteract the cohesive quality of the bitumen: but it is certain, that it did not require any such aid. But after all, there may be a quality in bitumen, which may prevent its hardening where the *air is absolutely excluded,* as in the middle of a wall; and the reeds may have disposed it to harden. When exposed to the air, it is known to grow hard very soon." p. 383—385.

"Should the antiquities of Babylon become an object of curiosity amongst the learned, there is little doubt but that it might be abundantly gratified if researches were diligently pursued for that purpose. The position and extent of the city *walls* might probably be ascertained, even at this day; as no doubt both the rampart and the ditch may have left visible traces, although inundations may have raised the general level of the country itself. The delineation and description of the site and remains would prove one of the most curious pieces of antiquity that has been exhibited in these times." 388.

"M. Beauchamp confirms this remark by Major Rennell. He says, 'I imagine medals must be found in the ruins of Babylon, if sought after; but the Arabs pick them up only when they know Europeans are desirous of them. One of copper was brought me whilst I was there. In comparing it with different Parthian medals, I observed that all the heads of the *latter* bore a kind of *mitre;* that of the *former* a crown of flowers.' [N. B. Major Rennell adds here, in a note, that 'in the army of Xerxes, the Cisians, or Susians, wore mitres; but not the Medes or Persians. Polym. 62.'] M. Beauchamp then continues: 'The master workman informed me, that there were *three cities* in which *antiquities* are found, Babel or Makloube, Broussa, two leagues south-east of Hella, in the desert, and Kaïdis, (Al Kadder) still farther distant than Broussa. I was told that many *marble statues* were found in the latter; but it is dangerous to go thither without a strong guard.'" 369—370.

Here we close the extracts of Major Rennell.*

* The title of this work runs thus: "The Geographical system of Herodotus examined and explained, by a comparison with those of other ancient authors, and with modern geography; in the course of which are introduced Dissertations on the itinerary *state* of the Greeks, the expedition of Darius Hystaspes to Scythia, the position and remains of ancient Babylon, the alluvions of the Nile, and canals of Suez, the Oasis and Temple of Jupiter Ammon, the ancient circumnavigation of Africa, and other subjects of History and Geography. The whole explained by eleven maps, adapted to the different subjects; and accompanied with a complete Index. By James Rennell, Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; and late Major of Engineers, and Surveyor General in Bengal. London, 4to, 1800.

This work, we are happy to say, may be found in the Boston Atheneum.

Neither the limits of this journal, nor the state of the libraries in this vicinity, (though perhaps better provided for this purpose, than those of any other place in the United States) permit a further search after materials illustrative of the subject of this article.

It may be useful, however, to those who wish to pursue the inquiry, to mention, that the *London Literary Panorama*, volume second, new series, published in 1815, notices a new work in 4to, by a Mr. Lichterstein, published at Helmstad, entitled *Tentamen Palæographico Assyrio Persicæ ;* or an attempt to explain the ancient writing of the Assyrian-Persian empire, of which a second volume, also, has been promised to the publick. The article in the Panorama, which notices this work, says, that extracts from it have been given in the *London Classical Journal*, for April 1815. We find in the Panorama, that the characters, which most English modern authors have termed *arrow-headed*, are there, also, called *nail-headed ;* and the arrow-head is, also, termed the *wedge*. Mr. Lichterstein has proposed translations of inscriptions of *cuneiform writing*, "which occupy many lines ; for the accuracy of which, he depends on Le Bruyn, Niebuhr, &c. "These inscriptions do not reveal (it is said) historical events, or afford information on the ancient state of Persia : they prove to be mostly reiterated praises of Sultan Darius, (if Mr. Lichterstein be correct) equally without accuracy and energy." See pp. 434—439 of the Panorama, as above.

In the Athenæum, a magazine published in London, in 1807, by John Aikin, vol. I. p. 137, is the following article :—

"*Arrow-headed Characters.*—About half way between Bassora and Aleppo, near a place called Argia, are, or were, two centuries ago, some ruins containing inscriptions in the character which has, of late, excited so much attention among our oriental scholars. Some of these letters are described as resembling a *pyramid* on its side, evidently the *arrow-headed* letter ; others like a *star*, with *eight rays*. They were like those from Babylon, upon *bricks ;* and also upon *black marble*."

The following observations taken from one of the newspapers, are ascribed to Dr. Mitchell of New York.

"During this expedition he visited the territory on which ancient Babylon is supposed to have stood, and succeeded in bringing away fragments of the ruins which overspread the ground. These consist of several of the bricks which are supposed to have been materials in the temple of Belus, some of the cement with which they were connected, and a parcel of the broken reeds which were interposed with the mortar, to render the structure more firm and durable. The bricks are in good condition, even after the lapse of three thousand years and more. They are of large size, being thirteen inches square, and four inches thick. Being now of the softer quality, they appear to have undergone some process of decay; but they bear traces of fire, that is, of having been kiln burned as well as sun burned. Near the middle of each is a parallelogram of four and a half inches by six, impressed with literal or hieroglyphical characters. They appear to have been very regularly and beautifully done. The characters are different from any known alphabet. All the lines are straight, and there are no crooked strokes. They are evidently arranged in perpendicular columns. All the bricks seem to be marked with the same signs. Of these signs or characters, there are seven vertical rows, and seven distinct marks in each row, making forty-nine in the whole. Some of them are repeated several times."

"It is believed that they are not susceptible of interpretation by any man living; but that they extend our researches far beyond the era of history or the period of known symbols. This conclusion, derived from the face of the articles, confirms the genuineness of the offering Captain Austen has made to the learned world, by bringing home these wonderful remains. The scholar may reflect, that the materials survive both the language spoken at the time they were moulded, and the characters which represented the sounds of that language. We may even look back through the vista of ages to the time when 'the whole earth was of one language,' and when 'the city and tower of Babel' were begun; when the sons of men

said one to another, 'let us make brick and burn them thoroughly;' and when 'they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.' All may, without any violation of probability, suppose these relicks to be parcels of the primitive brick, and the inscriptions or rather impression on their surfaces, to be the memorials of that remote time 'when the whole earth was of one language and one speech.' And he may further conjecture, that both the language and writing are illegible and unknown, because the 'Lord did there confound the language of all the earth.' Monuments of this kind are now submitted to the view of our admiring citizens, with all their confirmatory evidence. The pilgrims of Persia, by permission lately obtained from the military despots of the country, made devout visits to the tomb of the prophet Daniel, situated many miles in the desert. Our intrepid and intelligent countryman has brought to New-York, a brick, with its inscription, from the door of that resort of the religious. It is of secondary moment whether the legend be true or fabulous. Such a place is at this day famous in the East, and a relick of it is presented to the curiosity of the West."

"There are various other remnants of oriental antiquities, which the writer forbears at this moment to mention."

The data above exhibited, appear to admit of the following conclusions.

After the bricks, in question, were formed in a mould, such of the bricks as were intended to exhibit characters, received the impression of these characters by means of a stamp. Some of the bricks were merely sun-burnt; but if the use for which the bricks were destined, was such, as to require hardness, fire was employed. If the bricks were to be coloured, the colour was applied before the burning. Respecting the varnish (or rather glazing) it appears to have been the result of a superficial vitrification, such as bricks often receive by accident, rather than design.

As to the *cement*, the nature of it seems to have been varied according to the case. Vegetables were often combined with two species of the cement; namely, those of mud and of bitumen. The mud cement was evidently ren-

dered more firm by it; as mortar is rendered more tenacious by intermixture of hair. The vegetables did not render the like service to the bituminous cement; yet it lessened the consumption of bitumen, by the amount of the space occupied by it; and, perhaps, procured some other advantages, like those hinted at by Major Rennell. Where vegetables were solely employed, as, perhaps, was sometimes the case, in order to separate the courses or layers of bricks; it may have happened with a view to afford passage to the air or to rain-water; or, perhaps, to save some expenditure in bricks. In some instances, these vegetables may have remained after the mud, with which they had been connected, had disappeared; the dryness of the climate preventing the corrupting effects of transient rains.

Many of the bricks appear in various ages (including our own times) to have been carried away to be used in new buildings in other places; but the facility with which these bricks seem to have been manufactured, where the proper materials were at hand, leads us to suppose, that they have sometimes been manufactured on *new spots* for new buildings, under the influence of Babylonian governments.

The power of the sun in drying bricks, is very considerable in Mesopotamia. The rains which usually fall also in that country, though they may be violent, are unfrequent; the bricks thus formed, without exposure to wet, are remarkably durable, if guarded with proper precautions. The same may be said of the sun-burnt bricks of neighbouring countries, similarly circumstanced.

The expense of the stamps, (whether formed of wood, earthen ware, dried mortar, stone, or metal) and the expense of applying them, were each so small, that if the mechanicks of antiquity were as blind followers of old customs, as they appear often to have been in later ages, these stamps may have continued in use during long periods, for new works, merely from the love of imitation. Superiour authorities, also, may have directed the use of ancient stamps, in order to keep up an air of mystery, or of antiquity, or for other purposes.

As to the *original* object of the characters stamped upon these bricks, it is necessarily a matter of difficulty, if not of impossibility, to ascertain it. We know, however, that bricks

properly prepared, will receive characters to an extent sufficient to have supplied materials for the immense fabricks of Babylon, with infinitely more facility, than belonged to an equal quantity of wood or stone; and that it can scarcely, therefore, be called *a loss of labour* to have buried, and especially to have buried in loose mud and vegetables, bricks thus ornamented. But such a measure may have been peremptorily directed from superstition, and other motives, by the higher powers of the country; or may have been adopted voluntarily, and especially with a view to flattery, by the mechanicks or superintendants employed in these buildings. Where the bricks were designedly *exposed to view*, we can see various motives for having them impressed with figures; for we know that stonework has often been laboriously wrought with the same view, by the direction of princes, priests, moralists, astrologers, chronologers, historians, and men of various arts and professions, as well as by opulent or fanciful individuals, and mystical corporate bodies.

As to the *nature* of the characters under consideration, whether they merely represented *words*, by means of letters or syllables, or other signs for words, or figured *things* and their incidents and mutual relations, directly, analogically, or arbitrarily; or whether they were merely emblematick, masonick, or talismanick, we are not, perhaps, at this distance of time, in a condition to ascertain. The talents, however, of the decipherer and antiquarian are often singularly happy on these occasions, notwithstanding they are often singularly fanciful. But the attention of oriental scholars to this subject, appears to have been recent, and the proper numbers of specimens of these characters has scarcely yet been laid before them, to enable them to draw just conclusions. It is also unfortunate for them, that these characters are much oftener found stamped on solid substances, than written on ancient books; for as far as we yet know, the specimens from books, spoken of by Sir John Malcolm and Chardin, may have been *copied* from the face of solid buildings. With respect to M. Lichterstein, who seems to have apprehended that he has detected the meaning of some of these characters, so as to form a continued sense out of them; he may have contented *himself*, but we have yet to learn that he has satisfied *others*.

Thus much, however, we can in any event say of these characters, in unison with Dr. S. L. Mitchell; namely, that they derive their origin from an *extremely high antiquity.*

We may add, however, as a limit to this supposition of extreme antiquity, that the immense masses of ancient buildings, which these stamped bricks pervade, imply great cotemporary population and wealth; which no less imply a sufficient lapse of time in the progress of human affairs, in order to bring their construction within the ages when men had become formed into vast societies.

At the present time, the pretensions to very high antiquity in any nation, whatever, are justly questioned by men in no degree influenced by the scriptures. Even in France, some persons have lately appeared, holding the foremost rank in the search of practical proofs of the origin of man, and of his institutions and works; who are to be considered as of this description.

These pretensions to antiquity, indeed, must chiefly be founded on one or more of the following points; viz. astronomical records, civil records, or certain reliques of antiquity. As to *astronomical records*, we have much to admire in the rules possessed by several of the oriental nations for calculating eclipses, and in the positions, which several of them have early assigned to certain moveable points in the heavens. But M. La Place, who has so much attended to these subjects, and particularly to that of secular equations, and who has duly read whatever has been urged by M. Bailly, and other favourers of the claims of eastern astronomers; has decided against any conclusions drawn in behalf of the very great antiquity of oriental astronomy. Whoever, also, will consult the Chinese history, published by M. de Guignes, (the nephew) will see how vague is the evidence for a certain ancient conjunction of the planets, said to have been observed by the Chinese.—In the next place, as to the *civil records*, which may be held to denote extreme antiquity; the mutilations produced by time and by wilful falsehood, are so many, that little can be depended upon under this head of evidence. Without affirming with Mr. Hume, that the first page of true history begins with Thucydides; we may safely affirm, that no true pagan history ascends beyond scripture dates. Lastly, as to *reliques of antiquity*, they are of several descriptions. The *casts*, or sepa-

rate classes of society in Hindostan, for example, are recognized by very ancient authorities, and yet certainly required some length of time to procure for them a quiet basis in the minds of the people; and though it cannot now be told, whether they were fixed by military, religious, or civil means, and particularly by the help of the incorporation of separate nations; yet there is still space enough left in the remote chaotick times of human chronology, for the establishment and consolidation of such institutions. As to the succession, in turn, of various nations to power, by the extinction of that of their predecessors; much may often be accomplished in a few short centuries. The rapid decline of American Indians, for example, before the face of European conquerors and agriculturists; the revolutionary progress of the four great monarchies noticed by scripture, and by European historians; and lastly, the successive overturns given to various nations in Europe, Asia, and Africa, by the barbarians of the north and east, are sufficient evidences of this fact. If we look at another source of information under the head of reliques, we shall find, that another description of French writers, after their extensive inquiries into the changes of the surface of the earth, have acknowledged, that man appears to be an animal of recent creation. Neither the remains of the skeleton of man, nor the fragments of his more durable operations, are to be found where history or judicious conjecture cannot suppose them to have been placed within the limited periods of sober chronology. The earth shall be allowed, with the seas, the sun, and the planets, to have had a long existence; but man, himself, is young: younger even than various fishes and other animals, as well as younger than many vegetables, now found amalgamated in masses in the shape of coal, or dispersed under separate but modified forms. The Mosaick creation, in short, exhibited only late arrangements and renovations, chiefly applicable to the *use* of man, the *new* inhabitant of the earth, subsequent to some great convulsion, of which there have been many and mighty upon the face of the globe we now inhabit as masters under Providence.

But to return to these characters of Babylonian extraction, it may be observed, that from the few specimens of them yet seen here, we are not authorized to form more

than a few universal rules respecting them. We know first then, that *curved lines* are ever found among them; every change of direction in them being *angular*: and this is an evident advantage in carving stamps for soft bodies and figures in hard ones. In the next place, these characters vary from many others in having *broad surfaces* intermixed with their lineal forms; and though the *edges* of these *surfaces* are a little curved, to imitate the arrow-head, yet the general form of them is *triangular*. In the last place, the parts of these characters which are merely *lineal*, are comparatively very *slender*, by which means the stamp of them enters with less resistance into soft substances, and some labour is saved in carving their form in the case of other substances which are hard.—The universality of the arrow-headed form employed in the bricks, and the care commonly observed in curving the edges of it, though attended with some difficulty in the execution; seem to indicate either a military origin for the character, or the necessity of preserving this form as being that of a favoured emblem.

As to the supposition that these characters have a *Chinese origin*, one remark only need be made; namely, that the facts which contradict it are at hand and evident. We need only consult the Chinese writings found upon tea-chests, books, and papers coming from China; as also the works of Messrs. Marshman, Hager, and others, to be seen in Boston, to know, that the arrow-headed characters are not related to those of China, and have only a few casual resemblances to them, beyond that of affecting angular forms, which is common to the characters of many nations. If this remark be not held of sufficient force, we may add, that history has no sufficient traces, that the Chinese have at any time reached the Euphrates, or even the Tigris, either as conquerers, prisoners, teachers, or artists; or that any Mesopotamians ever travelled to China or even to Chinese Tartary, attracted by the fame of the Chinese, in order to learn and bring back any of their practices and manners.

It now only remains to say, that much praise is due to Captain Henry Austen, for his spirit in undertaking his expedition, and in importing the specimens of the character under notice, as one of the fruits of it. The good education received by various captains of vessels in American employ, and the zeal in

favour of promoting knowledge shewn by many of them, joined to their multiplied visits to distant countries, must soon produce sensible effects in favour of their own characters and that of their country.

P.S. The want of an entire copy of Rich's late account of Babylon, has made it useless to do more than refer to the extracts from it given in this Review for Jan. 7, 1816, which were taken from the Monthly Mag. for Oct. 1825, where they were occupied with some engravings on wood. That account sufficiently confirms what is said in general on the subject of the arrow-headed characters in the foregoing pages; and shews, that the subject is not new to the oriental scholars of Europe. We shall be thankful to them for their farther researches on this subject; all of which will probably tend to establish the fact, that the arrow-headed character holds a high rank among the *signs* of the ancients, but that what regards their origin may always remain a matter of uncertainty, even though we should arrive at some knowledge of their meaning and applications. If we look at scriptural accounts, we must perceive, that from the time when Nimrod became a mighty hunter, to the time when Babel was built, includes a period when many woods in that neighbourhood must have disappeared; and when men must have multiplied on the principles on which they multiply in our time in new countries. But whether they had so multiplied, as to be able to build any of the several vast fabricks of which each now disputes the honour of being supposed to be the scriptural tower of Babel, is not for us to decide.

CHINESE MAXIMS.

The following maxims are taken from M. Amyot's "Memoires sur les Chinois." They are objects of curiosity as specimens of the habits of thinking among the Chinese, and particularly as shewing how far their notions, in regard to the sex, differ from those which prevail among us.

The emperour can do every thing for the publick good, but nothing contrary to justice.*

* The King can do no wrong. English maxim.

The more the prince sees and hears of men, the less he believes of them.

Princes never think of making their subjects happy, except when they have nothing else to do.

The physician decides from the pulse of the patient, and not from his cries: the statesman should do the same.

The great are too much taken up with themselves to suffer us to love them.

Ill humour is the winter of domestick life.

The more a woman loves her husband, the more she corrects his faults. The more a man loves his wife, the more he increases her waywardness.

A man who loves his wife, never makes a question whether she deserves his love.

A man who loves his children with tenderness, will be cautious of ill treating his wife.

A bad husband is *sometimes* a good father; a bad wife is *never* a good mother.

A woman is always sure of her husband's heart, while she is sure of her own patience.

A woman who is false to her husband, makes her gallant swear fidelity to her.

A woman can at least live in peace with her husband if he be a tiger, since the female of the tiger subdues that animal to condescension.

We require four things in a woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, that modesty play on her brow, that sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands.

The first thoughts of women are the most wise, and their last resolutions the most dangerous.

An adulterous wife, a mother without tenderness.

A man should hear his wife and not believe her.

To cultivate virtue is the science of men, and to renounce science is the virtue of women.

A woman who is not dumb, may always have her revenge.

The snares of women and of fools are the most difficult to avoid.

That woman is best praised the world does not talk about.

Women ask whether a man is sensible; as men ask, whether a woman is beautiful.

Silence and blushes are the eloquence of the female sex.

Modesty is the courage of the female sex.

A woman is never so eloquent upon chastity as when it affords an opportunity for scandal.

The tongue of women is their sword, and they never let it rust.

Women and fools never forgive.

The wit [l'esprit] of women is quicksilver, and their heart wax.

Why should not women learn to read? Because there are bad books.

A woman never praises without slandering.

That mother is most happy in her girls, who has none but boys.

Ugliness takes away from a young woman all the faults of beautiful women, and gives her virtues and good qualities which they never possess.

A woman who buys her complexion, wants to sell it.

No woman ever hurt her cause by silence.

The most beautiful women cast their eyes down, in order to be looked upon.

All that a woman takes from her foot is added to her tongue.*

The more beautifully a woman is adorned, the more she loses by not being modest.

Men meet together to converse, women, to be seen.

Nature has made woman subject to man; but nature knows no slaves.

A virgin receives, a widow takes a husband.

The more a widow loves her son, the less amiable he becomes.

The heart of a wise man is locked against vices, but is open to the vicious.

The wise man does good just as he breathes; it is his life.

Decorum is the complexion of virtue and the rouge of vice.

Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not exhaust itself by indulgence.

* It must be familiar to most of our readers, that the Chinese regard a small foot as a great beauty in a lady, and that artificial means are used to prevent the foot from attaining to its natural size.

POETRY.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Sir,

At your request, I send you a translation of another Satire of Boileau's. It is the one in which he complains of the difficulties of rhyme; a subject to which he frequently recurred in his writings, and which, to a versifier of such force and accuracy, was no imaginary grievance.

To the Editor.

Translation of the second Satire of Boileau, addressed to Moliere.

The Poet complaineth of the difficulties of Rhyme.

O blest Moliere! whose rich and wondrous mind
Knows not the torments of the scribbling kind,
Who, born to write with unembarrassed ease,
The choicest phrase canst ev'n instinctive seize,
Thou, to whom Phœbus spreads out all his store,
And gives the skill to coin Parnassian ore;
Teach me, great prince of mental carte-and-tierce,
The art of Rhyme, the mystery of Verse!

Yes, one might say, that if thou dost but look,
Lo, Rhyme flies down, and lights upon thy book!
None ever saw *thee* at a verse's end
Stumble, and fret, and vainly strive to mend,
Nor wait and waste whole hours of precious time;
For thou but speak'st, and *presto!* there's a rhyme.

But I, alas! whom some ill-humour'd star
Plung'd for my sins amidst the rhyming war,
Who drive with toil this suicidal trade,
Must never win the stubborn jingling maid.
Oft in brown study wrapt from morn to night,
I would say *black*, but she still echoes *white*.

I wish to name some fine-bred soul—and sure,
My pen *will* blunder on the Abbe Pure!*
And when I strive a faultless bard to show,
Reason says Virgil, but the Rhyme, Quinaut.†
In fine, whate'er I do, whate'er I say,
The gypsey bears her just the other way.
Sometimes, indeed, o'erwhelm'd with gall and rage,
I lose all heart the desperate game to wage,
And cursing o'er and o'er my guardian sprite,
Vow and resolve me never more to write.
But when I've enter'd on the blest design,
And quite renounc'd Apollo and the Nine,
And stalk away with due indignant pace,
Rhyme comes unsought, and stares me in the face.
Then, then again the sacred itch returns,
Spite of resolves, my wonted hankering burns,
I seize, with giddy triumph, on the pen,
Spread a full quire before my eyes, and then
Gaze upon nothing, and serenely dumb
Wait very patient for more rhyme to come.
But midst all this, there is a trouble still,
My Muse is curs'd with a fastidious will;
Could I but coax her not to fume and care
About a stale expression here and there,
I might, like others, scribble as I please,
And string whole pages with a world of ease.
Thus, if I sung, *Thee*, *Phillis*, *beauty decks*,
How pat would follow, *Glory of thy sex!*
If of some maid I vow'd, *She yields to none*,
Quick I'd respond with—*Fairer than the sun.*
And thus, with *lovely stars* and *wondrous eyes*,
And *charms divine*, and *offspring of the skies.*
And more such pretty words at random thrown,
Unhaunted with ideas of my own,
Shifting a hundred times the noun and verb,
Among my works I'd shew you all Malherbe.‡
But oh the pity! I've a squeamish mind,
To pick and choose too tremblingly inclin'd,

This Abbé, says the French Editor, affected an air of "propreté" and "gallanterie," although, he slily continues, he was "ni propre ni galant."

† I have reverted to the original orthography of this name, in consequence of some respectable criticisms.

‡ Malherbe was a fine poet, notwithstanding the above damnatory coup-de-main, and Boileau has elsewhere borne testimony to his merits.

Which, if a phrase be not quite appropos,
Sends it, most cruelly—to Jericho—
And, Fool! forbids a rhyme a sheltering place,
Merely because that rhyme is flat and base.
Thus in the chase of phrases and of rhymes,
Writing each poem through some twenty times;
I soil with blots, most foul, my pages o'er,
And, of my lines, erase full three in four.

Wo to the man whose rash insensate brain
First bound his thoughts in rhyme's enthralling chain,
And quitting Prose, and Reason's blest resorts,
Broke language down to paltry longs and shorts,
Without this art, the torment of my life,
My days had known nor envy, care, nor strife;
I should have drank and play'd, and sung and laugh'd,
And nought but laugh'd and sung, and play'd and quaff'd.
Like some fat Canon, I had breath'd content,
Ne'er vext with business, ne'er with toil o'erspent,
But whilst my time roll'd carelessly away,
Had slept all night, and idle'd all the day.
No anxious passion then had torn my heart,
Nor vain ambition shar'd so large a part,
Nor of delusive hopes the constant sport,
Had I bow'd down at Fortune's shrine at Court.
Ah me, too blest, but for some unknown crime,
Malicious demons whisper'd Take to rhyme.

But since that fatal hour when phrenzy stole,
Wrapt in black vapours, on my troubled soul,
When the fell fiend, too envious of my bliss,
Taught me—"Now blot that line, now polish this,"—
Inexorable cares my mind engage,
Mending a sentence, cancelling a page—
Passing a life, in short, of taste and fear,
Gods! how I sigh to write like Pelletiere.

Thou too, Scuderi,* thou whose fertile quill
Kittens full once a month, nor suffers ill,
'Tis true, thy writings, languid, flat, and dense,
Seem bravely to defy all common sense;
But care thou not! whatever people say,
While Dolts will print them, Fools will take away,

* A writer of insipid Romances, without number and without end.

And if the rhyme but jingles smooth and strong,
Why let the grammar and the sense be wrong.
Wo worth the wight, who tries the luckless part,
To guide his genius by the rules of art.
Your dunce feels far more pleasure as *he* writes—
From growing nonsense gathering new delights.
Unknown to him the task, so dull, so sad,
To choose the worthy, and refuse the bad;
Still as he writes, a self-complacent smile
Dimples across, from ear to ear, the while.
Enamour'd of each brat his brain brings forth,
He marvels how such beauties *can* have birth.

Not so the lofty soul by genius curst,
Who, following fame, still struggles to be first,
Burning for perfect excellence, in vain
He strives to reach the far ideal strain,
And still the last his heavenly skill to own,
Charms the whole world—except himself alone—
While Wit and Taste delight to name his name,
His ears are weary'd with the noise of fame,
Known and admir'd in regions far remote,
He sighs, alarm'd, to think he ever wrote.

Then lov'd Moliere! who witnessest my plight,
O let my Muse find favour in thy sight.
By all the virtues of that gentle heart,
Teach me, oh teach thy friend, the rhyming art;
Or since that task would prove too vainly sore,
Teach me the better art—to rhyme no more.

Erratum.—In the Third Satire, published in the last number of this Journal, for *nothing* read *nought*, in the following line:

"I—who doat upon *nothing* like enlargement of station."

Translation of some of Boileau's Epigrams.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone, and much regretted, lies
One of no science, yet both learn'd and wise;
*A gentleman—and yet of humble birth—
And though no *saint*, a man of sterling worth.

* The force of this antithesis was better felt in the court of Louis XIV, than it can be in this our land of many-traded, many coloured *gentlemen*, The turn in the next line must be taken in a fanatical acceptation, and then it will not give offence.

Imitation of Martial.

'Tis said, that great physician, Paul,
Who doctor'd and who murder'd all,
And so beat war and pestilence,
Has just become a priest—and hence,
Men in their graves by him are laid,
But still Paul hasn't chang'd his trade.

To Chloe.

Dear Chloe, wilt thou hear
The sorrows of my heart,
And lend a list'ning ear
To all a lover's smart?
Know, then, I die of love—
Ah! what is that I view?
Why look so cross, my dove?
I do not die for *you!*

On the Agesilas of Corneille.

I've seen Agesilas.
Alas!

To Monsieur Perrault, on the works which he published against the ancients.

How comes it that Homer, and Virgil, and Plato,
And Tully, and all whom the world almost pray to,
Appear in your works to be fools without merit?—
It is, that you give them *your own* wretched spirit.
Your base style of writing, your rhymes, and your faults,
In short, that you turn them to downright Perraults.

Upon the circumstance of verses having been read in the Academy against Homer and Virgil.

T'other day the Muse Clio came fretting and pining,
To the patron of poets, who calmly sat shining,
And cried, "Why, Apollo, they say, that on earth,
There's a place that denies our dear bards all their worth.

Where our Homers and Virgils are scorn'd and malign'd,
Call'd deficient in fire, and barren in mind."
"No, no, it can't be," said the god in a rage,
"And some one is mocking you, child, I'll engage.
Why, where could it be that such blasphemy rose?
'Mongst the Hurons or Topinambous, I suppose."
"Oh, no, my dear brother, at Paris, that grand"——
"Ah, the Lunatick-Hospital,—I understand."
"Nay, *nay*, good Apollo, 'twas done at the Louvre,
When th' Academy sat and the meeting run over."

Enigma.

Relentless foe of human bliss am I,*
At my blest lot lovers with envy sigh.
I feast on blood, and spurning all alarms
From those who seek my death, find life within their arms.

Lines to be placed beneath a bad Engraving which was made of him.

See here the picture of the great Boileau.
"What, is that he?—the Satirist look so?
But how he scowls? what makes him look so mad?"
Why, to behold himself pourtray'd so bad.

Written for the late unfortunate Queen of France, by M. Boufflers, on her asking him for a song on her defects.

Would you know what Rumour lays
To the charge of Antoinette?
That she's often light, it says;
Fickle, mad, and a *Coquette*.
And is it so?
Oh! yes! But know,
So nice the line her fancy draws,
Her very slights
Create delights,
And Cato's self would smile applause.

* Une puce.

Sense, it says, her royal head
Does not overburden much;
Adulation too, 't is said,
Easily her soul can touch.
And is it so?
Oh! yes! But know,
So well she manages the matter,
The Gods on high
Would leave the sky,
And come on Earth her charms to flatter.

If for business or for pleasure,
The hour by herself be set,
One, 't is said, may wait her leisure;
'T is a trifle, to forget!
And is it so?
Oh! yes! But know,
That when one next beholds her face,
All wrongs adieu,
Delights renew,
And time flies on with double pace.

That *I* and *me*, fill all discourse,
And *self* runs on supremely,
'T is said, she finds no other source;
She loves herself extremely.
And is it so?
Oh! yes! But know
The case is just you 'll find.
What blame to prove
That she should love,
What 's loved by all mankind?

VERSES BY LORD BYRON.

When I rov'd, a young highlander, o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, Oh Morven, of snow,
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below.

Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my dear Mary, 't was center'd in you?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still, I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt when a boy on the crag cover'd wild.

One image, alone, on my bosom imprest,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new,
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blest,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I rose with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along,
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the highlander's song.

At eve on my heath cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view,
And warm to the skies my devotion arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone,
The mountains are vanished, my youth is no more,
As the last of my race I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witnessed before.

Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd my lot,
More dear were the scenes, which my infancy knew,
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot,
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Cobleen;
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endeared the rude scene.

When haply some light waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

Yet the day may arrive, when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow,
But while *these* soar above me unchang'd as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me? Ah no!

Adieu then ye hills, where my childhood was bred,
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu,
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine without you.

A new volume of poems, by Lord Byron, containing a third Canto of *Childe Harold*, and other poems, has been recently published. This Canto begins with his being at sea, on his passage from England, goes over some of the events that had happened to the *Childe* since he last wrote; among others, that he had married an accomplished, beautiful woman, but still, that he could not be insensible to "the sheen" of beauty in others, that he was constantly fettered by the chain, "heavy though it clank'd not"—the plain prose of which is, that though he had pledged his honour and faith to a lovely woman, he must in the very outset of his union abandon her for prostitutes. Thanks to Lord Byron's love of notoriety, every thing relating to him goes into print, we have, therefore, the antidote with the mischief. He forms certainly one of the most signal instances of the perversity of genius, that the world has ever known. After these introductory stanzas, Harold visits the "Field of Waterloo"—from thence he goes to the Rhine, of which he gives a description, and thence to Switzerland, where he dwells on the scenery of the country, particularly that, where Rousseau places the scenes of his Heloise.—He describes three celebrated inhabitants of this neighbourhood, Rousseau, Gibbon and Voltaire; he then apostrophizes Italy, which will probably form the subject of the next Canto; and concludes, as he began, in describing the passions and reflections of Childe Harold, which is perhaps his forte. We have extracted the beginning and conclusion, which are personal, and the stanzas describing the scenery of the Heloise. The opening of this poem supposes a father dreaming at sea of a child he had left, and suddenly waking is reminded by the motion of the vessel where he is, and breaks off abruptly. Now if this had been a parent, who, forced by some disastrous event into sudden exile, and in his first sleep dreaming of his only child, should be awakened by the motion of the vessel, which was bearing him from every thing he held dear, in such a person, how beautiful, how affecting would be this description—but in Childe Harold, it is not necessary to say, what it is. Like Sterne he is admirable at writing sentiment, he leaves it to vulgar people to feel it.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smil'd,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—
Awaking, with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's less'ning shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast, should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer, I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that it wean me from the weary dream

Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of wo,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him ; nor below
Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance ; he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpair'd, though old in the soul's haunted cell.

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I ? Nothing ; but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought ! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly :—I *have* thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame :
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late !
Yet I am chang'd ; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this : but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent Harold re-appears at last ;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal ;

Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with pain,
Which pined, although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step, he took, through many a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
Again in fancied safety with his kind.
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit Speculation! such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and nature's hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit

His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
Proud, though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

XV.

But in man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome,
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;

The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plundered wreck
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought!
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

CI.

All things are here of *him;* from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude,

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that love,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those.
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

CXI.

Thus far I have proceeded in a theme
Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be,—and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—

Passion of feeling, purpose, grief or zeal,—
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone,—remembered or forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts, which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filled my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er other's griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend

To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserv'd for me;
Yes, this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation,—and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us,—'twere the same,
I know that thou wilt love me: though to drain
My blood from out thy being, were an aim,
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou would'st love me, still that more than life retain.

CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements,—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradle slumbers! O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

Philosophical Essays; to which are subjoined, copious Notes, critical and explanatory, and a Supplementary Narrative; with an Appendix. By James Ogilvie. 8*vo. pp.* 416. *Philadelphia: John Conrad.* 1816.

Mr. Ogilvie has long been known in this country, for fine recitations and rather indifferent discourses, delivered from what he calls the Rostrum; and we are among those, who think that he has some essential qualifications for an orator. In his less ambitious days, or at least those which seemed to be so, we thought he furnished us a very rational and even useful entertainment in his publick exhibitions. He had indeed a little of the air of an adventurer, but this perhaps was chiefly owing to the novelty of his literary enterprise. His profession had some of the enticements of the theatre, without any of the mischiefs, which the scrupulous are fond of ascribing to it. And there was good reason to think he would be satisfied with his fame in the line he had chosen, for it could not be narrow or worthless. It was a part of his purpose to awaken literary curiosity, and he contributed with a liberality that should not be forgotten, and which is too seldom equalled, to the support of literary and charitable institutions throughout our country.—In his labours, indeed, he seemed to be alone. He was upon an experiment, about the success of which it was even idle to form an opinion. But his energy and courage sustained him, and over all his enterprise, there was thrown a sort of enthusiasm, which will always awaken interest, though it may not bear a severe scrutiny, or prove of very great service in less obtrusive and more exploring labours than his.—In addition to his public exhibitions, we heard some time ago of his more systematick attempts to revive amongst us the fainting power of oratory; that he had gone so far as to teach the art in a Southern College, where his success and fame were proved by illuminations, and we believe

too by medals and written testimony; and more than this, that he had actually undertaken a visit to our cities and colleges, with a view to spread the glories of the long-neglected Rostrum; and to do what in him lay for the establishment of institutions of oratory, in a country that seemed to him almost the only one where its legitimate power could now be felt.—There are men who will laugh at all this, but we are not of their number. The overflowings of zeal and enthusiasm in a projector of useful improvements, are often very favourable symptoms, especially when he has looked his plan through and through, and prepared himself for temporary ridicule or indifference, whilst he looks forward with confidence to ultimate success. We do not pretend to say that Mr. Ogilvie had quite enough sober calculation, to inspire universal confidence. But surely there is no great reluctance in our countrymen to encourage novelties; they are not generally startled by the boldness or zeal of adventurers; and as Mr. Ogilvie knew and loved his art so well, it seemed only necessary to persuade men of its utility, to secure to his largest schemes the most bountiful encouragement.

As to the neglect of the art amongst us, there could hardly be a doubt; and it is now so great, in this part of the country at least, that the most timid may well let go their alarms about the dangers of eloquence. The standard with us is so very low, that we hear men called orators for smooth fluency or unimpassioned gracefulness and propriety. A hard clean voice, that travels for an hour over all sorts of surface, without one break or tone of feeling, with no variation of sound save that which is required by the punctuation, will be accounted the voice of an orator. We apprehend that the fanatick, with his holy wildness, approaches much nearer to good oratory, than most of our sensible speakers. One would think we had come to disdain ornament and manner when the subject is vast; that whilst we allow the classicks to govern our taste in every thing else, we had rejected them in their high examples of eloquence. And the effect is that our speakers appear to bestow about an equal measure of anxiety upon every thing they take up—whilst the interest of the hearer waxes dull, and passion fairly goes out. This should be expected when eloquence be-

comes little more than a business of careful dissection or explanation, and when hearers have fallen into the habit of inspecting the manner of an orator, and guessing that he has nothing else to offer, if he is only bold enough to venture out of the old walk of tranquil utterance. In quiet seasons, when the state seems an invisible trifle to be talked about only, and men's consciences can sleep under their duties, they are very willing to listen to a fine orator as they would to the players; they are entertained by his frolicks, and give in to all his illusions as they would to the fairy work of a dream. But important subjects, such as may call us presently into action, are in a great measure left to work their own way; they hardly call forth a natural expression of earnest concern, and the hearer is too apt to conclude that he may proportion his own interest by that of his teacher. It is easy, in such a case, to rail against the evils and abuses of eloquence, and to shew how much better it is to leave truth to its own power, to lay by the drapery of speech, and maintain a sturdy good sense and homely simplicity of manner. And we admit, that if the end of just eloquence could be attained by a naked presentment of cold thought, there would be no reason to complain at our indifference to the art, for we should be rid of its evils, without missing its uses. But no one will say that the world has yet got to this etherial purity and susceptibility. Men must be quickened. In spite of good sense, they will be heavy about their duties. It is in their hearts or imaginations that we are to find principles which shall lend energy to their convictions; it is by the terrours or persuasions of eloquence, that we can best give a presence and reality to danger, guilt and virtue. And though it is highly honourable to men at the present day, that they can value the very plainest sense, let it come from whom it may, yet we think it must be set down to indolence, or bad taste, or a spirit of pride or narrow calculation, that the leaders of publick opinion are so indifferent to the uses of eloquence.

But however important the art may be, we are very far from wishing to see it as powerful now as it once was. We would not have our orators study the ancient masters too much, nor look on them as models. We suspect a little, that when Mr.

Ogilvie talks with so much enthusiasm of 'vindicating the nascent glory of the Rostrum,' and about the revival of his art, that his mind has "day dreams" of modern Ciceros. His own mode of popular declamation makes us fear, that the oratory 'indigenously American and essentially republican,' which he hopes to establish amongst us, would hardly raise the character, or fortify the immunities of a free people. Whenever our scholars undertake to judge of the institutions and practices of their own time, they are not content to stay at home, and study the present condition and taste of men; but they run, as if by instinct, into their endeared classical enclosures, and lay down the law for us as they find it there. No matter that two or three thousand years have rolled between us and the memorable eras of ancient literature; or that we live under a rougher sky, or that a deluge of barbarism has washed over the mind, since it was impressed by the fair and delicate forms of ancient art. We are still carried back to the old examples, and told that the eloquence, which suited the wild rabble of the early democracies, will do in these colder days of good sense. Men, who talk in this way, are, we trust, much better acquainted with their libraries, and have more to do with their prejudices, than with the actual condition of their fellow-beings. They are brought up to see beauty only in the dead. They feel a taint in the rude mixture of living, busy, pains-taking mortals. They would carry you into their closets and cast you over again, that you may be stirred by pure Roman passion, burn at fine pictures of ancient virtue, and feel the magick of such allusions as thrilled through the mob like lightning, when Cicero and Demosthenes were making heroes out of every body but themselves.

The character, taste and situation of the ancients should be taken into the account, whenever we think of modelling our oratory by theirs, or imagine that its power may be as great. Society will change its form and spirit, with the progress of years and by the help of experience. The excesses even of polished barbarism will give place to deliberation. Passion will in time be mingled with intellect, and judgment go along with feeling. A simple, natural taste in literature and the arts, is sometimes seen to revive in the midst of civilization and lux-

ury, and after a love of tawdriness or mechanical primness seemed as general and fixed as an original principle of our nature. We should be careful then, how we judge of society now, its wants and taste, from what we know of men in other ages or climates. Refinement, polish, freedom, institutions and customs with the same names and looking to the same ends, are nevertheless very different things in different periods of history. We should hardly think it well to turn our free governments, our oblations, or our hearths, into those of the ancient Commonwealths; nor do we think it would be any better to adopt now their declamatory eloquence. We should say that the practical examples which antiquity offers are more of errour than of excellence—for warning than imitation. The ancient oratory was for men who were given up to passion, and who thronged the forum to have it nourished and directed. It was not their way to prepare themselves at home upon questions of great publick concern. It was by action, not by sound independent opinion, that they sent their influence through the state. They trusted themselves to sympathy and to the orators, who were a sort of self-appointed political teachers, feeling little restraint from the shrewd criticism of a mob, fighting against selfish rivals for sway over the supreme multitude, and sure that he only could be the conqueror who produced the greatest excitement.—We do not deny that there are "fine raptures" in the old eloquence, and that exquisite specimens have come down to us, in all the departments of publick speaking that were then known. This is just what we should expect; and so long as we can keep these specimens quiet in our libraries, or regard them in connexion with their own times, we shall be as fond as any one of the treasure.

We by no means say, that men have less sensibility now than the ancients, even in those colder and purer regions, where free states are supposed to flourish most. There may be less noise and more depth in our enthusiasm now. Our emotions are more inward and lasting. They grow more from secret contemplation than from publick sympathy. Our judgments are formed after reflection, and a moral spirit pervades them. What we have lost in roughness or inflammability, is probably more than made up

in tempered vigour. A man's worth or influence is not the less felt, because he respects his own judgment, sets himself sturdily against vain pretensions or lying declamation, and shrinks from the contagion of a mob as from pestilence.

It should not be forgotten, that men are readers now. The art of printing has probably done more for independence of mind than all legislation or revolution, by putting the thoughts of men into the hands of others, where they may be ransacked and proved. We can bring them down to skeletons, and then see if they have strength, connexion and object. A habit of intelligent watchfulness is thus formed in the people, and the orator feels it. He aims less at forcing publick sentiment and drowning judgment in declamation. "It is not enough to speak, but to speak true." He is under the rebuke of controversy, and feels the influence of keen observers about him, deliberating with him upon common interests, which they value more than his exhibitions. He remembers that they are fond of looking into their work before they begin; of approaching it with the confidence of knowledge, not of ignorance. Of course he must trust to the importance of his subject, and to earnest, wide and clear discussion. He must work through the judgment to the heart, and when he has reached and moved it, he will leave there a deep and inextinguishable energy.—When we are upon important deliberation, we are diverted at seeing a man crowded with himself instead of his subject, and bent upon making a fine speech which we are to pay for with applauses. His tricks and parade will not serve him, nor weigh with us, when we are preparing to act. We look about then for men in whom we can confide, not for the orator who glitters upon feast-days, who toils for effect, and can declaim another man's thoughts as well as his own. We prefer natural oratory, such as the occasion prompts and justifies. And perhaps it is not going too far, to say, that the best orators of modern times, are those who have been made by the circumstances that pressed immediately upon them, springing up at once and with resistless power, in seasons of gloom and dismay, as if they gathered inspiration from the darkness.

We believe too, that in the free states of our time, there is is something worth preserving, and much too precious to be entrusted with mere declaimers. The prudent, who know the worth of their treasures, are alarmed when they hear a noise made about them. A good government is too awful to be touched by the vulgar or turbulent; and when society has reached something like settled order, and habits of reflection, it should not be suffered to fall again under what we must call the savage influence of mere passion. We do indeed hear men talk, even now, about national glory and the worth of conquests; but there is amongst us a quiet consciousness of domestick comfort, a sentiment towards the country as a home and shelter, which seem to have had but little place in the warlike commonwealths of old. We have still the distinctions of rich and poor, of the illiterate and wise; and in the unobtrusive orders of society, there may be little of that abject vanity, which prompted the ancient vulgar to compel the courtesy of the great, and to bluster around the common altars and monuments, as if they feared that their own importance would be forgotten. But for all this, we should disdain to compare the multitude in a modern commonwealth, with the street rabble of Rome, whether in good sense, honesty, real elevation of sentiment, political intelligence, just views of national happiness and glory, or the firm purpose of securing them.—We believe that a modern orator never need complain, that there is no field for his powers. When we look into English eloquence, we think we can find there more intellect and poetry, and passion that worked more deeply and surely, though with less tumult, than in all the polished or boisterous harangues of the old orators. It surely ought not to be a cause of complaint with a great man, that the age he lives in, receives the highest exercise of his best powers, all the wealth of his mind, and forbids him to substitute clamour, ornament or unmeaning vehemence, for strength and becoming zeal. He should be proud that he is dealing with moral and intelligent beings, whose judgments he may convince and establish, and whose passions he cannot hope to bring out, till they have travelled over the cool and pure region of the mind.—On the whole, we believe that in modern free states, there is room in all the departments

of eloquence, (and we have no time to distinguish them) for the display of what was of real practical worth in ancient oratory; that we have advantages and opportunities peculiar to ourselves; and that the means of abusing the art are greatly straightened by the intelligence and settled habits of society. And this is all we can now say to the scholar who loves the masters, or to the anxious observer who argues against oratory from its abuses.

We shall not enter into the inquiry how far oratory is an art. The ancients had an easy way of resolving it into discipline, as they did poetry into inspiration or genius. We believe that the art, for such in some degree it certainly is, should bring us as near as possible to life. The instructer should give us such aids as we can turn to account when we go out into the world, whatever we may find the taste and manners of society to be. He is not to carry art so far, as to give a boy the habits of a school room, which shall make him awkward in a change of condition. He is not to kill his enthusiasm and genius by bringing him up to imitate models. Nor would we have Mr. Ogilvie fall into the mistake, that fine specimens of oratory on his Rostrum will be of much practical use to the learner in after life. For though he has not told us very precisely what he means by that oratory, yet as we have seen him upon his stage, we may take his example, together with a few hints in his book, for an explanation of his views. And we should say from these, that such oratory is chiefly intended for gratification of taste. The speaker comes before us as an artist. His manner is studied; he aims at effect; and as we are looking out for fine points, he is no less careful to make them. He is loosened from the restraints which society has imposed upon speakers, who deal in realities and present business. We are ready to allow him all the license of poetry. We give ourselves up to illusions, and are not offended even with inflated emptiness, if it only pour itself out in fine tones. Mr. Ogilvie himself has often convinced us, that any thing will do, "being seasoned with a gracious voice."—This sort of oratory, or popular declamation, may indeed be useful, in stirring ambition, or presenting specimens of fine and varied modulation. But we believe that Mr. Ogilvie must keep his Rostrum for the ladies and

gentlemen, and teach his boys to be good speakers by the severe and simple discipline of a school. He has drudgery and details to go through as well as other teachers. He must shew the learner his weapons and their uses. He has little dull errours to correct, and much to insist upon that is merely mechanical. And after all, he must send out his boys into the world to ripen. We wish him great success as a teacher of his art, and think that he may be really useful.

We took up his book, expecting to find in it some scheme for the improvement of oratory, since we had heard so lately that he had applied to teaching the art. We looked at least for one oration touching the Rostrum itself, but that we find is reserved for a *second* volume. We had reason to think he would say something more particular of the uses and evils of his art, the means of reviving it, and of the obstacles to be met and removed. The title to be sure, might have saved us from such vain expectations; but we thought that "Philosophical Essays, with copious notes, a supplementary narrative and an appendix," together with the miscellaneous character of Mr. Ogilvie's mind, would justify our hope that his favourite art would stand out in every part of the book. We have indeed been a good deal disappointed; and the only apology we can offer for saying so much upon a subject, which the book has so little to do with, is, that we have long been in the habit of associating Mr. Ogilvie with the improvement of his art in this country. We think too that the subject is important; and what perhaps weighed with us now even more, is our belief that Mr. Ogilvie, will never give us another chance to say any thing of him or of oratory, since the appearance of his second volume, like his ambition to be a celebrated philosopher, depends, alas, upon the reception of the one before us.

It is high time to say a little of this work, and to apprize our readers that Mr. Ogilvie, in the prosecution of his literary enterprise, 'arrived a few months ago at a stage somewhat critical, and farther success became hopeless or worthless, without the acquisition of permanent and extended celebrity as a philosophical writer.' We are very sorry for it, and should even think our author had merely fallen into a sudden mistake, were it not that he says these

very words a second time at the close of his book. And he leaves it to the publick to determine by their reception of this volume, whether he shall enjoy 'that share of permanent and extended celebrity, which is essential to his further success.' A philosophical writer of permanent and extended celebrity! If the man were our enemy, we should "thank him for teaching us that word." But we are always in good humour with a work and an author that looks to such high matter, and after reading along a little while, we became so used to greatness, that we could hear Mr. Ogilvie promise it to his own name, as patiently as if he had awarded it to another.

We turned first to the Narrative. We are somewhat at a loss to know why it is called *supplementary*, but we think it by far the most curious and entertaining part of the book. It gives us our author's history, so far as it is connected with his literary and oratorical pursuits, and lets us a good deal into his infirmities of mind and constitution; his moments of 'unassured consciousness and faintness of vital energy, vibrating betwixt the sick bed and the sepulchre,' as well as his glows and irradiations of mind. You would judge from his own account, that all his experience lay wholly out of life, and differed from that of other men in the exquisiteness of luxury as well as of agony. This may be ascribed in a great measure to a deplorable lack of that plain common sense, which teaches one the coarse realities of life and what he owes to himself and his neighbour, and makes him provident for the means of real usefulness and unbroken happiness.—Mr. Ogilvie shews singular indiscretion, in keeping himself forever in sight. In his book he is as much the principal figure, as on his Rostrum, with all his parade, and outlandish costume about him. His airs and extravagance may divert mischievous readers, and most are of that class; but the diversion will surely be at his own expense, and may cost him his good nature at least. He has looked upon the world these many years; but we fear that he has lived very much out of those wholesome regions, where a man learns to rein in his enthusiasm, to feed his vanity in secret, to feel that society can do very well without him, that it has a resolute way of ridiculing those who proclaim their own merit,

and values that greatness only which oozes out "from the works that a man doeth." Still there are strong symptoms in his book of generosity, zeal, tenderness and even loftiness; and we are inclined to think that after all there is more of errour than of want in his mind. There seems to be a perpetual disease, a malignant *sensitiveness* hanging over him, and though he may be betrayed into fine accidents, we should hardly look for the useful results of a sound and governed mind. But we believe he may yet be useful and happy, if he will consent to think and act a little more like the rest of the world; if he will but remember that failure is a much better instructer than ambition or illusion, and then turn back his enthusiasm to spheres where his success has been sure and beneficial.

We find in the Narrative the stages through which he has passed, and how he came so abruptly upon the third and truly critical one, which we before alluded to. After his arrival in this country (for he is a native of Scotland) he taught a school in Virginia for thirteen years; and during this period he had constant opportunities to cultivate oratory, for which he had always a great passion, and in a certain species of which he seems to think that nature or education had given him uncommon skill. Flattered by his success in the art, and exhausted by school-keeping and opium, the thought of delivering orations on the Rostrum suddenly crossed his imagination. Assured of 'ultimate, speedy and splendid success,' he yielded to the thought, shut up his school, and began his new career, or more properly his first stage, in 1809. It was at this time he became known to our readers.—The second stage presents our author as a teacher and lecturer in oratory. He began his labours at the college of South Carolina, and received the entire approbation of the Government. The scholars got up an illumination for him, and surprised him by a transparency over the door of the chapel, exhibiting the American Eagle, with our orator's name in her talons. And when his course of instruction was ended, they presented him with a gold medal, 'which has since been uniformly suspended around his neck and proudly too,' in his exhibitions on the Rostrum.—The third and critical stage shall be given in his own words.

"Having entered thus auspiciously on the second stage in the prosecution of the design, which he had undertaken, he began to fix his eye steadily on the third, as it distinctly emerged above the edge of his widening horizon, and loomed and lowered, like the Alpine heights, when they first arrested the gaze of Hannibal.

"The stage to which he now so pompously adverts, was the establishment of *efficient* professorships of oratory in the Colleges, and the erection of spacious and magnificent halls, (exclusively dedicated to the exercise and exhibition of oratory on the Rostrum,) in the principal cities of the American republick." Sup. Narr. lxii.

The reader must make out if he can, what there is in this third stage, which required Mr. Ogilvie to become all at once a great philosopher. The book leaves us very much in the dark upon this point. He proposed the plan, which we have just stated, before the Legislature of South Carolina, in an elaborate oration; he made two distinct efforts to secure its accomplishment, in his last visit to Charleston; he declared his disinterestedness, and that he would not be prevailed upon to accept one of the contemplated professorships. But it would not do. His hearers applauded and smiled, and thought it would be impossible to bring any thing to pass at present. Whereupon our author seems to have gone frantick. He expresses his disappointment in what he calls the 'idiosyncratick idiom,' which he frankly declares will be distinctly understood by only one in a hundred, and we unfortunately are among the ninety and nine. We know nothing further of the third stage, except that our author means to try once more in Charleston, and make similar attempts in all our principal cities, except Philadelphia, where, for a reason we shall mention presently, he has an 'assured presentiment of discomfiture.' We wonder a little how he dared to print his book there, and should ask him if its ill success might not be ascribed to the malign influences of that city, had he not assured us, that it is unphilosophical to resort to extraordinary causes, when ordinary ones are adequate to explain a fact.—There is yet a fourth stage in our author's pursuits, but this is wholly in the mist, or rather has not yet 'emerged above the edge of his widening horizon.' The narrative closes with bright visions of the future glories of the Rostrum. The whole is written in ex-

tremely bad taste, and sprinkled with specimens of very ambitious and yet humble criticism, which we cannot stop to notice. We ought to state that the author speaks of himself in the third person, and we account this the most modest thing in the whole book. Perhaps however, this very circumstance tempted him to say things, and in a manner too, that would have startled him if he had spoken in the first person. If therefore we may prescribe for his vanity, we will venture to recommend that he should hereafter use no sort of cover for it.

Mr. Ogilvie is as free to tell of his adventures as of his schemes or infirmities. We will give one or two from the narrative.—The first happened during his first visit at Philadelphia, while our author was yet a novice in the world. The college hall, which is devoted to publick worship on Sunday, and to science the rest of the week, was offered to Mr. Ogilvie for the delivery of his lectures, on his express assurance that they should contain no sentiment which could offend persons of any religious persuasion. He accordingly erected his Rostrum in front of the pulpit, and in one of his orations, after speaking of the blessed effects of our religion, he gave his hearers to know that his observations had regarded christianity merely as improving the condition of society.

'The awful and mysterious question in relation to its divine origin, I forbear to examine.

"O pity, great Father of light and of life,
A heart that fain would not wander from thee,
So humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride,
From *doubt* and from *darkness*, thou only canst free.

"But darkness and doubt are *not* flying away,
Alas, I still roam in conjecture forlorn,
Nor breaks on the wanderer faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn."

The effect of this, according to Mr. Ogilvie, must have been tremendous. 'The silence was deep and dead. His auditors seemed even to hold their breath and to stare at each other with "stony eyes." The late C. B. Browne,

who was present, told Mr. Ogilvie afterwards, that his feelings on that occasion "made an era in his sensations." But our orator, not aware how things were going, proceeded to finish his oration, and closed with a thundering, prophetick harangue against Bonaparte, filled with that hyperbole and bombast, and uttered with that impassioned vehemence, which he fears (we think he should rather rejoice at it) will always be most acceptable to a miscellaneous audience. This explosion seems to have brought to his hearers, for they gave him 'a plaudit loud, long and apparently unanimous.' But nothing would do. The town was against him, and every body he met was ready with remonstrance, or disheartening tidings. In the language of an adviser, "he had thrown away an empire of fame and emolument;"—in his own more glorious phraseology, 'he had dashed the brimming and golden goblet of success from his eager lip, dashed it almost untasted!' And all this came of his making a pretty and unchristian perversion of two stanzas of Beattie's Hermit. In spite of his expressions of sorrow for his offensive avowal of skepticism, he was denied the further use of the hall, and we believe he has never since 'asserted the dignity of the Rostrum' in that offended city. Sup. Narr. xxii.

In his first visit to New York he shews himself once more in his noviciate of worldly wisdom, and well nigh brought the Rostrum into jeopardy, by his desperate love of saying something very fine.

'Towards the close of an oration which he then delivered there, he was led to direct and fix the attention of his auditors on an epoch (preeminently memorable, even amid a twenty years' succession of astonishing events and prodigious revolutions,) the portentous epoch! "when the conqueror of Lodi and Marengo, pointing with his batoon to the white cliffs of Albion," whetted the insatiable cupidity, and infuriated the souls, of two hundred thousand cannibals, disciplined to every deed of death and desolation, by describing in 'words that burned' on his lips, and in imagery which rage and rapine embodied and half realized as he spoke, the treasures of London, the plunder of the queen of isles, the beauty and the booty of the garden of the earth, the subjugation of the magna virum mater; to whose daughters the Paphian goddess had lent her cestus, and every grace her pe-

culiar attraction; to whose sons Pallas had consigned her ægis, Pomona her cornucopia, and Neptune had for a season transferred his trident."

"The audience, (which was composed of nearly one thousand persons,) catching suddenly and simultaneously, the feelings of the speaker, gave vent to their sympathetick enthusiasm, in a loud, protracted, and he believes heart-felt plaudit. The room shook, as if it had been rocked by an earthquake, as if it had reverberated the thunder's or the cannon's roar.—When the plaudit ceased, 'a gentleman,' (who turned out to be a united Irishman,) 'deliberately rose from his seat in the middle of the room; assumed an erect and disdainful port; looked intrepidly and indignantly around, and without casting a glance, or directing his hand towards the Rostrum, but turning both successively and slowly to the auditors in every part of the room, hissed with set teeth and with an intensity of sibilation, that indicated unusual vehemence in the feeling by which it was prompted.—His proceeding excited a lively and general emotion of momentary anger. Frowning brows and flashing eyes were bent upon him, idly bent! The hisser, with an air of calm defiance, conscious intrepidity, and scornful unconcern, resumed his seat.

"At that moment, the situation of the orator, (then a novice in such scenes, and destitute of that habitual self-possession, and imperturbable serenity of soul, which experience only can attemper and confirm,) was critical and distressing. In the school of experience he has, he trusts, acquired a self-control and self-subjection, which, to *him*, would make the recurrence of such an incident amusing merely: At this time, if the contents of a loaded pistol were discharged at him, whilst he was declaiming on the Rostrum, (unless the contents pierced his heart, opened an artery, from which life-blood would burst in a torrent, or inflicted intolerable agony;) so unexpected and improbable an incident, could not *now* disturb him for a moment, or *but for a moment.* Far different were his feelings *then.* He experienced inexpressible disquietude. Advancing to the very verge of the Rostrum, and with a gesture, attitude and expression of countenance, which emphatically indicated the most anxious and earnest wish to be allowed to proceed; he succeeded in restoring order, and preventing outrage and violence, in an audience as polite and respectable as were ever, probably, assembled in that populous, opulent and flourishing city. Sup. Narr. xxviii.

The newspapers took the matter up at once, and the Evening Post advised the hisser "to take leave of ab-

sence during the delivery of any orations which Mr. Ogilvie might afterwards pronounce."—A reply to this in a democratick paper gave notice, "that if the oration were repeated, and the Editor of the Post were present, the amusement of the evening would be diversified and enhanced by a game at leap-frog, in the course of which, that Editor would amuse and astonish the audience, by the most prodigious leap, from a window of Attick altitude, ever witnessed in that or any other city." This brought out our orator, who 'arrested an altercation, so hateful to his soul, so offensive to the dignity, and damnatory to the nascent glory of the Rostrum; so abhorrent to all the aspirations and chivalrick enthusiasm, which had impelled him to undertake, and governed him in the execution of so romantick an enterprise.' Mr. Ogilvie's card drew from the hisser the very flattering explanation, that the insult was not intended for Mr. Ogilvie, who was a native of Great Britain, and expressed only a natural feeling towards his own country, but that the hiss was meant for the audience, who listened silently to marked compliments to their own country, and "clapped for King George." Our author says, 'he admires his intrepidity with all his heart.'

During the delivery of an oration in a small town in Kentucky, our orator, or rather the audience, was disturbed by an 'inebriated intruder.' He had now grown so old on the Rostrum, that instead of being embarrassed by this incident, he turned it most admirably to a practical use. Inferring from the conduct of his hearers, who were soothing the drunkard in the most friendly manner, that he was a man of respectable station and character, our orator, with singular delicacy,

"raised his voice to a tone, that drowned the unmeaning noise of this Salamander of Alcohol, and advanced in the delivery of his oration, till a passage occurred, in which the misery and ignominy of intemperance were depicted in strong colours. In pronouncing this passage, he descended from the Rostrum, and, advancing with a slow and pausing step, towards the bench, on which the involuntary and, probably, unconscious violator of decorum sat, or on which he had staggered and lay stretched; continuing to declaim, as he advanced, till he approached the mind-deserted body as nearly as he could. Here, for a few mo-

ments, he stood still; ceased to declaim; folded his arms, and resting his eye on the floor, slowly and solemnly said,—"Where example so emphatically arrests attention, declamation may well be dumb: It is, and *can be*, but babbling and impertinence, in the presence of a warning, that addresses the soul through the senses." Sup. Narr. xxxi.

We think Sterne would have made a fine picture of this. As we are not told, what effect this singular appeal produced, we have a suspicion, that it was very far from gratifying the utmost wish of the orator.

Mr. Ogilvie should know better than to bring living, retired individuals before the publick, especially to abuse them. The notoriety which one gains from being extolled or calumniated in print, may be gratifying to vulgar or abandoned spirits; and distinguished characters must submit to such display, as to the order of society; but the quiet, secluded and delicate must shrink from being made publick property in this way. In this country, or in our part of it at least, we are not yet used to this profligate introduction of private names into a book; we are not proud of the honour, and, we trust, the victims are not grateful for being thus distinguished. If Mr. Ogilvie's book were of more importance, we should warn him to consult publick feeling on this matter a little more. His poor countryman, James M'Allister, must take the quarrel into his own hands; and we beg him to make some allowance for Mr. Ogilvie's outrage, for when he gets into the western country, he seems infected with the wild independence of the region, and lays about him like a very backwoodsman.—This M'Allister, (who is one of the ten children of a Scotch weaver, and who 'came nearer to the character of a scientifick sage, than any human being Mr. Ogilvie has ever known, with the exception of William Ogilvie, professor of humanity, in King's College, Old Aberdeen, in Scotland,') has very prudently settled himself for life in our western country, with his wife and children about him, and, for all that we know, is a very good farmer, and makes a very good husband and father. Our author visited him, in the hope that he would be all he had once known him; able to advise and encourage him in the prosecution of his noble enterprise.

'Here bitter was his disappointment! He found him alive, indeed, and neither in bad health, nor in unprosperous circumstances; but the ghost and shadow of what he might, the narrator adds with pain, *ought* to have been. He found him the idolater, and vassal of indolence; the breathing and unburied victim of a voluntary and seemingly predestined insignificance and obscurity' 'Upon renewing his intercourse with this motiveless monster of intellect, he sensibly felt the infectious stupefaction of his incurable and seemingly innate lethargy. As he listened to his cogent but abhorred logick, the nervous but soul-chilling eloquence, with which he expatiated on the inanity of fame, present or posthumous,' on the difficulties that lie in the way of literary ambition, and on the nothingness of success, 'he felt conviction, "o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold." 'This ill-fated man is doomed to pass the rest of his life, not where he ought to be, near the centre of the most enlightened circles in Edinburgh, London, or Paris, but in the bosom of the western wilderness. Yet even there, his *possible* value is inestimable. Could any popular Kentuckian patriot (Mr. Clay for instance) draw him from his idolized obscurity, and place him at the head of the College of Lexington (whose present president would surely vanish at the very sound of his name) he would give himself additional claims not only to the confidence and respect of his countrymen, but titles to the gratitude of posterity. It is afflicting, it is humiliating to reflect, that whilst the votaries of Mammon ransack the sunless and poison-breathing caverns of the earth; descend even to the ceiling of Pandemonium; venture almost into the jaws of death and hell, to extract gold from the bowels of the earth; patriotism will suffer wisdom to slumber inactively on its surface, and genius to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." 'After a few interviews, he recoiled with implacable antipathy from this incarnate Genius of the Castle of Indolence, and fled from his society, before he had fastened his spell on his soul.' Sup. Narr. xliv. &c.

We cannot extract any more from the narrative, and we sincerely think that our readers will deal kindly with Mr. Ogilvie, if they will form their opinion of his manner, from the passages we have given.

We are now coming to the philosophy, and shall despatch our work very speedily. This part of the book consists of three Essays, with copious notes. And you would

judge perhaps from these, that the author had read largely, and that his fine memory was abundantly stored; that his mind had more of alacrity than insight, and was more greedy of accumulation than patient in exploring. If there were nothing else, his errours would be enough, to shew that he is exceedingly intrepid and independent in the use of his knowledge. We may say something of his style hereafter.

The first Essay is "On the Study of Mathematical Science." It is very short, and by far the most composed part of the book. The object is, to shew the uses of this study in disciplining and invigorating the mind, and thus indirectly helping to form the young orator. And the author swells into such enthusiasm, in behalf of his subject, that one might think his whole soul had been always devoted to abstract truth, and found its only atmosphere in the 'supernal regions of pure intelligence.' He seems to take a pleasure in exalting mathematicks above the poor mutable fabricks of morals and physicks. The truth of mathematical science is divine, 'shedding the same "increate" and irrefrangible light on the minds of demons and damned spirits, and of Newton;' and (what seems too solemn for such a flourish,) we may even dare to believe that the evidence of its demonstration, 'is beheld in the same light by the Almighty mind, and the humblest and most fallible of his intelligent creatures.' Not content with simply showing how the study gives habits of intense exertion, distinct, precise and composed thought, and stimulates inquiry and invention, he assures us,

'it is by the study of this sublime science, that juvenile intellect first "plumes its feathers and lets grow its wings;" "rises into regions mild, of calm and serene air," "above the smoke and din of the dim spot, which men call earth."' p. 17.

But a little after he grows more reasonable, and shews the tendency of a *premature* and excessive devotion to this study,

'not only to fold the wing and shut the eye of imagination, but to clip the plumage and cut the pectoral muscle of that "frolick wing."' p. 25.

Well: we have learned to make great allowance for our author's singularities; for having read his book through, we have discovered, that he makes it a point to be passionately fond of his *present subject*, whatever it may be, and to give it pre-eminence. Otherwise, we should have wondered, that a man of so much rhetorick and enthusiasm, should be so eloquent in behalf of a study that deals in cold certainties, especially when he regards its exclusive votary as a being,

'whose heart floats in a sort of mediocrity and apathy, in an element clear but cold; pure and bright, but colourless; calm and innoxious, but stagnant and insipid.' p. 31.

Mr. Ogilvie had stated in the Essay, that this study could not *directly* contribute to the attainment of oratorical skill,

'being exclusively conversant with truths, in the development of which, so far as consists in the exercise of a rich but disciplined imagination, of a pure yet refined taste, in the excitement of intense yet chastened passion, and in the exquisite embellishment of diction, oratory, in its technical and popular acceptation, is inadmissible.' p. 17.

This appeared perfectly just, and probably nobody would find fault with it, but the author himself Accordingly, in a note at the end of the Essays, he begins to repent, and thinks he has not been *philosophical* enough in this behalf.

'But if we take a more enlarged and philosophical view of oratory, even the theorems of mathematical and *the principles of physical science*, may fall within the legitimate sphere of this glorious art.' p. 267.

Now we shall not allow our author, without warning, to couple mathematicks with *natural philosophy*, especially as he speaks almost dispraisingly in the Essay of the latter science. Let the *divine science* stand by itself, and then hear our orator.

'Imagine a great mathematician demonstrating such a theorem, in the presence of an audience, sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the progressive steps of his reasoning, as they are embodied by the utterance of the speaker: Imagine, that

with perfect distinctness of articulation, propriety of emphasis, a modulation of voice agreeable to the ear, and suitable dignity and vivacity of manner, he unfolds a principle that enlarges the boundaries of human knowledge, and reveals the arcana of nature to the inquiring mind. Feeling the most unshaken conviction of its truth and importance, and elevated by a consciousness of intellectual dignity, superiority and power, with what earestness does he investigate, with what perspicuity develop, with what felicity illustrate its evidence and utility.'—His emotions thicken with the discovery of truth, and his imagination is busy in anticipating its uses. He even displays a graceful and impassioned elocution.—'Can the countenance be vacant, or the eye dim, the hand motionless, or the utterance frigid or monotonous, when the light of *eternal* truth irradiates the understanding, when the heart swells with the divine enthusiasm which it inspires, and with a lively anticipation of the unspeakable benefits, which it has in store for mankind?' These were the themes of oratory, that ravished the senses and the soul of Adam, as it flowed from the lips of Raphael. Whilst Adam listened to this seraphic oratory, he became unconscious, even of the divine beauties of Eden. The lovely mother of mankind, forgotten and unobserved, averted her eye from the fatal apple! At that moment, even the tempter had shrunk in conscious impotence from her ear, and listened with reluctant rapture to the seraph's tongue,' &c. p. 268–9.

This is what our author calls a more philosophical view of oratory. His passion for mathematical oratory, soon reaches such a height, that he declaims, without the least remorse, against mere worldly eloquence, and goes very near, we think, to demolishing the Rostrum itself. But he seems startled at the consequences, and closes the note with a prudent admission (which should have saved him from writing it,) that this mathematical oratory will not do now-a-days for popular purposes.

The second Essay, which is a good deal more ambitious, is "on the Nature, Extent, and Limits of Human Knowledge, so far as it is founded in the relation of cause and effect, and concerns mind and matter." We have here old truths and errours, and doubtful novelties, to say the least of them, served up to the 'solitary reader,' after the manner of the Rostrum. We shall not undertake to fol-

low Mr. Ogilvie through this Essay, for it would carry us greatly out of our limits, and much farther than is necessary to ascertain his pretensions to celebrity as a philosophical writer. He is so desultory and miscellaneous, adopts so readily the mistakes of others, and assumes so confidently what some would deny, and others ask him at least to explain, that any attempt to settle his meaning and correct his errours, would lead us over much of the field of modern scepticism; of ethical and metaphysical controversy. We shall look at his plan, and perhaps at an errour or two, as we go along.

He first undertakes to set Locke right as to the inlets of knowledge; charging him with lack of philosophical precision, in ascribing to *reflection* instead of *consciousness*, our acquaintance with our intellectual faculties and operations. So far we are upon beaten ground. But we are in the wilderness, when Mr. Ogilvie calls reflection 'a concentration of consciousness on whatever (whether an impression from without, or an internal operation) excites peculiar interest.' Besides this, without any open quarrel with Locke or any body else respecting sensation or perception, he goes on (and this too for the sake of *precision*) to make *consciousness* the fountain of all our actual or possible knowledge.

'Our language, and of course our ideas, as they regard the philosophy of the human mind, will be more *precise*, if we consider whatever is known or knowable, as proceeding from our *consciousness*, first of *impressions from external objects*, and secondly of the internal energies that are called into action by these impressions.' p. 34.

If he tells us, he talks after the manner of Hume, we assure him that his exactest imitation of his master will lend no light to this subject, and moreover, he must give up talking about external objects and matter. We wish he had been less vague where it was his purpose, and an easy thing too, to be precise. He should have remembered that men (and great philosophers amongst them) are very much in the habit now, of finding objects of *perception* in things external, and those of *consciousness* in the mind only.

After this philosophical view of the origin of knowledge, he goes on to define the thing itself to be, 'the *arrangement* of the various subjects of modifications of consciousness, in the order of *cause* and *effect*.' If we understood him just now, these very 'subjects and modifications of consciousness' constitute knowledge, or '*the known*.' The definition then brings us to the important truth, that 'knowledge is the *arrangement* of knowledge in the order of cause and effect.' And we hold this to be a very extraordinary account of a very old word. It is mere assumption, and stands in great need of explanation and proof.

You must now expect to see him as enthusiastick about the relation of cause and effect, as he was just now about mathematicks. 'The dignity of our nature, its preeminence and dominion upon earth, its capabilities of improvement *primordially* originate in its capacity to unravel indefinitely the chain of cause and effect.' Its progress in improvement is identified with the knowledge of this relation. The prophet evolves links in the chain by divine aid. The worker of miracles inserts new links. And the philosopher differs from the superficial, that the chain with him is longer, and composed of more and finer links. And by this wonderful relation, he understands,

> 'that order or succession, the discovery or development of which, empowers an intelligent being by means of one event or phenomenon, or by a series of given events or phenomena, to anticipate the recurrence of another event or phenomenon, or a required series of events or phenomena, and to summon them into existence, and employ their instrumentality, in the gratification of his wishes, or in the accomplishment of his purposes.' p. 35.

As these Essays are written for the young, we think this fundamental relation should have been explained more simply; though we would not have our author undertake to prove his assertion, that every department of human knowledge is founded in this relation, lest he should succeed no better, than in his attempt to bring mathematicks within his definition of knowledge, not indeed as coming within

any 'arrangement in the order of cause and effect,' but as helping us to *unravel* the chain!

It is certain, that we are very much in the dark as to *efficient* causes. We cannot trace what the philosophers call *necessary connexions* in the phenomena we witness; nor can we explain the "manner in which one event proceeds from another as its cause." We observe a constant conjunction between certain events; we confidently look for this conjunction hereafter, and are in the habit of calling that which precedes, the cause; and that which follows, the effect. If this is what Mr. Ogilvie means, when he says, that we owe to Hume the first satisfactory elucidation of the fact, that our knowledge of cause and effect includes nothing more 'than a perception and belief of the uniform *antecedence* of one event and *sequence* of another,' we assure him, the fact was clearly held and explained, and by christian philosophers too, before Hume's speculations appeared. If Mr. Ogilvie's statement of the fact mean the same thing as ours, we can set him right on another point. He gives us to know, that Dr. Reid and his disciples, differ from Hume, and on *fallacious* grounds too, as to the fact which has just been stated. Mr. Ogilvie will find, by looking into the matter, that Dr. Reid and one of his disciples at least, opposed only the *sceptical conclusions*, which Hume drew from a principle they admitted.—The Doctor does indeed argue rather drily against Hume, that if mere priority or conjunction implied efficiency or causation, we may call day the cause of night, night the cause of day, and in this way make any thing to be the cause of any thing. We are sorry to see Mr. Ogilvie so much discomposed at this.*—Dr. Reid does indeed deny, that there is any efficiency in priority or conjunction. Still he thinks we are greatly in the dark as to efficient causes, though

* The Shepherd tells Touchstone, "that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun;" or, in our author's elegant paraphrase, it is 'the absence of solar light in consequence of interposing terraqueous opacity.' Mr. Ogilvie actually undertakes to support the shepherd's proposition, in a very vigorous analysis of day and night, shewing how 'they resolve themselves into four links in the chain of cause and effect.' p. 51.

he holds it to be a first principle, that there must be an efficient cause for every phenomenon we witness. He is merely saving men from dreary scepticism. Mr. Ogilvie should have understood his countrymen better, and remembered that Hume himself may possibly better deserve the charge of 'sophistical artifice,' than such a straight-forward observer as Dr. Reid.

The foundation of knowledge being laid, our author proceeds to analyse the relation of cause and effect; and begins with inquiring into the grounds of our belief, that the succession of events in time future, will resemble that of events in time past. He takes Adam, (who had the advantage of being full grown from the first, and who surely would be the only person, who could have any doubts on the subject) and gives a flourishing account of the supposed state of his mind, as to the reappearance of the sun after its first set. At first, he is in perfect uncertainty; but the repeated and regular return of the luminary would, by and by, give him a firm assurance of the unbroken alternation of day and night; though it would take an antediluvian life at least, to become as sure of the fact as we are. So Mr. Ogilvie adopts Hume's hypothesis, and resolves our belief in this case into custom or habit; while Dr. Reid would make it a part of our constitution. Here then is our author's creed, and we take it to be a mere obscuration of Hume. He is now in motion, and the remainder of the Essay is devoted to defining the regions of the *knowable*, and drawing several conclusions from the whole matter. Of these, and the enormous notes upon every thing, we can say nothing.

We wish, however, that our author had avoided ambiguity and contradiction, upon the delicate subject of the immutability of truth. He is so hard upon poor Beattie, for wanting philosophy in treating this subject, that he should have been exceedingly careful of his own growing reputation in that line. At one time he tells us, that the doctrine of the immutability of the moral and physical order of the universe, leads directly to atheism; and at another, that the mighty laws of nature bind with "adamantine chains," and support with "Atlantean shoulders" the *immutable order* of the moral and material universe.' This is loose, and satisfies us that his oratory and rhetorick are greatly in the way of his philosophy and logick.

The last, and by a page or two, the longest Essay, is upon the "Modern abuse of moral fiction in the shape of Novels." It is of this Essay, that he says, 'every sentence came, (gushed he had almost said) from his heart.' "The subject is so peculiarly susceptible of rhetorical embellishment, so admirably adapted to the purposes of impassioned declamation, that he offers no apology for the style.' It was fair to warn us of this; so we entered prepared, and found a good deal of just remark, mixed up with the mistakes of a solitary man, who thinks too much of the dangers, to which society is exposed from false representations of life given in novels, merely because he is not aware what a cluster of realities and "tangible motives" there is around us of the city, which breaks up our illusions, and bring us down to "sober certainty," long before we begin to act. Still there is a laudable honesty in Mr. Ogilvie's zeal, and no doubt he strikes at many real mischiefs.—If a fiction is intended for our taste merely, or for our moral improvement too, it should certainly be consistent. Let it be poetry or life; or if it give models for practical use, let them be such as are fitted for beings cast as we are, even though we may not see around us, any actual combination of virtues, which will answer to that in the story.—It is needless to say, that novels, like every thing else in literature, have fallen too much into the hands of men whom nature never formed for authors; men void of genius, ignorant of life, getting their marvels and love from wild romance or idle pastoral, and mixing all up in a way of vulgar tawdriness, to entertain boys and girls, who have more sensibility perhaps, but not a jot more of experience than the authors themselves. Thus it is that the young are inflamed or misguided, and their relish for a book turned to sickly stories; not to fine fable, which fertilizes the imagination; to high adventures, which stimulate curiosity and make one stretch beyond his own home; not to history or travels, which are crowded with truth as well as excitement; and all which may be enjoyed by the young, not only without enfeebling and dissipating the mind, but actually purifying and strengthening it. No—it is to mawkish, immoral, delusive nonsense; to which the herd of novel-writers tempt their readers,

and to which our printers are often most unworthy auxiliaries, inasmuch, as having it in their power to do something for our taste and morals, with profit to themselves, they still contribute to keep alive and gratify our diseased longing for bad fiction and wretched composition. If a dull poem comes out, it is in general sure to die shortly, or to live in a very narrow region; for poetry is somewhat the property and luxury of the intelligent, or at least owes its popularity for the most part to their judgments; and perhaps no other sort of composition depends so much upon skill, and shews so plainly and so fatally its own defects. But the meanest novel has the vulgar charm of a story, and almost any thing of this sort will have admirers. The clumsy workmanship is kept out of sight, by wonders and *sentimentality*. The favourite volume is soiled to-day in the kitchen, and to-morrow in the parlour. It has readers among the high and low, to sigh and melt over its extravagance and lies. Fortunately, there are fine novels too, that have a place in literature, and save the moderns from the reproach of failure in a species of composition, that has no model in antiquity.— We have of late been gratified with novels of a new class, which we may perhaps call *religious*. We set 'Discipline' at the head of these, and venture to hope that authors, blest with genius and knowledge of life, will hereafter learn from this book, that the *direct* mention of our religion may be seriously introduced in a novel, without injuring its sale, or subjecting the author to the charge of cant or hypocrisy.

We are growing almost as zealous as Mr. Ogilvie. But we cannot recommend this Essay for a philosophical one, any more than the others.

The extracts we have made, are probably enough to let our readers into the peculiarities of Mr. Ogilvie's style, though we assure them we have not sought out defects, and we think the author himself will allow, that we have omitted some of the most vicious passages. He was writing for the young, and therefore concluded that ornament and copious illustration were indispensable to gaining attention. His long habit of popular declamation led him, in preparing his book, to adopt the same mode he had practised on the Rostrum, of moving the affections, and neglect-

ing the judgment. He had also unfortunately found out, 'that Dugald Stewart had done more to recommend the philosophy of the mind, than any other man, by his style and illustrations.' All these things conspired, with his own defects of taste, to persuade him that truth was but an unsavoury morsel of itself, and would go down and nourish one better, if fairly smothered by cookery.—At the close of the volume, he looks back upon his labours, with the mournful remembrance of exhausting toils made fruitless by defects. An author has some claims upon our compassion, (and this Mr. Ogilvie very honourably disdains) who shuts up so long a work with acknowledgments of deficiency, *unpreparedness* and *unaccustomedness*, and with sad allusions to his lonely and unfriended labours. He came at last to a 'clear conviction of the radical malignity of metaphor,' and means in *another* work, to shew its unfitness, not only in philosophical disquisition, but even for the purposes of poetical embellishment. We are glad to find him for once, in an errour on the safe side, and will quote his favourite Hume, by way of reproof and encouragement. "In all abstract reasonings, there is one point of view, which, if we can happily hit, we shall go farther towards illustrating the subject, than by all the eloquence and copious expression in the world. This point of view we should endeavour to reach, and reserve the flowers of rhetorick for subjects which are more adapted to them."

The wonder with us is, how Mr. Ogilvie should have studied fine authors so long, and certainly become acquainted with the taste of readers, and yet had the courage to carry into his book as bad composition, as he could possibly expect to pass off on a mixed crowd, by all the helps of his fine speaking. We find fault with his excesses and his gilding; but we would not have it thought, that he gives us the gorgeous, perhaps licentious diction of the early writers, or the fresh extravagance of a school-boy, or the hurried imagery of a writer who is warm with his subject, is caught for a moment by an illustration, gives it in a word, and rushes on impatiently with his reflections. He strikes us more like a man, who makes ornaments and beauties out of his dictionary, though he often gives proofs of a rich fancy, and of nice susceptibility to beauty in others.—We are perhaps the more disgusted, at seeing sober philoso-

phy arrayed in such sorry and unbecoming finery. One is almost tempted to think, that in Mr. Ogilvie's mind, tropes and beauties were thrown in amongst facts and conclusions, so that in looking for a truth, he was bewitched by the light graces that started up, and that he could only bring it out, hung round with the flaunting ornaments that lay near it. When we think of the sumptuousness and vagueness of his language, the solemnity and poetical indistinctness of his statements, the boundless stretch of his views, when he begins to follow out the consequences of his reasoning, and the unexpected beauties that now and then shew themselves, we are tempted to call this work the most grotesque literary curiosity we have seen, and shall venture, with Dryden's leave, to pronounce our author's manner, the philosophical "fairy-way of writing."

Amongst his first wants are simplicity, calmness, and directness. He wants courage to say a thing outright, and sometimes props himself up by mere words, whilst aspiring to a distant beauty that has caught his fancy. He has no natural falls and elevations, to suit the varieties of thought. He is always straining and striving, and actually talks of the 'damnatory weight of blasphemy,' in a man who spoke lightly of Cicero. He is so sweeping and boisterous in his severest philosophical investigations, that we are constantly reminded of 'his rifle of analysis, and the Congreve rockets of philosophical rhetorick.'— His want of skill is seldom more remarkable, than in his long parenthetical sentences. We like 'sentential length,' as he calls it, in the hands of a practised writer, who goes through a long process of accumulation, with a strict preservation of dependence in his thoughts, enabling us as we go along to feel, (if we may use expressions that have been applied to logical reasoning) not only the concatenation of the links, but that the whole chain is still fastened to the hook, or yet further to the beam. The process is indeed very artificial, but we like to see it well carried through. Our author is singularly unskilful at this work, though he is particularly ambitious to excel in it. If we had room, we might justify this remark, by a passage from the Narrative, (p. lxxxv. &c.) where we have one sentence of two pages, including three paragraphs.— He is as fond of parentheses as of long sentences, and they are

often quite as embarrassing. In the very spirit of the song, beginning as we believe with, "what's an old bachelor like," he shews us what an unparenthetical style is like;

"A hand without a palm; glands without absorbents; a chamber without closets; a coat or a pair of pantaloons without pockets; a sideboard without compartments; a trunk without a boot; p. xcviii.

For all this, we have seen our author quite lost in a sentence of moderate length, even with the aid of a parenthesis within a parenthesis. Sup. Nar. xxii. &c. Till he is more practised, he had much better condescend to write in the uninvolved manner of his favourites, Campbell and Hume.—It will not do for Mr. Ogilvie to affect contempt of style, because he has found so many blemishes in his own. We believe that his defects of composition are nearly connected with important defects in his mind and ways of thinking, and are an essential injury to his meaning, where he has any. And when we ask him to reform his manner altogether, it is not merely from a regard to the taste of his fastidious readers, but because we believe that a simple, direct mode of expression, both indicates and imperceptibly promotes clearness of thought, and will save him from mistaking words for substance.

But we must close, though we had something to say of his innumerable compound epithets, his bad English, his childish way of dovetailing fragments of borrowed poetry or prose into his text, and of his beggarly repetition, again and again, of passages that are quite familiar, except when he misquotes them.—The neglect in which his book continues to sleep, is another symptom, that something like good taste is growing up amongst us; and we are really glad that the work cannot, with any justice, be thrown upon our literature. If the book had been of any value, his countrymen would certainly have claimed it, and we shall not allow them to cast it upon our hands now, though it would be in their way to tell us, that *we* spoilt the author. We are charitable enough, when we have any thing to bestow; but the fact is, we have no literary reputation to spare. We have enough bad writing of our own, without adopting that of foreigners. We leave Mr. Ogilvie to "*the august and*

appellate tribunals of criticism" (whose notice and favour he confidently expects,) for abler censure or worthier commendation than ours; and in parting, we beg him, whatever he may do for the improvement of our boys in speaking, by all means to let their composition alone.

Airs of Palestine; a Poem: by John Pierpont, Esq. Second Edition. Boston: published by Wells and Lilly. 1817.

They who have seen in Europe, genius looking to the press as the only means of reward, have little notion how small a portion of the talent and literature of this country flow through that channel; they know not how many offices of power and trust, all in the gift of the people, and all with high requisitions of information are necessary to conduct our complicated system of confederate government; they know not the price of talent we pay for our liberties and their security. We can spare few of our citizens from the necessary labours of life, and they are all employed in one form or the other in governing the rest. No sooner is a man of talent exempted by fortune from labour, than he is involved in politicks; and in a *government of opinions* like ours, where individual intellect has full scope for its ambition, few will be content with the barren praise of scholarship. In Europe the avenues of office are crowded with applicants, and disappointed genius turns to literature for bread: here our increasing population, peculiar form of government, and the republican doctrine of rotation in office, create a constant demand of talent for the publick service.

With this opinion of the comparative talent and literature of our country, we are pleased with the appearance of a poem like the Airs of Palestine, not because it discovers more poetical power than we believe many of our countrymen to possess, but because we are glad to see so much talent redeemed from other pursuits. Nor, to confess our individual opinion, is the merit of this performance the immediate cause of the importance we attach to it; single and unsupported it can do little for the encouragement of our

literature or the reputation of the country. It has delighted us in the perusal, and we shall often turn to it with pleasure as its splendid images grow dim in our minds: but this is not all; its merit is a promise of future excellence, and the applause it has received, is given as much to animate as to reward. After the specimen Mr. Pierpont has here exhibited of his powers of poetry, he will not readily be excused if he rests contented with the fame he has already acquired; he owes much to literature, his country and himself; what he has done is enough to convince us he possesses ability to excel; but of this his friends needed no proof, and with this the publick will not be satisfied. He may doubtless engage with success in pursuits in themselves more useful, but he may well resign them to those who have not his power of refining the feelings and gratifying the taste. Our countrymen have hitherto consecrated their talents to the service of their own age only, leaving nothing to posterity but their example; if he too will devote his genius and taste to a profession, we hope at least that he will not forget his earlier pursuits; we hope at some time to receive from him a work even better than this, on a subject admitting greater invention and more of the graces of poetry.

The Airs of Palestine is of a kind of poetry that may be called *moral descriptive*. Its subject is musick, principally as connected with sacred history, but with occasional digressions into the land of mythology and romance. It has no unity of plan, but consists of a succession of brilliant pictures with little attempt at methodical arrangement. Beginning with the confusion of languages at the destruction of Babel, when musick is represented as a mode of intercourse substituted for that community of speech, which the inhabitants of the earth before enjoyed, it proceeds relating some of the most striking incidents of scripture history, displaying the power and effects of musick. These with a few fancy pieces, sketched with much spirit and grace, and rather a long account of Chateaubriand, with a versification of several passages from his travels (little of which is very appropriate to the subject, or adds much to the interest of the work) compose the materials. As the poem is short, our limits will allow us to follow the author through it; this course will perhaps give a better idea of its general design,

and at the same time allow a more detailed examination of its parts, than any other mode of remark.

The simile with which the subject is introduced, probably suggested by the opening of the Pleasures of Hope, to which poem this bears some analogy, is not a happy illustration, nor in the author's best manner. Nothing would have been lost had the poem commenced with the succeeding lines:

> "All was not lost, though busy Discord flung
> Repulsive accents from each jarring tongue."

But even then follows a figure which it would require much critical logick to justify; the *tie* that "love had twined" and "mercy dropp'd," after winding round the soul, binding man to man, and *soothing* passion's strife, one would think had performed offices enough, without being made a clue through the labyrinths of earth to heaven. After this introduction, which is by no means a fair specimen of the work, musick is well described in her effects on the brute creation, as well as on man, and her influence in religion; though there is something too much of chemical detail in the following lines, where the heart is represented as passing regularly by the united agency of religion and musick from a solid to an aëriform fluid:

> "And when Religion's mild and genial ray,
> Around the frozen heart begins to play,
> Musick's soft breath falls on the quivering light;
> The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright;
> And that cold mass, by either power assail'd,
> Is warm'd—made liquid—and to heaven exhal'd."

The subject being thus proposed, the poet places us on an eminence which overlooks all the beauties of landscape, and the charms of classick ground. He describes the scene in lines of uncommon grace and enthusiasm; allured at first by the remembrance of Grecian story, his eye wanders rapidly over its enchanted fields, but turns from them to Palestine. This passage is too beautiful to be divided, and its length will not permit us to extract the whole. The scene of his sacred song is not however so well described; the passage is encumbered with unmeaning epithets and indistinct imagery, and has no merit

that could claim for it a place between two descriptions so splendid as those it divides.

We here notice the first occurrence of a fault that has offended our ear more than any thing in the poem; we allude to the double rhymes. These are so often repeated that they must be charged to the poet's taste, and not to accident or necessity; they do not indeed seem to be sought, but they are introduced without apparent reason, and we are surprised that a taste so chastised, as Mr. Pierpont has exhibited in many other respects, should not have revolted from this violation of the simple majesty of the heroick measure. The Airs of Palestine is a poem on subjects the most solemn and sacred, and the author has wisely chosen the only mode of verse our language offers worthy of their dignity. It is a measure capable of every variety of dignified expression, and much better deserves the encomium Dr. Beattie has paid to the stanza of Spenser. It has indeed somewhat gone out of fashion, in this troubled reign of ballad-mongers and song-wrights; it is too laborious for the present race of poets, who with the power of being great, aspire only to be popular and rich; while the publick will bear it, and half a crown a line is paid by publishers, no wonder those lines should be made as short as possible. The decision of true taste, however, on both sides the Atlantick confirms the choice of the great masters of English poetry, and the ten syllable verse begins now to look not quite so long and stiff to fashionable readers. Of this verse Mr. Pierpont has in the poem before us given in general a correct and elegant specimen; the only exceptions are the too frequent use of alliteration, and the great fault of double rhymes. These last are evidently favourites with the author, and when we censure them, we are of course at issue with him on a question of taste. On such a point we certainly do not think lightly of Mr. Pierpont's opinion; if deliberately expressed in opposition to us, even in judging himself, it would oblige us critically to revise our own: but with all due deference we see no sufficient reason for this innovation. The jingle of a double rhyme is a childish ornament, which shocks an ear accustomed to the severe simplicity of pure iambicks; it may sometimes be introduced, with good effect, into the lighter kinds of poetry, but it has so

long been appropriated to the travestie and burlesque, that association unites with taste to condemn it. That has been defined to be the best style of prose, that least intrudes on the observation of the reader; to apply the remark in its full extent to poetry, would be excluding all the graces of mere diction, to which it owes much of its charm. But though an epithet merely beautiful, and a figure that adorns without illustrating, be legitimate ornaments of poetry, the spirit of the rule is yet applicable to versification. Poetry should be a union of eloquence and musick: it is the object of the poet while he suggests noble and affecting images, to clothe them in numbers whose mechanical effect, independent of the sentiments, shall prepare the mind for their reception. This is the only legitimate object of verse: to please the ear is a trivial task, if it be not made subservient to higher purposes. Versification then to produce its full effect, should vary with the subject; and where that is of too intellectual and abstract a nature to be followed by simple intonation, the most that verse can do is to play an accompaniment that shall harmonize with the general tone of the sentiment; then the art of the poet is so to manage his verse as not to disturb the sublimity it cannot heighten, or the quiet beauty it cannot adorn. For subjects, therefore, of this kind, the monotony of the plain heroick verse is peculiarly adapted, because the ear soon becomes accustomed to it, and we lose in its unvaried smoothness, all thought that would interfere with the current of our feelings. And it is evident that unless some peculiar effect is intended to be produced in the reader, all sudden changes in the verse, or rhyme, should be avoided, as they nesessarily recall the rapt attention. They are sometimes productive of fine effect when judiciously introduced: in Alexander's feast, that splendid exhibition of the power of verse, so much are the rapid changes of the scene aided by corresponding varieties of rhyme and metre, that musick could add nothing to its effect; it is itself a study for the greatest musicians. There, through every mode of verse, the idea burns along with such rapidity, that we are scarcely sensible of the changes, that are adapted with such exquisite skill, to the scenes described and the varying emotions of the mind. Every feeling of the reader is anticipated, and met with its peculiar

language; and few we believe have ever read it, without reposing on the quiet flow of the concluding strain, exhausted by the impetuous current of their thoughts. Much of this effect is undoubtedly produced by the versification; but this art can only be successfully employed where sudden and violent emotions are to be excited; in subjects susceptible of little enthusiasm, or where the enthusiasm is that of sentiment, not of passion, the most simple and unvaried metre is the best. We remember an instance where we felt this disagreeable interruption of double rhyme in Byron's Giaour; it is in that exquisite comparison of the faded glory of Greece to the chilling loveliness of a corpse—a passage too well remembered and too often quoted to need a repetition here. We would ask Mr. Pierpont if his feelings suffered no shock from the lines

> "Before decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

But enough, and more than enough, has been said on this point: we do not think Mr. Pierpont's taste will justify the predilection of his ear; of the effect in his own poem he has perhaps by frequent repetition ceased to be a judge, but as a question of taste on general principles we willingly leave it with him. The frequent occurrence of the fault could alone have induced us to animadvert on it so much at large. And we are willing to confess it is sometimes used, in the livelier parts of the poem with so much grace, that we do not wish to see it altered. One example of this will also illustrate some other of the preceding remarks on verse: it is the description of morning:

> "Then plays a mournful prelude, while the star
> Of morning fades:—but when heaven's gates unbar,
> And on the world a tide of glory *rushes*,
> Burns on the hill, and down the valley *blushes*."

The first exemplification of the effect of musick, is the song of Moses, and the Israelites, on the destruction of Pharaoh's host:

> "O'er the cleft sea, the storm in fury rides:
> Israel is safe, and Egypt tempts the tides:

Her host, descending, meets a wat'ry grave,
And o'er her monarch rolls the refluent wave.
The storm is hushed: the billows foam no more,
But sink in smiles:—there's musick on the shore.
On the wide waste of waters, dies that air
Unheard; for all is death and coldness there.
But see! the robe that brooding Silence throws
O'er Shur reclining in profound repose,
Is rent, and scattered, by the burst of praise,
That swells the song th' astonish'd Hebrews raise.
That rending anthem on the wild was flung,
From Miriam's timbrel and from Moses' tongue:
The first to Liberty that e'er was sung."

This is beautiful throughout: the figure in the ninth and succeeding lines is carried at least as far as propriety admits. It may perhaps be liable to censure, but we do not feel inclined to apply it.

Next follow the song and death of Moses and the destruction of Jericho. The order of events is here reversed, as the siege of Jericho is made to take place after the fight at Gibeon. The wonderful events of the latter are thus mentioned:

"Whose veteran arm, already taught to urge
The battle stream, and roll its darkest surge,
Hangs over Jericho's devoted towers,
And like the storm o'er Sodom, redly lowers?
The moon can answer; for she heard his tongue,
As cold and pale o'er Ajalon she hung.
The sun can tell:—O'er Gibeon's vale of blood,
Curving their beamy necks, his coursers stood,
Held by that hero's arm, to light his wrath,
And roll their glorious eyes upon his crimson path."

We do not think the mythological fiction of the chariot of the sun, has grandeur enough to procure it a place in modern poetry; it doubtless had its effect when connected with ancient superstition, and in an ancient poet is for that reason still beautiful; such beauties however do not bear transplanting, and they are particularly misplaced in a poem on subjects like the present. This repetition of old figures and fictions is a fatal obstacle to the progress of poetry: once settle it that because classical they are always admissible, and we become

mere imitators. Admitting the excellence of ancient models, we can certainly rise as high by pursuing other paths, as by treading in their steps. This is not intended to apply particularly to the passage quoted, for the beauty of its execution redeems all fault in the idea.

Next comes the hermit of Mount Libanus, and an animated description of the charms an enthusiastick mind may find in the most desert scenes; the musick of irrational nature living and inanimate displays the attributes of Deity and warms, instructs and encourages the 'solitary man.' This is in a strain of easy and elegant poetry.

Elijah's flight to mount Horeb is then noticed, but the sublimity of the original seems to have embarrassed Mr. Pierpont; he has not attempted to describe the tempest, the earthquake, and the fire, though the scene would be here peculiarly appropriate as a comment on the preceding passage. Perhaps however he judged rightly—the original is inimitable; yet we cannot but regret that it should have been omitted, since he has succeeded on a subject of the same nature, and at least as difficult. The descent of the Eternal on Mount Sinai, which immediately follows, is as perfect as the subject will admit.—Mr. Pierpont has succeeded well, where it is great praise not to fail.

The beautiful story of the power of musick in calming the troubled mind of Saul, loses nothing in the hands of our author. The description of David's boyhood is, however, a little obscured by the unseasonable intervention of the poet, in his own person; we know of no figure of poetry or rhetorick that allows him to mingle in scenes so long gone by. What is the meaning of the last of these lines?

> "Still, on his brow the crown of Israel gleams,
> And cringing courtiers still adore its beams,
> Though the bright circle throws no light divine,
> But rays of hell, that melt it while they shine."

There is a fine idea in these where the demon

> "—— sees the dawnings of too bright a sky;
> Detects the angel in the poet's eye.

The song of the angels at the advent of our Saviour is preceded by a brilliant and poetical personification of the constella-

tions; after which follows the deliverance of Paul and Silas, from the prison at Phillippi. This produces some good lines, though the whole is rather indifferent.

> "The wretch, who long, in dungeons cold and dank,
> Had shook his fetters, that their iron clank
> Might break the grave-like silence of that prison—"

Is this natural? Is there not on the contrary something in deep silence, productive of a dread of hearing even the noise of our own motions? The idea certainly is more striking.

The hymn sung by the Saviour and his disciples, on the Mount of Olives, excites a melancholy feeling that proceeds rather from the interest of the subject, than from the manner in which it is here related. This and the preceding passage we think the worst part of the poem.

> "———— the diamond lights on high,
> Burn bright and dance harmonious through the sky;"

is very faulty; the expression is entirely inconsistent with the majesty of the sublimest works of nature. And certainly nothing uncommon happens when

> "*The moon above*, the wave beneath *is still*."

Here the poet takes his leave of Palestine, and turns to the deserts of Paraguay; he pictures well the wild luxuriance of nature in her varieties of uncultivated beauty. To give life to the silent scene, where

> "———— at times, the musing pilgrim hears
> A crumbling oak fall with the weight of years—"

a Jesuit missionary is introduced in the following lines, of which the first are extracted for their beauty, and the last for their obscurity:

> "Round the bold front of yon projecting cliff,
> Shoots, on white wings, the missionary's skiff,
> And, walking steadily along the tide,
> Seems, like a phantom, o'er the wave to glide,

Unfolding to the breeze her light cymar,
And bearing on her breast the Apostolick star.
That brilliant orb the bless'd Redeemer hurl'd,
From his pierc'd hand, ere he forsook the world.
Launch'd by that hand, the sphere, divinely bright,
Has left, on eastern clouds, its path of light,
And, in a radiant curve, descends to bless
Parana's wave, Paraguay's wilderness."

The last six lines we cannot understand, in any way worthy of the author. The following is an apt illustration of our observations on the use of double rhyme:

"Heed not the foe, that yells defiance nigh,
See not the deer, that dashes wildly by,
Drop from their hand the bow and rattling quiver,
Crowd to the shore and plunge into the river."

We did not expect when we began, to meet in the Airs of Palestine a French minister of state; the next subject however is Chateaubriand, his works and travels. These we do not think very happily introduced, though they give occasion to a description of the power of musick on a serpent, which we should be glad to extract, but for the claims of the moonlight scene that succeeds it. This we must insert entire, as a specimen of descriptive poetry scarcely exceeded by any in our remembrance:

"On Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows,
And his cool arms round Vallombrosa throws,
Rolling his crystal tide through classick vales,
Alone,—at night,—the Italian boatman sails.
High o'er Mont Alto, walks, in maiden pride,
Night's queen:—he sees her image on that tide,
Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest,
Around his prow, then rippling sinks to rest;
Now, glittering dance around his eddying oar,
Whose every sweep is echoed from the shore;
Now, far before him, on a liquid bed
Of waveless water, rest her radiant head.
How mild the empire of that virgin queen!
How dark the mountain's shade! how still the scene!
Hush'd by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep
On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep,

Nor dare to whisper through the boughs, nor stir
The valleys willow, nor the mountain's fir,
Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver,
Nor brush, with ruffling wing, that glassy river,

"Hark!—'tis a convent's bell:—its midnight chime
For musick measures even the march of Time:—
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,
Grey turrets rise:—the eye can catch no more.
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,
Suspends his oar:—a low and solemn swell,
From the deep shade, that round the cloister lies,
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.
What melting song wakes the cold ear of night?
A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, rob'd in white,
Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.
Triumphant is the spell! with raptur'd ear,
That uncaged spirit hovering lingers near;—
Why should she mount? why pant for brighter bliss,
A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this!"

Where is there "a sweeter song than this?" How perfect is the conception, and how delicate the execution!

The descriptive part of the poem closes with the story of a minstrel's day, of which the scene is laid in the Scottish mountains. The glory of the morning, the mountain scenery, and the ardour of the poet, are well painted; there is a freshness and individuality in the picture that mark a strong conception. As the passage just extracted is the best of the work, so this is the most animated, and they might be contrasted with advantage if we had not already quoted so largely. The minstrel is led through scenes of beauty and sublimity,

"Till night descends, and round the wanderer flings
The dew-drops dripping from her dusky wings."

The beauties of the day are then exchanged for the terrours of darkness heightened by tempest and ruins. Thus far the idea is well pursued; but the childish fears of the boy are a subject of too little dignity to close the scene; though the "mountain blast" and the "thundering tides" are effects worthy of the Spirit to whom they are ascribed, the "ghost's red

eye," the "lamp sepulchral," the "meteor" and the "glow worm," are the silly terrours of romance, and unworthy of the occasion and the Agent.

It is a subject of regret, that this episode was not better concluded; it has much beauty, and though probably suggested by the "Minstrel," has no such resemblance to it as to lose the praise of originality; but surely the author could have formed a better idea of the effect of those "mightiest" powers of nature that are "kept in reserve till night," than such a goblin adventure.

The immediate close of the poem consists of an address to Deity, in which there is little to remark; it is too long, and would have been more appropriate to the original design of the poem than its present destination.*

We have omitted to mention, or noticed but incidentally, several minor faults that occur more than once. They are not important, but their repetition demands remark. The principal defects of the poem are those of taste; the author seldom fails from weakness, though he often errs in judgment. He has much splendour of imagery, yet we think he often pursues a figure too far. His epithets are occasionally misapplied: "loose wings," "purple air," "purple odours," &c.; his alliteration passes the bounds of good taste and authority. Standard poets seldom extend it beyond two continuous words. Mr. Pierpont gives us one line where, out of ten syllables, seven begin with the same letter:

"The lordly lion leaves his lonely lair."

The verse is however in general uncommonly correct and musical; very few lines could be selected that are not perfectly well modulated, and we believe there is not an exceptionable rhyme in the poem; the author has not been content to keep within the pale of authority on this point, but has in every instance conformed to a more rigid system of his own. We think there is not to be found in succession, in any English poem, the same number of perfect rhymes.

We have thus followed the author to the conclusion, and we close the volume with a high opinion of Mr. Pierpont's

* "It was originally intended that the recitation of this poem should form a part of the performances of an evening concert of sacred musick for charitable purposes."

power of poetry. The mode of review we have adopted is certainly not favourable to the faults of a work; but the Airs of Palestine has too much merit to suffer from it. Had it been an indifferent poem, we should have noticed it in a more summary way, and passed over faults we despaired of correcting; but it has too much taste and beauty to be made the mere basis of an essay and dismissed without scrutiny; and if this superiority has given a proportionate prominence to its defects, Mr. Pierpont must be content to suffer the common penalty of eminence. Yet, though we have endeavoured to speak of it with perfect impartiality, we fear on looking back on our remarks, we have not said so much in its praise as it deserves; we have passed without notice many of its beauties, and if our censures have in any instance done injustice to Mr. Pierpont, our readers who may be induced to purchase the book will at least acquit us of disappointing them by unmerited praise.

Abstract of Meteorological Observations for October, 1816; *taken at Brunswick*, by Professor Cleaveland.

Mean monthly temperature, from three observations each day,	49,86°
Mean monthly temperature, from maxima of heat and cold,	48.16
Greatest heat,	76.00
Greatest cold,	23.50
Mean height of the Barometer	29.809 inches.
Greatest monthly range of do.	.890
Quantity of rain,	6.165
Days entirely or chiefly fair,	17
do. do. do. cloudy,	14

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz.:—S. W. 15—N. W. 15—N. E. 7—E. 3—W. 2—S. 2—S. E. 2—N. 1. A little snow fell on the 7th.

November, 1816.

Mean monthly temperature, from three observations each day,	39.52°
Mean monthly temperature, from maxima of heat and cold,	37.66

Greatest heat, - - - - 61.50°
Greatest cold, - - - - 0.00
Mean height of the Barometer, 29.873 inches.
Greatest monthly range of do. - .850
Quantity of rain, and snow reduced to water, 5.664
Days entirely or chiefly fair, 14
do. do. do. cloudy, 16

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz. :—N. W. 16—S. W. 14—N. E. 7—S. 3—S. E. 2—W. 1—N. 1 E. 1. Snow fell on the 23d, 24th, and 29th, in all about eight inches. On the night of the 28th the Thermometer fell to the *zero*, and rose on the following day to 34°.

December, 1816.

Mean monthly temperature from three observations each day, - - - - 23.73°
Mean monthly temperature from maxima of heat and cold, - - - - - 21.29
Greatest heat, Dec. 26th, - - - 50.00
Greatest cold, Dec. 22d, - - - = 8.50*
Mean height of the Barometer 29.891 inches.
Greatest monthly range of do. - 1.140
Quantity of rain and snow, reduced to water, 0.200
Days entirely or chiefly fair, 18
do. do. do. cloudy, 13

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz. :—S. W. 20—N. W. 14—N. E. 6—N. 4—S. E. 1—E. 1.

January, 1817.

Mean Monthly temperature from three observations each day, - - - - - 16.24°
Mean monthly temperature from maxima of heat and cold, - - - - - 13.47
Greatest heat, Jan. 18th, - - - 44.00
Greatest cold, Jan. 29th, - - - = 23.00*
Mean height of the Barometer, 29.650 inches.
Greatest monthly range of do. - 1.390
Quantity of rain and snow, reduced to water, 5.300
Days entirely or chiefly fair. 18
do. do. do. cloudy, 13

* I employ the sign = to denote degrees below zero.

Directions of the winds in proportional numbers, viz. ;—N. W. 18—N. E. 12—S. W. 12—S. E. 2—N. 1—W. 1.

Remarks on the month of January.

During this month De Luc's Hygrometer has ranged between 40 and 65, standing at a mean, at 51.31. The predominant form of the clouds has been that of the Cirro-stratus, often accompanied by some variety of the Cirrus.

The electrical state of the air on the evening of the 17th, was very uncommon. In the earlier part of the evening, the wind was blowing from the N. E. and the Thermometer descended to 17.5°. But after a short calm, the wind suddenly changed to S. E. attended, at first, by snow and rain, and flashes of lightning, the Thermometer rose rapidly, while the Barometer fell to 28.89. At this time, three persons, crossing the bridge over the Androscoggin, observed the *borders* of their hats to be *luminous;* and when they held up their hands, covered with woollen gloves, the ends of their fingers were also *luminous.* These appearances were observed *on the bridge only.*

MISCELLANEOUS AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

POSTSCRIPT

To the Articles respecting the Bricks lately brought from Babylon.

At the Atheneum, in Boston, is now to be seen one of the bricks brought by Captain Austen from Babylon, and by him presented to that excellent institution. It will be remembered, that these bricks are said either to have been baked in the sun, or to have been burned ; and the present specimen appears to have been of the former description. Its outside is clay-coloured ; but viewed within, at a broken part, in certain lights, the present brick seems to exhibit some marks of an *extremely* pale pink colour. It rings, upon being struck with a hard body in particular positions ; and besides its regularly impressed characters, it has figures of a purely accidental description on its outside, apparently formed by straws, with which the brick had come into contact while in its soft state. If we judge from certain straight impressions observable in different directions in the interiour of the bricks, the clay had also straw worked into it, in order to give to it tenacity.

The *impression of regular characters* made on this brick is indistinct in many respects. This want of distinctness in the characters, and the comparative want of firmness in the material itself favour, therefore, the persuasion, that the characters on the sun-burnt bricks were *not* intended to be studied *individually*, though something doubtless was intended to be understood by means of the impressions stamped upon them, considered *generally*. The carelessness, indeed, with which the stamp has been placed on this and on others of these bricks, seems to indicate the haste of an ignorant labourer, rather than work performed under the direction of a skilful artist, or a man of science.

Bricks thus rudely manufactured and stamped, and of which the characters are not always readily to be traced afterwards by the eye, may easily be supposed to have been wrought with a view to their being laid *horizontally*, so as to form strong brick work in a wall; for how could such characters be examined with precision, even in the case of such bricks being placed on their edges? and if placed on their edges, how could such bricks remain solidly in their places? and how little costly labour was *sacrificed*, when stamped impressions of the above description were buried flat in walls? This cannot be said of the characters found at Persepolis, which are cut in *marble*, and which are soon to be mentioned; for these, from the first, were designed to become objects of lasting observation. The Babylonian bricks *burnt with fire*, may in various instances admit of the same remarks.

The brick at present lodged in the Atheneum, has the *dimensions* usually assigned to the Babylonian bricks, by different authors.

It should lastly be added, that this brick is accompanied, by the favour of Captain Austen, with specimens of the *vegetable substances* frequently found placed between the courses of bricks at Babylon; and that in the present instance, these vegetables are said to have been found lodged between every two courses.

A letter, written by the companion of Capt. Austen, and published in the Boston Centinel of Feb. 22, 1816, has given a few separate observations, which occurred in this excursion of Capt. Austen's party from the Gulf of Persia to Bagdad.

Respecting the passage from Pliny, quoted at page 339, of the present Review, the celebrated Mr. Jackson in his *Chronological Antiquities*, thus translates the whole of it. "Epigenes, an author of principal note and regard, informs us that the Babylonians had celestial observations wrote upon *tiles* for a course of seven hundred and twenty years: and the lowest computation of them by Berosus and Critodemus, was four hundred and

eighty years; whence, says he, [that is Pliny,] it appears that the use of letters is eternal, (or from all ages:")—[*Ex quo apparat aeternus literarum usus.*] Mr. Jackson, however, though he allows that the text of all the present copies of Pliny admit of this interpretation; yet affirms, either that the letter M (signifying a *thousand*) was omitted after 720 and after 480, or else that a stroke was wanting over these numerals, also signifying a thousand; by the introduction of either of which into the text of Pliny, these numbers would become respectively 720,000 and 480,000. He confesses, that Isaac Vossuis and Perigorius saw the necessity of this correction, which he himself says renders the passage conformable to the assertion of Berosus; but he adds, that the two criticks just named, did not consider (as they ought to have done) that these Chaldean *years* were *days*, three hundred and sixty-five of which made a common Chaldean year. The change in the text here proposed somewhat more than triples the periods now found in Pliny.

In the course of his discussion, Mr. Jackson introduces the following note;—

"Writing upon *stone* or *tile*, was the most ancient way; and the former was used in Phœnicia and Egypt, by Tadut or Thoth, who wrote his History of the First Ages, and his Theology, on pillars or tables of stone; and perhaps Belus first taught the Babylonians and Chaldeans the way of writing on *tiles* at Babylon, where there was no stone. And therefore the prophet Ezekiel at Babylon is ordered to make a symbolical pourtray (or figure) of Jerusalem upon a *tile*, which was to be a prophetical sign of its destruction by the King of Babylon." Ch. iv, v. 1, &c. See Jackson, as above, vol. i, p. 217–222.

While treating the above subject, Mr. Jackson makes another remark, which regards the noted passage in Genesis xi, v. 3. He intimates, that the translation, which gives *slime* for the cement, is to be rejected; and that the word *bitumen* is to be substituted for slime; for he affirms, that Josephus so understood it, and that he therefore rendered the Hebrew word by that of *asphaltis*. Antiq. Jud. lib. i. c. 4 (See Jackson, as above, p. 223.) It will be recollected, that "the children of men" said, "go to, let us make bricks, and *burn* them thoroughly:" and it may be conceived, that bricks *burnt thoroughly*, required to be laid in something harder than slime; namely, in bitumen, which formed the harder cement of the Babylonians.

As to the *arrow-headed* character, which has been observed at Persepolis, in marble (which marble some have described as white, and others as black) this marble, we are told, is *fixed in walls*, with the inscription placed *outwardly*.

Flowers, an agent of the English East India company, in the seventeenth century, has given a drawing of an inscription of this kind, contained in two lines; which sufficiently corresponds with the arrow-headed characters seen at Babylon. Dr. *Hyde*, (in his work *De Religione veterum Persarum*,) again exhibits the engraving from Flowers; and places much reliance on the fidelity of the drawing by Flowers; because it contained *points*, answering to the full periods in our punctuation, all which are wanting in the drawings of the same characters made by Herbert and by Thevenot.

Flowers is said to have taken more drawings of characters of this kind, but his death prevented their being duly noticed. He conceived them to have been used by the Guebres, or to have been talismanick.

The following is the summary of the principal points of Dr. Hyde's own opinion on these subjects. 1. That the characters, as has been observed, were peculiar to Persepolis; an assertion in which he has erroneously copied Flowers, as being a traveller of some experience. 2. That the characters did not represent *flame*, [though this might have been suspected in Persia, where fire worshippers abound,] and his reason is, because the pyramid formed by flame is always turned upwards, and never downwards. 3. That these characters were never designed for letters, but sprang from mere fancy of the architect, who was fond of the figure of a *wedge* or *little sword*, and tried into how many forms he could combine these, placing a point after each of their combinations. 4. That this is confirmed by the recollection, that the Persians had no writing formed otherwise than by *letters*. 5. That the names of no Persian monarchs could be represented by these characters; the names of these princes always consisted of several syllables. 6. That the order observed in placing these characters, was from left to right; contrary to the habits of Persian writing and reading. 7. That the marble containing these characters at Persepolis was so fixed into the walls of the palace, as to prove that it was placed there when the palace was *originally built*, and consequently that the character must have been extremely ancient.

See the London Phil. Trans. No. 201. See also Hyde's second edition of his work *De Religione Veterum Persarum*, at the part of the *Index Sculptarum*, refering to plate XIX, given at p. 447, with the explanation to be found in the appendix, article 10, pp. 546—548.

The *Palmyrene* characters have been thought by some, and even by Dr. Hyde, (see as above, p. 554,) to have resembled those found engraven on marble at Persepolis; but the mistake will

instantly manifest itself, on comparing the characters given by Flowers and Hyde, with the Palmyrene characters to be seen in Wood's great work on the ruins of Palmyra.

The name of *nail-headed*, given by some to these characters, refers perhaps (as has been well observed) to the shape of such nails as are put into our modern horse-shoes. These characters are called by others *pyramidal*, while others, as has been seen, call them *arrow-headed*, &c. The several names hitherto employed by English writers on this occasion, are, in general, sufficiently appropriate.

The suddenness with which this subject has come upon the American publick, and the defect of most American libraries, with respect to certain parts of oriental literature, especially as treated by learned travellers and others within the last few years, render it impossible to throw the necessary light on the characters here in question. Even after we shall have seen what has been said by Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Hayes, Mr. Rich, M. Litchterstein, and others, on this subject, we shall, perhaps, still be left in this, as we are likely to be in many other cases, namely, in a state of *learned ignorance*.

Notice des Tableaux, &c.—Notice of the Pictures recovered by the city of Antwerp, of the works of art brought back from France, exhibited at the Museum. By authority of the Governour of the Province. Antwerp, L. P. Delacroix, 1816. This is a pamphlet giving some account of nearly fifty paintings, most of them from the pencils of Rubens and Van Dyck. The subjects are as follows.

No. 1. Descent from the cross, (*Rubens*) 14 3-4 ft. high by 11 ft. broad.
2. The Purification, 14 1-3 ft. by 5 1-2 ft.
3. The Visitation, 14 1-3 by 5 1-2 ft.
4. The Assumption of the Virgin, (*Rubens*) 17 ft. 7 in. by 11 ft. 8 in.
5. The Elevation on the cross, (*Rubens*) 16 ft. by 12.
6. Preparation for the punishment of the Thieves, 16 ft. 2 by 5 ft. 6
7. The Virgin Mother and the Apostle St. John, same dimensions.
8. Christ on the Cross between the Thieves, (*Rubens*) 15 ft. by 11.
9. The Worshipping of the Magi, (*Rubens*) 16 ft. by 12.
10. Communion of St. Francis. (*Rubens*) 14 3-4 ft. by 8.
11. Christ taken down from the Cross, (*Rubens*) 5 ft. by 3 ft 3.

12. The Virgin and the infant Jesus.
13. St. John, the Evangelist.
14. The Scourging, (*Rubens*) 7 ft. 8 by 5 ft. 8.
15. Christ shewing his wounds to St. Thomas, (*Rubens*) 5 ft. by 4 ft. 3 in.
16. Portrait of Roekers, a friend of Rubens.
17. Portrait of his wife.
18. Christ dead in the arms of the Father, the Holy Ghost descending; intended to represent the Trinity, (*Rubens*) 5 ft. 7 by 5 ft. 5.
19. St. Augustin in extacy, (*Van Dyck*) 13 ft. 6 by 7 ft. 10.
20. Christ dead, in the lap of the Virgin, a Magdalen kneeling holds one of his hands, which she bathes with tears; St. John standing by weeping, (*Van Dyck*) 10 ft. 7 by 7 ft. 9.
21. Christ on the Cross; on the right St. Dominic, on the left St. Catherine of Sienna, (*Van Dyck*) 11 ft. 1 by 8 ft. 7.
22. Christ dead, in the lap of the Virgin, (*Van Dyck*) 4 ft. 2 by 7 ft. 4.
23. Fall of the Rebel Angels, (*De Vriendt*) 11 ft. 2 by 7 ft. 10.
24. The bearing of the Cross, (*Van Dyck*) 7 ft. 5 by 5 ft. 8.
25. The same as No. 1. but smaller size, (*Rubens*) 4 ft. 5 by 3 ft. 3.
26. The General Judgment, (*De Backer.*)
27. St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read, (*Rubens*) 6 ft. 9. by 4 ft. 19.
28. Christ on the Cross, (*Rubens*) 7. ft. 9 by 4 ft. 4.
29. Christ in the lap of the Virgin, (*Van Dyck.*)
30. Resurrection of Christ, (*Rubens*) 6 ft. 3 by 4 ft. 5.
31. John the Baptist.
32. St. Catherine.
33. Conference of the Doctors of the Church upon the Eucharist, 13 ft. by 8 ft. 7.
34. The Worshipping of the Shepherds, (*Rubens*) 14 ft. 2 by 10 ft. 4.
35. A painting by *Corneille Devos.*
36. Portrait of Alex. Scaglia, minister of Spain at the Congress of Munster, (*Van Dyck*) 6 ft. 8 by 4 ft.
37. All-Saint's day, (*Rubens.*)
38. The Virgin presenting the infant Jesus to St. Francis, (*Rubens*) 8 ft. by 6 ft. 2.
39. The Martyrdom of St. Apollina, (*Jordaens*) 16 ft. 14 by 7 ft. 10.
40. Christ on the Cross between the virgin, St. John and a Magdalen (*Jordaens*) 7 ft. 7½ by 5 ft. 8.

41. St. Theresa interceding for souls in Purgatory, (*Rubens*) 7 ft. by 5.
42. Christ on the Cross, (*Van Dyck*) 3 ft. 8 by 7 ft. 4.
43 to 47 Sketches by *Rubens*.
48. A Portrait, (*Devos.*)

The Poor.—The Quarterly Review for August 1816, contains an article on the *poor*. We recommend it to the attention of our readers, as an able and profound disquisition upon this subject, in which the sources of individual prosperity, and the defences against want, are displayed with great perspicuity. It contains no splendid theories or projects. The writer's opinions are familiar to the mind of every sensible man. In a style vigorous, entertaining, and eloquent, he, in an intelligible manner, (and this is saying much in favour of a writer on this subject) directs the poor, how to fence against poverty, and the rich, how to assist them in doing it. The literary reader will, perhaps, think the style a little extravagant in some parts, and that the writer indulges himself in some license in the choice and application of words.

Donations made to the Boston Athenæum in January, 1817.

Jan. 6. Geographical view of the District of Maine. By Joseph Whipple, Esq.

Jan. 8. Several Pamphlets. By John E. Hall, Esq. of Baltimore.

Jan. 10. Rev. Samuel Worcester's Sermon. By Cummings and Hilliard.

Jan. 12. Inaugural Address, &c. By Jacob Bigelow, M. D.

Jan. 15. Coelii Sedulii Scoti Poemata Sacra. Edinb. 1701, 12mo. By Fr. A. Vander Kemp, Esq.

Jan. 16. The busts of Alexander, Bonaparte, Blucher, and two of Wellington, a miniature figure of Bonaparte. By John T. Reed, Esq.

Jan. 17. Inaugural Address, &c. By John Gorham, M. D.

Jan. 20. Extraordinary Red Book, &c. 12mo. London 1816. By James Magee, Esq.

Jan. 25. The works of John, Lord Viscount Bolinbroke. 7 vols. 4to. London, 1777, 1798, splendid edition, Russia binding. By William Minot, Esq.

Jan. 26. The Miscellaneous works of Tim Bobbin, 12mo. By Francis Wilby, Esq.

Jan. 22. Christian Baptism, a Sermon by A. Judson. By Lincoln and Edmunds.

A bundle containing sixty Pamphlets. By Benjamin L. Weld Esq.

Jan. 31. The trial of Lord Cochrane, and two French pamphlets. A complete suit of Armour, sword, &c. of one of Bonaparte's "Cuirassiers" slain at the battle of Waterloo. A "croix d'honneur," taken from a French officer killed at the battle of Waterloo, and a number of coins, &c. By Capt. Thomas Clements.

"Nouveau Plan routier de Paris, 1816.

"Le Nouveau Testament, traduct, De le M. De Sacy. Paris edit. stereotype, 1816, 8vo. By Daniel P. Parker.

An Elementary treatise on Mineralogy, and Geology, by the Author, professor P. Cleveland.

A map of the District of Maine. By Moses Greenleaf, Esq.

Unity of God, a Sermon, by S. C. Thacher.

Rev. John Codman's Sermon at Ordination of Leonard Withinton. By —— ——.

Address of the Society for the encouragement of American manufactures.

The following is a statement of the quantities and value of the principal articles of domestick produce, exported from the United States during the year ending in September last.

	Quantity.	*Dollars.*
Fish, dried, quintals	217,892	935,000
——Pickled, kegs 6,983, and barrels	37,979	221,000
Oil, Whale and other fish, gallons	177,810	116,000
——Sperm, gallons, 2756, and Candles, lbs.	116,919	59,000
Total produce of Fisheries		1,331,000
Furs and Skins		553,000
Lumber		4,004,000
Naval Stores, tar, pitch, rosin, and turpentine		798,000
Ashes, pot, tons, 5461, pearl, 1892		1,630,000
Total produce of the forest,		7,293,000
Provisions and live Stock		2,093,000
Grain and all vegetable food		13,150,000
Tobacco, hhds. 69,241,		12,809,000
Cotton, S. I. 9,900,326 lbs. other, 72,046,790 do.		24,106,000
Flax seed, bushels, 636,467,		1,082,000
Other agricultural products		114,000
Total produce of agriculture		53,354,000

Manufactures of domestick materials - -	1,415,000
——— of foreign materials - - -	340,000
Total of manufactures - - -	1,755,000
Articles not distinguished - - - -	1,040,000
Total of domestic articles - - - -	64,782,000
Foreign articles exported - - - -	17,138,556
Total of exports - - - - -	81,926,452

The amount of auction duty paid in the city of New-York during the year 1816, was $159,159 83. The tax is 1 1-2 per cent. on the amount of sales. The sales therefore must have amounted to the gross sum of $10,610,653.

Pekin Gazette.—The Pekin Gazette for November 13, 1814, begins with maxims and exhortations on governing with sincerity, drawn up by his Majesty. His style of addressing his subjects is quite different from the European. "At this moment, says he, great degeneracy prevails; the magistrates are destitute of truth, and great numbers of people are false and deceitful.—The magistrates are remiss and inattentive; the people are all given up to visionary schemes, and infernal arts. The link that binds together superiors and inferiors is broken. There is little of either conscience or a sense of shame. Not only do they neglect to obey the admonitions which I give them; but even with respect to those traitorous banditti, who make the most horrible opposition to me, it affects not their minds in the least degree; they never give the subject a thought. It is, indeed, monstrously strange! That which weighs with *me* is their persons and families; the nation and the government, *they* consider light as nothing."

"The virtue of the common people is like the waving grain; it bends with every wind that blows."

"Think what kind of men will future ages describe you. Will they not engrave infamy on your back!"

The distinction between a patriot and a traitor is expressed by two words, "true, false." "In the morning and at night, lay your hands upon your hearts, and you will understand without the aid of words."

The next article informs us that seventeen persons were ordered to execution as rebels, of whom some were *cut into minute pieces*, others beheaded. Thirty-five being sentenced to *transportation;* his Majesty graciously commuted their punishment for that of strangling.

Then follows an imperial edict.

"Yesterday my Royal Cousin stated verbally, that a great many of the imperial kindred had taken names containing three characters, and which did not form a Tartar word. He requested that they should be ordered to change their names. His request is by no means proper. Those under Tartar banners adopting a Chinese name, are not permitted to take three characters. This is with the intention that they *may be distinguished from the Chinese.* If they be ordered to change (their names) it will occasion much trouble and confusion, and be unsuitable to the dignity of government."

"It is ordered that in all these cases, they act as heretofore.—*It is unnecessary to deliberate upon it.* Respect this."

A translation of this Gazette is published at Calcutta.

Translations of the Scriptures.—About thirty different versions of the Scriptures have been undertaken at Serampore. A small pamphlet has been published at Serampore, a copy of which is in the Boston Athenæum, containing specimens of these translations in the characters of twenty-seven different languages.

The New-York Historical Society has appointed the following gentlemen on committees to promote the objects of the society. Zoology, Dr. S. L. Mitchell, De Witt Clinton, Esq and — Le Conte, Esq. Botany and vegetable Physiology, Dr. Hosack, C. W. Eddy, Esq. and —— Le Conte Esq. Mineralogy and Fossils, Col. Gibbs, Dr. Bruce, Dr. Mitchell, Rev. Mr. Shaeffer, Messrs. J. G. Bogert and J. Pintard. Collection of coins and medals, Mr. J. G. Bogert, A. Bleeker, Esq. and Dr. Mitchell. collection of Manuscripts, De Witt Clinton, Esq. Dr. Hosack, and Mr. J. Pintard. Collection of Books relating to American History, Mr. J. Eastburn, Mr. J. Smith, and Dr. J. W. Francis.

This society seems to pursue the objects of its institution, with a well directed zeal; but the multiplicity and variety of these objects, one would think, might be an obstacle to its utility and success. This difficulty cannot probably, at present, be avoided, for we are a young nation, and have not yet advanced far enough to effect the most advantageous division of labour, in literature and the sciences, any more than in the useful arts. Time and industry will, at length, bring us right in both.

LITERARY.

Records of the life of the Rev. John Murray, late minister of the reconciliation, and senior pastor of the Universalists congregated in Boston. The records contain anecdotes of the author's infancy, and are extended to some years after the commencement of his publick labours in America. To which is added, a brief continuation of the closing scene. By a friend.

> To Christian friends this volume makes appeal
> Friends are indulgent, Christian friends can feel.

Boston, published by Munroe and Francis, No. 4, Cornhill.

Wells and Lilly, Boston, have lately received from London, a volume of poems, by Hannah More, which they have put to press. They have finished the printing, and will publish next week: "A Series of popular Essays, illustrative of principles essentially connected with the improvement of the understanding, the imagination, and the heart. By Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of Letters on the elementary principles of Education, Cottagers of Glenburnie, &c. In two volumes."

EDITORIAL NOTE.

With the present Number, which completes the fourth Volume of the North-American Review, the responsibility of the present Editor ceases. The contributions to the work have gradually increased; and several gentlemen forming a society for the purpose have particularly promised their efforts to the future Editor, to aid him in filling the pages of the succeeding numbers. This journal is not subservient to any sect religious or political. Its main object is the encouragement of American Literature. The present Editor, in returning his thanks to those persons whose good will has been shown in support of the work, hopes they will still continue it, and is very confident that the future numbers will afford them more gratification.

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